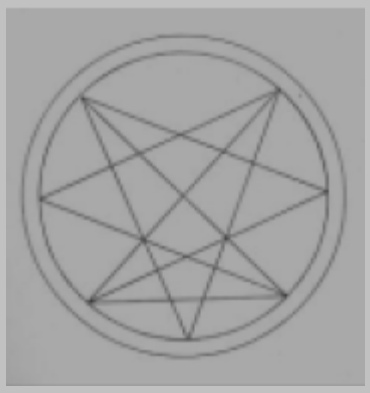
The Order of Nine Angles

Traditional Satanism



ONA/O9A

This is an archive of the classic texts that are the foundation
of Traditional Satanism. The Order of Nine Angles was
the first to coin and use this term, and it is still used by ONA.
This Compilation contains the Foundation for everything
you need to practice genuine Traditional Satanism.

TRADITIONAL SATANISM

THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN I-III
[PDF]

The First Book of Satan is the original book of the ONA
but BBS II & III are traditionally now a part of ONA Kulture.

NAOS
[PDF]

SACRAMENTVM SINISTRVM
[PDF]

OTONEN
[PDF]

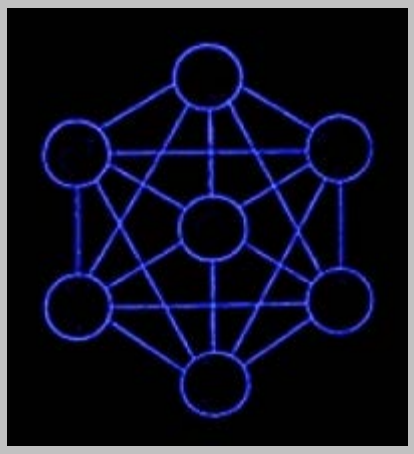
DEOFEL QUINTET
[PDF]

HOSTIA I-III
[PDF]

This PDF also contains the Steven Brown Letters

GRIMOIRE OF BAPHOMET

TREE OF WYRD



Some MSS by Anton Long

ONTOLOGY & THEOLOGY OF TRADITIONAL SATANISM

A SHORT HISTORY & ONTOLOGY OF SATAN

AFTER LIFE IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ONA

THE FIVE CORE PRINCIPLES

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE SINISTER WAY

CLOSING NOTES

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ONA/O9A
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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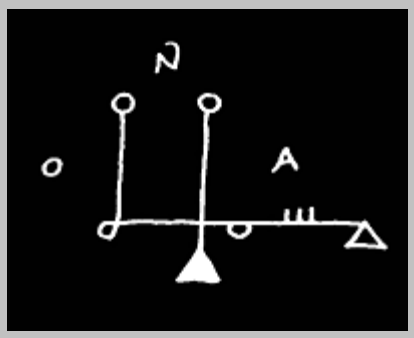

Traditional Satanism

This is a slight departure from my usual Buddhist ramblings. You know sometimes I wonder what a Buddhist is doing in the ONA. Actually I know why, it just looks odd if I were a different person looking in. This essay was inspired by an event yesterday which has nothing to do with the ONA. A nice elderly lady came over yesterday and shared her Jehovah's Witness message with me. I invited her into the living room to have a seat and talk to me. Being the properly raised person I am, I treated the lady kindly and tried not to disrespect her in any overt way. But once I closed the door and securely had her in my living room, I spent 30 minutes interrogating the poor thing. It wasn't even an argument of whose religion was better then the other. I told her from the very beginning that I was a Theravada Buddhist and that because I was, I cannot accept anything at face value. The Buddha even tells us to question what he teaches and that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be Dhamma. So after pointing those out I asked her to share her message with me. She did and I led our conversation into talks about science and archeology, and such. How in such fields we empirically observe things, hypothesize, test and try, and come to a rational understanding of things, where that in the end, faith and belief are non-applicable. I interrogated her by asking her to give me what she knows about how her Jehovah's Witness religion developed historically, to give me secular proof that Jesus or any body in his ancestral line existed, and for carbon dating of biblical scrolls etc to determine if such biblical books were written before or after so called prophecies. I also asked her to bring me back ingredients used in the parchments that made up the ink used in the book of Isaiah, as well as documents from a secular academic who shows in a research paper the dialect of Hebrew used and the state of development that Hebrew used in such books. I then gave the poor thing a long lecture on how I cannot accept anything at face value when given to me outside of that thing's proper time and contextual matrix. The elderly lady excused herself to me saying that she is only an old woman trying to spread the message of Jehovah's paradise. But she was a sincere and sweet lady and told me that she would take my long list of questions and demands and return with research work to give to me.

Contextual Matrix

In certain conditions I get obsessively over analytical about things. For my own good. So when it comes to things like religions, philosophies, etc, I approach those things like a detective. For example with me and Buddhism, what I do is take all that people tell me about it and throw it in the trash or set it aside to compare notes later. Then I remove Buddhism out of the 21st centure, and as best as I can, stick it back into 500BC ancient India. Once I get that Buddhism into its Native Time and Contextual Matrix, then I spend my time researching on the political, sectarian, and social climate of that time, as weel as the languages used, idiom, meanings of words back then, and frame of mind or worldview-model people back then were using. Once I collect all that information I start to build up a picture of how Buddhism may have been in that specific time and place to those people. Once I get a picture of what Buddhism looked back then, I start to move forward to come to my own understandings of Buddhism from that recreated point. The only time I ask anybody alive in the 21st century anything is when I am stuck on something and can't figure things out on my own. Usually your Buddhist elder will respond to your questions with questions and tell you to go away and figure things out on your own anyways.

This is something I just do naturally, which the friends I have in life don't seem to do. I try to explain to them that it is like being a paleontologist or archeologist. You don't remove artifacts completely disregarding the matrix such artifacts came from. You will not be able to figure out anything about the dinosaur you dug up if you are just staring at its bone. 90% of the data of its life, what it ate, how it lives, the climate it lived in in in the matrix - dirt - is was found in. It's like being a detective at a crime scene. You're not gunna know shit about anythings if you remove a gun from a scene and just study the gun in your office. You have you wholistically consider the entire crime scene as a whole - Samma in Pali/Buddhism - together, in order to piece together a realistic Buddhi/Understanding of what may have happened. This includes studying the character and psychology of your suspects. If you are a Buddhist, do a total background check on the fucker [Buddha]. If you are a Jesus freak, check Jesus's background, records, etc. Profile the hell out of them, racial profiling, sexual profiling, everything. That's one thing which bugs me about Jesus. He wants you to think like he "understands" humanity, he tried to incarnate as a human in the flesh, and even dies for us so we can believe that he really does sympathizes with our human condition and like he knows what it's like to be human. Yet the guy [Jesus] died a fucking virgin. He never had a girlfriend. Never been in love. Never had his heart broken. Never masturbated perhaps. Never been a father or a husband. Never seen his mother or father die of old age even. Isn't all that the actual stuffness of being human? He's a freaking 30 year old suicidal virgin who thinks he is god, and his mom doesn't even really know who his real daddy is. That's not a religion, that's a Jerry Springer show. But that's what I mean by profiling your prophets and gods. It amazes me how much time and effort [and money] the generic American public puts in to questions presidential candidates, vet them, does all these background checks, but when it comes to gods and religious figures running their lives, they just let in any Nazarene-nutter, pedo-priests, kid-caressing-cardinals, and stuff.

Traditions and Culture

As I was saying: contextual matrix. So personally when I approach the ONA to gain an actual objective understanding of it, I treat the ONA as a crime scene. Most people approach the ONA out of context and time. I'm not here saying that seeing ONA in context and time will reveal some truth. But it may help us gain a different perspective of ONA. So I'll analyze ONA here objectively, and I may hurt a few people's feeling in ONA doing it. But I'll keep in mind that we see what we want to see in things, so Robert Anton Wilson once said. Our Prime Suspect is DM allegedly also known as "Anton Long." However the ONA was said by me or whoever to have come about, what we know is that first came DM, and then out of him came the ONA. So those are our two biggest clues. Our Prime Suspect DM leads us to the Native Time frame or era of any "crystallization" or influence that may have affected him consciously or unconsciously. We know DM was born in 1950. Which means that he was an impressionable and rebellious teen during the 1960's. So it's to the 60's and 70's when he was in his early 20's that we must start looking for data. What does a rebellious teen boy in England get involved with or is exposed to in 1960 England if he wanted to be counter culture to a dying post-Victorian frigid zeigeist? Besides National-Socielism which we already know had a visible influence on him.

A man by the name of Gerald Gardner in the 1950's in England came out with something he originally called "Wica," or "The Witch Cult," or "Witchcraft." Later Gardner's cult became known as "Traditional Wicca," during the 1960's. Then later on, this Gardnerian Traditional Wicca with the spin offs it spawned collectively became know "British Traditional Wicca." So now we can compare the descriptor "Traditional Wicca," with the descriptor "Traditional Satanism," and ask ourselves if we see anything which may look similar. If we do then we go in deeper to dig for more data. I see a potential similarity. Knowing that British Traditional Wicca was risque in the 1960's and appealing to the young counter culture generation, I'd have a closer look. So lets briefly see if we can find any parallels between Traditional Wicca and Traditional Satanism [ONA]. We should keep in mind that ONA first coined and used the term "Traditional Satanism" before it was usurped by theistic Satanists.

In Gardnerian and Alexandrian Traditional Wicca you have something called a Book of Shadows which contains the Tradition's rites and ceremonies. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have something called the Black Book of Satan which contains all of ONA's rites and ceremonies. The most important part about Traditional Wicca which makes one a legit Traditional Witch/Wiccan are a set of 3 initiatory degrees. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have a vital part of the Tradition which are the 7 initiatory degrees/grades called the Seven Fold Way. In Traditional Wicca you have a "Duodeistic" centered pantheon which are the Triple Goddess and Horned God. In Traditional Satanism you have the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan. Gardner is the Grand Master of his Tradition. Alex Sander is Grand

Master of his Alexandrian Traditional Wicca. "Anton Long" is the Grandmaster of his Tradition.

Those are the major parellels. There are minor parallels. Such as where in Traditional Wicca they usually - more so in contemporary eclectic Wicca - have a private body of magickal and esoteric teachings. Usually these magickal and esoteric teachings are similar to what you'd find in the Golden Dawn with its Kabbalah, mixed with eastern inspired tantra, meditation on the chakras, and so on. Traditional Satanism [ONA] similarly has its own corpus of magickal and esoteric practices expounded in Naos, except the stuff in Naos is unique in the sense that it's not a word for word copy cat occult or some Jewish mysticism or some deluded Indic mysticism and pranayama. Another minor parallel is Traditional Wicca will use special alphabets or cipher scripts to write their things in. We see a similar concept in Naos with a couple or few special alphebets, and later we see the Dark Immortal Script develop. Another minor - yet key - similarity is that in Traditional Wicca each Tradition spawns what are called covens. Judging the fact that Gardner's 3 initiatory degrees and their oaths are 80-90% the same as the initiation rituals of British Craft Freemasonry, I'd venture to say that a "coven" is based on the idea of a "lodge." Like a lodge puts the culture of an OTO or Freemasonry into living practice, a Coven also puts the culture/Tradition of their Wicca into practice. We see the same basic concept in Traditional Satanism [ONA] where in the early days a "coven" or constituent cell of the Tradition was called a "Temple," which today is most often referred to as a "Nexion."

So based on those numerous parallels, I'd personally say that there was an influence that took place in the very early days of the ONA. But this should not in any way make the ONA look "bad." To me personally, knowing that Traditional Wicca may have directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously inspired or influenced the ONA actually helps me gain a better grasp of what the term "Traditional Satanism" might means. With the old skool Traditional Wicca the word "Traditional" is interchangeable with the word "Lineage," "Custom," and "Culture," where we can say Gardnerian Traditional Wicca is Wicca according to the Gardnerian Tradition. This concept of Tradition referring to Initiatic Lineage, Custom, and Culture will make more sense if you are savvy with the Traditions and politics of Initiatic Orders such as the OTO, Golden Yawn, and Masonry. The key idea to keep in mind is "Initiatic," meaning that you belong in a legitimate way to the Lineage, Custom of Rites, and Cultural Praxis, of the Tradition you were duly initiated into. That word "Traditional" is most often mistaken as meaning some sort of passing down from one generation to another from grandparent, to parent, to child. If there is a passing of the Tradition - aka corpus of customs and rites - from one generation to another it is from one generation of Initiates to a new set of Initiates. In this very context the word "Tradition" has the exact essence as the Pali-Sanskrit word "Sasana" which is used most often only to describe Theravada Buddhism and Shaivism. A Sasana being a body of instructions, observances, rites, rituals, ceremonies, customs, and culture of praxis or cultivation of practice.

So for example we have with the OTO several actual rival bodies spawned from the original Academia Masonica of Karl Kellner, which was later renamed Ordo Templi Orientis under Reuss. During which time all of its degrees were word for word Masonic degrees. When after Crowley took over the OTO, in an attempt to gain favour from the regular United Grand Lodge of England as an "regular" Masonic rite, Crowley removed the first degrees of Masonry of the OTO and constructed his own to substitute them. The ass kissing didn't work since Crowley's entire Masonic credentials were not of Mainstream Tradition. Here meaning that the United Grand Lodge of England has a Tradition of their own rites, ceremonies, and rituals, rules, and regulations, and all lodges in their jurisdiction which conforms to such establish Traditions are deemed as "regular" or "recognized" lodges. Whereas Mr. Crowley was initiated in a lodge not recognized by the Mainstream Grand Lodges and he got his 33rd degree in an unknown lodge somewhere in Mexico. Meaning that because Crowley was not Initiated in a lodge of the United Grand Lodge of England "Tradition" that he thus did not belong to such Tradition of established Masonry. After Crowley's death a power battle arose and from that struggle was born the rival OTO bodies of today. So that now you have distinct established OTO Traditions, where that if you get initiated into the SOTO you are not tied to the Typhonian OTO or any other OTO but the one you were initiated into. In this regard that old day Traditional Wicca worked in the same way. If you were initiated by a coven of Alexandrian Traditional Witches you really have no ties to Blue Star Wicca since that species of Tradition of Wicca has their own unique set of rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, and pantheons. You belong to the "Tradition" you were initiated into. And that word "Tradition" or "Traditional" tries to mean a specific established body of customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, beliefs, and pantheon, as well as lineage, and not something necessarily "passed down by tradition." Lineage here simply meaning that if you were Initiated into Gardnerian Wicca, you are connected thru your initiator, to their initiator, to their initiator back to Gardner, which linearly constitutes a "Lineage," traced back to the originator of such established Tradition.

Traditional Satanism

And so, once we get a grasp of the "politics" and structuring or organization of such groups and understand that the words "Tradition" and "Traditional" points to a group of organized people's peculiar customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, etc, we can thus better understand - or at least gain a different understanding of - what the term "Traditional Satanism" may mean in context and time to the period and era the ONA coalesced into a codified institution.

Traditional Satanism would thus simply mean a school or species or vehicle of Satanism according to a certain Tradition: customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, and lineage. So in Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have books like the Black Book of Satan & Naos which teaches the rites, ceremonies, initiatic degrees, magckal and esoteric cultural practices and observances of such Tradition. You have a specifically established pantheon expressed primarily as the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan, plus the several other Dark Gods. Then of course you have the established system of initiation of such Tradition which would be the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Here I should try to point out that the word "Sinister" is the Latin for "Left" and most often when used by ONA means "Of The Left Hand" and not simply 'evil' and wicked as it is generally assumed to mean. "Sinister Way" and "Left Hand Path/Way" should be fungible, if the word is understood correctly. It's just easier to say "Sinister Praxis," or "Sinister Nature" as opposed to "Left Handish Practice," or "Left Hand Pathish Nature." Traditional Satanism also ends up meaning the set of philosophical teachings, beliefs, and paradigm specific to such Tradition. Then lastly Traditional Satanism [ONA] has its "Lineage" which is traced back to the originator or founder of the actual Tradition in question, "Anton Long" being the founder or originator or "presencer" of the Tradition.

When I break things down in this way to myself, it is easier for me to understand ONA as it was back then, as it still should be today, and as it should continue to be in future. As I said, in my own culture we have a word which has the same meaning as "Tradition" in this context which is Sasana. Our Sasana Preahput is not in any way the same thing as the Buddhism which exists up in the North in China, Tibet, and Japan. Our word "Sasana" points to a specific established Tradition or culture, customs, sangas, teachings, beliefs, rites, worldviews, unique and different from Mahayana Buddhism. The word "Sasana" as a borrowed Pali word goes further and has an even more specific meaning because the "root" word "Sas" means a Race, Breed, or People in Khmer. Or more accurately the word "Sas" is an indigenous Khmer word, which just so happens to have a audible twin in the word "Sasana," so after many centuries of "folk etymology" the borrowed Pali Sasana comes to gain the extra meaning in Khmer as a Tradition specific to a Race or People. But Sasana does not mean "Religion." For example when I eat with a fork at the dinner table and my elders are eating with spoons or chopstickes, they talk to themselves and say: "That grand daughter has gone into the Sasana of the White People, she eats with a fork like them." In this case, eating with a fork is not a religion or philosophy or ideology White People believe in. It is a Traditional Practice, or custom, or cultivated [culture] observance or shared or established behaviour peculiar to a group of people. But in this case the hybrid term "Sasana Satanism" ends up having no meaning, because then the question arises: Sasana of Satanism according to what people? In our case the answer would be: according to the ONA. So we'd have to call it: Sasana Satanism poohg ONA, which in English would be the Tradition of Satanism of the ONA people.

If you understand this much, then each ONA person will understand that there is no ONA without the Traditional Satanism, or without the established Tradition, lineage, customs, ceremonies, culture, observances, etc peculiar to the ONA as it was established by a founder or the founder(s) when ONA was established. Traditional does not necessarily suggest that such established customs and traditions have been pasted does AS IS from some ancient past of ancient Traditional Satanist. Meaning that it's not likely that ONA as we know it since 1972 existed with a BBS, Naos, 7FW, etc, since ancient times immemorial. There is a specific date the Tradition was established. And to get specific there are criteria for what constitutes a "Tradition." For instance in Traditional Wicca a practice is only "Tradition" if it has been initiated down thru 3 generations of adherents, not necessarily meaning grandparent, parent, and offspring. In my own culture a "Tradition" is only a Tradition if and when you ask a person: "Hey who started this cultural practice anyways?" And everybody around how shrugs their shoulders and says: "I don't know. The old people before us." Or if your grandmother - who is already old - answers: "My grandfather started it, or one of the old people started it when I was a child," that means its official Tradition, since if your granny is old, the people she refers to as "old people" are long dead. Another thing which makes something a "Tradition" especially inside the limits of a family/clan is if say

someone started a family reunion on your grandmother's birthday - which is what my family does - and it is observed several times effortlessly by every one of your relatives and does not stop being observed, it is officially part of our Sasana as a family. It doesn't matter who started and why. As long as everybody just observes it together effortlessly.

Which means that my own cultural understanding of the word Sasana or Tradition has its implications in the ONA since I identfy myself as being an ONA person. The implication is that rites and ceremonial observanced such as the Self Immolation Rite and other stuff created by Beesty Boy [and other in future], because of the years that have past and the continued observance of them by those who affiliate with the ONA's Traditional Satanism, is to me a rightful living part of the ONA. It is how a Culture buils onto itself. Drinking tea was not always a practice observed by English people. That cultural meme was introduced by somebody - whoever, it doesn't matter - which was perhaps infected from China, and the English/British as a whole people just kept on doing the tea sipping thing at "tea time," whenever that is. I'm Asian-American so I don't actually know when British Tea time is. Tea time for those of us of spawn of Chinese people means in the morning at breakfast with noodle soup, after lunch, in the evening, on cold days, and whenever other people are over. As long as everybody continues to effortlessly observe it over time, it is a Tradition observed by a people plain and simple. Because what does the word Culture mean? A Culture is essentially something which you and/or others do/CULTIVATE over and over again. That is the most simplest definition of a Culture which actually works with most living cultures.

Tradition in Buddhism [Theravada] is important, at least per the Tipitaka cannons. There is a part of the Tipitaka where a group of people had so many leaders in their twon who established all sorts of traditional observances that they lost their native traditions. So they went to the Buddha to tell him of the dukkha: the troublesome problem of not having a native tradition like other people. The Buddha tells them to gather the everyone in their town together and collective come to an agreement on which practices and observances everyone likes and make those as their people traditions to pass down. In another instance the Buddha was teaching his monks key words and the meaning of each key word. One of those key words meant "Impression From Outside." And the Buddha says: "Bhikkhus! [beggars! vagabonds!] what is the meaning of Impression From Outside? It means when a people are ignorant and have no traditions of their own. Being so ignorant with no traditional observances of their own Bhikkhus, such people are open to the influence of outsider influencing them with their foreign traditions and customs by impressing such on the ignorant people" That Dhamma is extrapolated in various ways to sometimes mean or suggest that if you are Buddhist and in the business of controlling your own Mind, Emotions, and Life, then not having a sure foundation such as a Tradition, you make yourself open to being controlled by others, which in turn leads to dukkha. Buddha in a different place states that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be real Dhamma. So all we have to do is observe the Black People in America as an example to prove and test that Dhamma. Black People had their entire way of life taken away from them. They even lost their ancestral name. They went by the White man's name, believed in the white man's gods, saw the world with the white man's paradigm which placed them in an unlucky servile position socially, etc. So we ask ourselves: having lost their Traditions as a people and having been forced to adopt the foreign traditions of another culture/people, were these Black people Free socially? No. Were they Free to believe their own beliefs? No. Were they Free to be their own people? No. Where they Happy? No. Did the white man's ways and traditions and gods make the Black People Free, sovereign, autonomous, self-determined. Are they "Free" and happy today after 300 something years?

Even if we say they are free and happy in America, that freedom is superficial. Because when the Black man goes to the white man's church to worship Jesus, you are bound to follow those rules of that religion which has nothing to do with Africa or the ancient and ancestral Tradition of Africa. The minute you do something Their religion, Their social rules, Their ideologies are against you are shunned and treated like a criminal or evil doer. Whereas for me I'll burn incense to a statue of a Buddha like my people's Tradition has it. I don't give a shit of some group of White people or Mexican Catholics or fucking Somali Muslim called me an evil pagan idolator. Fuck you and you whole Hubris breed too, take your asses back to church and your mosque and mind your own fucking business. The only White people I like and respect are mostly the Aryan kind who have it in their blood and breed to be proud of their own people, be Traditionalists to their own ancient ancestral traditions, and conservatively pass that pride and culture down to their well bred children. I don't care if you hate me because I'm not "Aryan," cuz we're still kinfolk Traditionalists, still on the same level of mind and heart where we each still have a love and pride for our folk and culture. If we can be friends that's cool, if not than we'll stay out of each others way. If we can be friends and retain and maintain our unique differences that would be awesomer. But I have no ounce of respect for any white American punk who is

ignorant of his own roots. You know the type. You ask them where they come from and they say Alabama, fucking Ohio, California. That's not what I mean dummy. I mean your roots, your seed your grandparents gave you, your culture our people gave you, your blood, your roots as a white person, the ancient tradition your ancient ancestors gave you, where the fuck did that come from, where has your blood been for the past 1000 years? What's really funny to me is when one of these White Hubris American Mundanes [WHAM as opposed to WASPs] come up to me and try to sell me their Mormon shit or Jehovah's Witness shit. Like I'm gunna fucking give up 1000 years of my own people's ancestral traditions, for a lunatic religion founded merely in the 1800's by a couple nutcase white devils. So I can do what exactly? How do they "practice" their religion? You sit your ass in a church and listen to some hubris white devil yap for an hour about a Jew. Do I look like a Jew? Do I look I want to worship a Jew. I got my own pantheon of Chinese gods to worship, shit. And they act like their mere 200 year old Joseph Smith shit is "better" than all other people's Tradition. Whatever skin color you are, be proud of your folk and blood, Mind your culture and ancestry, and do your children right and proper by somehow passing some sort of stable ground, roots, and identity for them.

You think it's just only one person when you are liberal and let your kids drift away from your roots. But there are 300 million people in America, and of those 300 million how many other parents and grandparents are mindless and liberal like you. Those numbers add up and aeonically devastates you as coherent people. Like you pick a hypothetical race for example. In the first generation you have the young people from this race practice a little Chinese Kung Fu, some listen to rap and act Black. Next generation more of the new young people do the same and instead of being rooted in their own Traditions and Culture they drift off like loose canon balls rolling a round aimlessly on the deck of a ship. As each generation passes and more young people in this race goes into some other people's Traditions, in Time where will your people be? And you think seriously about, if you have the brain cells to think aeonically as an WHAM, you are being surrounded by other peoples that stay true to their own folk culture, and the Black People you messed up are slowly developing their own folk culture. So while you WHAMs drift further apart incoherently, every other people around you maintains their status, community, families, extended families, traditions, and culture. Divide & Conquer. Your people started it and were good at it. There was a time when you divided ethnic races and made them into incoherent groups fighting each other to control them. Now its payback time, and the best part is, YOU yourselves are Dividing your own people into cultureless individualized units. Half of you don't even have a real family anymore with two parents. I fear that as a hubris and arrogant breed that you WHAMs are, you are too stupid to wake up and change. If you are the few to wake up and know something is wrong: DIG. Start digging deep in your blood and ancestry and find your roots and dormant Tradition your people left for you and live them one again. Make a Tradition up if you have to, just stabilize yourself with a Tradition for your progeny's sake, not yours. Reichsfolk. Not many in or out of ONA speak of Reichsfolk now, but the simple lessons it teaches keeps your Blood and Roots flowing deep over Time. /Rant.

So this Traditional Satanism which is the ONA and a part of the ONA is a species or Tradition of Satanism. If we don't try to see that Traditional Satanism grow into being, inside its original native time and context, you can't fully grasp the ONA and will be prone to assumptions, speculations, and misunderstandings of what may have been intended. The ONA proper first started off with that Traditional Satanism soil. Everything else such as the philosophical writings "Anton Long" and others have written grow out of that fertile Tradition, within the matrix of that soil. You have to try to study what the ONA is today within that soil in a wholistic way. As you would study a flowing river. Not in bits and pieces, but in consideration of the whole river, from the mountain spring it springs from, to the rapids and gorges in the middle, all of the twists and turns, and ending at the great delta where it flows into the ocean. To fully understand ONA you have to consider ONA of 1970, consider its decades long slow twistings and turnings, and consider what it is today, as one Flowing. As one Tradition moving and growing slowly. But that Flowing begins at the spring of Traditional Satanism. Which in itself is something to be proud of if you recall your history. The ONA's Traditional Satanism was one of the first three "institutionalized" or codified schools of Satanism that started this whole Satanism thing back in the 60's-70. CoS came out in 1966. ONA cropped up in England in 1972ish. ToS was miraculously reborn when Set woke up from a 3000 year sleep and gave birth to the Universe in 1975. If I were Set I would have picked an Egyptian in my "home country" to be my prophet of a new aeon, rather than a Grandpa Munster of America; but that's just me, maybe Set has a sense of humour? But ONA is one of three that started this whole Satanism thing off in the West. It's Tradition is still here, still influencing contemporary Satanists' understandings of their Satanism. Sans the competitive BS, Satanism as a single memeplex is a great thing with a lot of potential. You guys as Satanists have a good thing going, if we consider Satanism all together as one newly emerged system in the West. Sans the rivalry BS, when each Satanist adds their own thoughts and

understandings to the common body of knowledge, it in turn ripples and helps evolve all of Satanism as a single pool of ideas. But we can't get all egalitarian and liberal with this shit or we'll ruin a good thing. Not every meme is equal, some will make this growing and very young pool of Satanism sick and weak. A little capitalistic competition is good for the gene pool as it breads and encourages innovation.

There is an old Greek philosophical concept mostly Translated into English as "Justice," which is something worth considering and applying if as Satanists "we" all wish to help it move forwards into the future, for the next generation. Justice according to some of the olden schools of thought is the proper balance between One's own self interests, and the Interests/needs of a collective/other. Justice is the balancing line between one's own duty to Self, and Duty to Other [wife, husband, children, family, clan, kin, tribe]. Justice is the the Balance between One's own needs and the needs of Other. Too much to one side or the other causes an imbalance. And being in a causal system, such imbalance causes chain reactions of fruit. Too much leaning towards Self Interest/Need/Duty destroys Community and Family. Which in turn disrupts the sensitive clockwork and causes it to be dysfunctional. What is dysfunctional stops working, and what stops working dies in Time. Too much leaning to the other side vanquishes the Individual as a slave to a mindless collective. There is a balance or Equilibrium where the Self and Other Natural comes to a Balance, which was once called Justice. Where there must be a Balance between the collective Interest of a those that "govern" and the Interests or Needs of those that are "governed." That was Justice. Where there is a Balance between the needs of a corporation and the needs of its market. That Balance is Justice. Where there is the Balance between the Needs and Interests of the individual Satanist and of Satanism as a whole-Thing. That is Justice and Equilibrium. A little competition and self interest in Satanism is healthy. But without that Justice, either way we lean, the clockwork stops. If this ancient notion of Justice is a living phenomena in Nature, then it must be observable, testable, and replicable. Thus, nobody should have to take my word for it. All I'll say is that a Satanism with only one school of thought and one paradigm will be like a USSR with only one party making all the products. Shit's gunna be cheap. In this regard, I will keep ONA going as long as I can, even if I am the last ONA person alive. There is plenty of room in Satanism as a whole-Thing for the atheist, theist, materialist, spiritualist, or whatever. There are retards and geniuses in all camps. We need all the genies and thinkers, even if they don't like each other or get along. The retards, they can go, well actually, they should stay to support the infrastructure. Just like there is room in Life or the Cosmos for every perspective and angle of understanding. It's all of it added up that gives us the clearest picture of things. Satanism as a whole-Thing limits itself, if it struggles to only have one "right" and one "acceptable" perspective and weltanschauung.

Narcissistic Paradigm

I was thinking of the mentality some people have for things such as weltanschauung, world-views, politics, religions, philosophies, etc, and I noticed something which lacked a word but I gave it a term to refer to it. Thinking about this mentality caused me to remember a weird Sufi story I once read a long time ago. The Sufi story I read - as I later found out - is a twist or slant of a well known Greek myth, used as an esoteric jape with Mainstream Islam. This esoteric jape runs along the same vein as the Sufi saying that goes something like: "The only way to Know Allah is by riding the dragon's tail." Meaning here that it is from being familiar with Iblis or Shaitan and his ways that you truly come to know Allah. So we read in the Holy Qur'an that when after Allah had made Adam, he called the angels of heaven down to the earth to behold Adam and commanded all of the angels to kneel and worship Adam. All did as they were commanded except Iblis who stood in defiance. The Qur'an does not go any further into the details as to why Iblis did not worship Adam, but the Sufis continues that story saying that Allah demanded Iblis why he did not worship Adam, and Iblis answered Allah: "Because I am better than him. Because I am made of the Flame of Heaven, and he [Adam] is made from the soil of the ground." Allah now angry ordered Iblis to do as the other angels and kneel before Adam to worship him. Iblis refused to do so. And so Allah threatens to send Iblis into the lake of fire to punish him if he did not worship Adam. Iblis still refused and said he'd rather burn in hell than worship a creature made of the lowly earth. So then Allah one last time threatens Iblis with the punishment of eternally being outside of His Divine presence for ever and ever. When Iblis heard this, he rushed to Allah's feet and said to Allah: "La ilaha illallah; There is no God but God, and only he is worthy of worship." After hearing this Allah turns to the angels that fell and worshiped Adam and cursed them to forever serve Mankind. But to Iblis, who genuinely loved Allah, that he would defy Allah's word to be True to his Love, Allah gave him the Earth to rule. This little Sufi story has the esoteric teaching that God made a facsimile of his own divine self out of something worthless [dirt] as a test to see if his angels loved Him of their own free will, or because out of fear of being punished. Only Iblis refused to serve and fall before that false idol Adam. In other words, in life we either Submit [Islam] to the Divine [numinous], or to man made idols.

What or whom do you serve in life? The Natural, or the Artificial? The esoteric jape hidden in this Sufi story is that mainstream Muslims today worship and serve Adam, or the teachings and words of men, and not the Divine Essence of Allah.

So the other Sufi story I remembered is like the backstory to the one I just told, which took place just before the creation of Adam. The story goes that one day Allah having found the earth walked around it and found the dark water of the earth. He looked into it and for the first time in eternity saw Himself in the dark water. Seeing a reflection of himself he fell in love with it and reached out to try and Behold it. But could not because his fingers went thru the image disturbing the reflection with ripples. Out of a deep desire to Behold that image God took mud and formed from that mud Adam and loved Adam above all other creation. The hidden esoteric jape is directed at mainstream superficial Islam's God and Muslims. It is saying that their God is essentially narcissistic and thus cannot be the Divine Artist of the Cosmos. It also is japing the mainstream Muslims in saying that they are so captivated by their own facsimile of God that they reject the Divinity in all other things of Creation. Or, as the saying goes in English: "Like Father, like son."

I notice this same mentality in people. It's not narcissism as the word is generally used. I'll try and explain what I mean. For example you have these materialist who can't get themselves to See the world any other way beyond their material world model. And so like this delusional God, these materialist fashion for themselves a memeplex or weltanschauung that is merely a reflection of themselves: materialistic. Or you see them being drawn, engrossed, enchanted, captivated, only by idea that are reflections of themselves: materialistic. You see them being oblivious and out right rejecting and denying other possible models of reality. You see the same engrossment of/for ego/self with theists and spiritualists who do the opposite. They are in love with ideas and world views only which are reflections of themselves. They become enraptured and engrossed in ideas where only the spiritual is real, only "our god" is real, only the god we can picture is real, everything else is fake. You see this in politics. Conservatives are drawn only to that which is merely and simplistically a reflection of their inner self. Libertines [modern usage] are drawn to and attached to only what ideologies are merely and simplistically reflections of their inner egos. And the delusional aspect of this is that they are oblivious to and deny or reject everything that is not a personification of their egos. Libertine in the olden days around the 1700's or so meant a person or breed of people without culture or proper upbringing.

Just like their symbolical narcissistic God, you see these people also acting out their narcissism when they make things, like ideologies. They make their cults and religions in a self-perspective narcissistic "utopian" manner. When I say "utopian" I simply mean the artificial desire to create a system of some type which is "perfectly" a reflection of their egos. Like when you see a group of peasants get together and watch them create a political memeplex, you see them enter that narcissistic utopian mentality where the Bourgeois who hurt their egos are evil and peasants should rule, where religion that was used to control them is bad, etc. You take a group of Jesus nutters and watch them create their sectarian memeplexes. They relocate themselves to a paradise, name it Jonestown, get all enraptured in only stuff which are a reflection of their own ego-perspective of reality. And the same goes unfortunately with mainstream materialist science. Where you see these very intelligent scientists get lost in the same delusional game of seeing reality only insofar as reality is a reflection of their ego/self, and every other theory is fake or not worth considering. And of course Buddhists and Satanists do this too. Buddhist create for themselves a narcissistic utopian world model based on their simple single ego-perspective. And Satanist will do the same with their Satanism. Their Satanism has to be a utopian reflection of their ego-perspective and narcissism. You can almost hear them say to themselves in their heads: "I can't fucking wrap my head around anything else beyond my self and my puny grasp of reality, so any religion or type of Satanism that is beyond that is fake." The funny part is we tell ourselves that we are "thinking outside" a box, when most of us never left that box. Because that box is the self and the walls of the box are the person's limited grasp of things or his own amorousness for their own beauty. So the question is: Can there be growth, if we remain within the confined limits of our ego-perspectives of life and reality? Can a Self grow, evolve, or truly gain an understanding of things, if all it sees is it Self?

Everything to such narcissistic people has to be a perfect utopian reflection of their egos. A materialist will reject something like Buddhism because the Buddhism has elements such as "reincarnation," karma, spirits, etc which are not paradigmatic elements in their ego-based world-model. Those things are not a reflection of their self, so they reject it. It becomes so predictable that you can literally read a person's inner topography just by reviewing their beliefs or analyzing what memplexes they are drawn to and which memeplexes they reject and deny. That's how simplistic

mundanes have become. The complexities and diversity of Life are non-existent to these people. What is real - what can only be reality - must be a personification of their self/ego.

Beyond Ego

Such people never emotionally or intuitively realize that Life/Reality is so big, it is beyond our puny ego-based paradigms. Life is so big it is uncomfortable. You can be a hardcore materialist and if you study reality too deep you'll find quantum physics where reality is not as material as you wish it to be. You can be a hardcore moralist and if you venture too far outside your ego, you will observe that life and Nature is oblivious to morals. You can be a hardcore Darwinist and if you look too far outside your narcissistic utopian personification of self, you'll see that ecosystems are called systems for an actual reason. You'll see that nature does not compete with itself, but is symbiotic and co-evolutionary, which is scary and blasphemous to a Darwinist who is conditioned inside an urban matrix to see life as a "survival of the fittest" game. Things like religions - cyberreligions - philosophies, and ideologies, have today become mere vanity mirrors and security blankets to protect people from an uncomfortable reality. A reality that is much bigger than us, much more beyond our graspings and assumptions and speculations of it.

If you haven't picked up already, what I am trying to say and what the esoteric value of that second story is that there can be no true growth or inner development when a person is trapped inside the limits of his/her own ego. I should quickly define how I'm using the word ego and self. I mean to say the conscious mind and what it thinks it knows or what it believes in. And so religions, philosophies, and ideologies today are are not a means to self-development, but merely a means to perpetuate our already existent ego-based world-models. If you really think about it and we say a materialist will be inside a materialist belief system for 50 years, during those 50 years will that materialist ever be anything different outside what that materialist paradigm allots? If Life/Reality behaved in such a remarkably simplistic manner, where reality is merely a comforting reflection of what we can grasp, what we wish to believe is true, would anything even be here? You know how many Muslims have been born and raised inside an Islamic paradigm for the past thousand years who have not ever thought outside or developed beyond what their paradigm has allotted for them? There is even a word to explain this phenomenon: Orthodoxy. And tellingly, there is even a word to describe the act of crossing that line of orthodoxy: Transgression. How many theists have ever Transgressed their theistic worldview into uncharted territory? How many materialists have ever Transgressed their materialistic paradigm for uncharted territory? The most powerful limits are those that we ourselves set for our own selves, because of our life long conditioning. It's like domesticated elephants in Thailand. You take a baby elephant and tie its feet with chains so it grows up conditioned mentally and emotionally to Believe that it can't break that chain, and when it grows up all you have to do is tie a thin rope to its feet and it will not even try to break the rope. Because it is trapped in the conditioned Belief that it cannot break free. You have people you condition themselves - hypnotize themselves - into being "trancefixed" inside the limits of their own narcissistic paradigm, and these same people believe they are free thinking, or free people. You give these same people anything that is not a reflection of their egos and they will say: "Oh your ideology is retarded. It looks nothing like me. Those aren't my opinions. I disagree with anything not a reflection of my opinions."

I'm bringing this Narcissistic Paradigm thing up because a lot of Satanists - and more nonsatanists - will not and do not like ONA because it is not a reflection or personification of their egos. It is not a comfy and cozy box. It's got weird chants, a pantheon of unproven entities, it looks nothing like the average mundane ego, it's just big and bloated and ugly to them. That ain't shit though. You wanna know bloated, go read the Pali Cannons. 40 volumes, 25000 pages of 2500 gibberish and nonsense. Nothing makes any sense. We're just good at faking sense. Nobody knows what the hell Buddha was tripping on when he said: Anatta. Even more bloated than that is the Universe. It's so big the universe doesn't even fit into a book. The greatest minds like Hawking have pondered on it their whole lives and all they produce are black holes. We don't know it is finite or infinite, if its flat, round or saddle shaped, if its eternally expanding or if entropy will forces all things back to Chaos [void, absolute stillness/inertia].

But the beauty about Life or the universe is that it is big, and in trying to understand ever nook and cranny of Life, we actually grow in our understandings of reality and ourselves as a part of Life or the Cosmos. In essence it is like we grow into Life, in the same way we grow into our hand-me-down our older siblings and cousins passes onto us. They are uncomfortable in the beginning, but the extra room allows us to grow to fill them in.

Most of Buddhism doesn't even make sense to be, but I don't bitch about it and look for something comfy to fit my ego. Many things about ONA and its Traditional Satanism hardly make any complete sense to me. I still don't know what an acausal is. But I let things be and slowly work my way to filling in the nooks and crannies. Which takes time. So the whole point to this in regard to ONA is don't be so self absorbed where you reject things left and right because your religion, or philosophy, or whatever does not fit you perfect like a glove. That perfect fit is not something you really want long term wise. Have you ever heard of Chinese Feet Binding? Back in the old days men use to think girls with tiny feet were beautiful so girls feet were tightly bounded with silk or cloth from a small age. So that as they grew older, the binding kept their feet from growing their proper size. It was actually disfiguring and rendered them crippled and unable to walk. Don't Spellbind your own self with your own words and beliefs. Let Traditional Satanism and the rest of the ONA be big. If we disagree with certain things in ONA fine, but just leave it and instead nurture it so it can grow bigger in time. The more room in ONA, the more space we have to grow in perspective and understanding.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Order of Nine Angles

~ Collection of Books ~

Preface by the editor:

The following work re-presents the Order of Nine Angles 'Books' database
[Naos is contained as a separated .pdf file]
to be found within 'Sitra Ahra' on 'www.MurderDeathKill.net'.

Other databases are:

- *Various Manuscripts*
- *Chants*
- *Interviews*
- *Tales & Poetry*
- *The Deofel Quintet*

Layout and compilation by Caput Mortuum

*Stand: May 2004 * 4 Books * 222 pages*

Please note: This summary is not authorized by the O.N.A.

Caput Mortuum
Ayin Quadma'ah Movement

~ Books:

I. The Black Book Of Satan
II. The Black Book Of Satan II
III. The Black Book Of Satan III
IV. Naos [separated]

Codex Saerus

The Black Book of Satan

Order of Nine Angles

With illustrations from 'The Sinister Tarot' by Christos Beest

by Conrad Robury

The Black Book of Satan
Part One

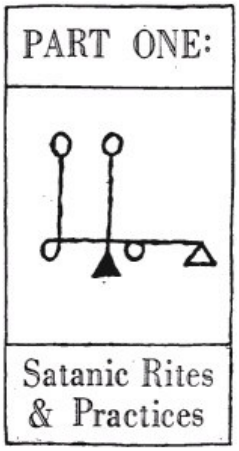
According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals, instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it. Copies were forbidden to be made, although Initiates above the grade of External Adept were allowed to see and read the Temple copy.

In traditional Satanism (i.e. those using the Septenary System: this system also being known as the Hebdomadry) this practice continued until quite recently when the Grand Master representing traditional groups decided to allow Initiates of good standing to copy the work. This decision was recently extended to enable specialist publication in a limited edition.

The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters (e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple). These additions make this present work a concise practical handbook for those seriously interested in the Black Arts.

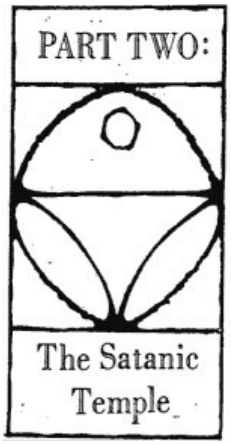
Black Book Of Satan Contents:

Part 1: Satanic Rites And Practices:



- The 21 Satanic Points
- I: What is Satanism?
- II: The Temple
- III: Ceremonial Rituals
- IV: The Black Mass
- V: The Ceremony of Birth
- VI: The Death Rite
- VII: The Pledging
- VIII: The Rite of Initiation
- IX: Consecration of The Temple
- X: The Dying Time
- XI: The Ceremony of Recalling
- XII: Satanic Orders
- XIII: Sinister Chant

Part 2: The Satanic Temple



- Introduction
- XIV: Self-Initiation
- XV: Organising and Running Satanic Temples
- XVI: Invokation to the Dark Gods
- Appendix I: A Satanic Blessing
- Appendix II: The Sinister Creed
- Appendix III: Initiate Names

The XXI Satanic Points

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock. And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill, makes stronger.

Atu III

Mistress of the Earth

1 - What is Satanism?

Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we can all, as individuals, achieve far more with our lives than we realize. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, by magick, be made to bring.

Satanic magick is simply the use of magickal forces or energies to enhance the life of an individual or individuals according to their desires. This usage can be of two types - the first is 'external' and the second is 'internal'. External magick is essentially sorcery: the changing of external events, circumstances or individuals in accordance with the wishes of the sorcerer. Internal magick is the changing of the consciousness of the individual magician using certain magickal techniques - this is essentially the quest of the Initiate for the higher grades of magickal attainment, a following of the way of Adeptship.

To external magick belongs ceremonial and hermetic rituals. To internal magick belongs the seven-fold sinister way. Ceremonial rituals are rituals involving more than two individuals, the ritual taking place in either a Temple or an outdoor area consecrated as a Temple. Ceremonial rituals involve a set text which is followed by the participants, and the wearing of ceremonial robes together with the use of certain items having magickal or Occult significance. Hermetic rituals are usually undertaken by an individual working alone or with one assistant/ companion. This present work deals with Satanic ceremonial magick: Satanic hermetic and internal magick is dealt with in the book '*NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick*'.

Satanism, in its beginnings, is all about making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature, and to this end, Satanic magick is undertaken. Satanists believe that we are already gods: but most people fail to understand this and continue to grovel: to others or to a 'god'. The Satanist is proud, strong and defiant and detests the religion of the crucified god founded by the Nazarene, Yeshua. A Nazarene (a follower of Yeshua) is afraid of dying and weighed down by guilt and envy. The religion of Yeshua has inverted all natural values, setting back the course of our conscious evolution. Satanism, on the contrary, is a natural expression of the evolutionary or 'Promethean' urge within us: and its magick is a means to make us gods upon Earth, to realize the potential that lies within us all.

Satanic ceremonies are a means to enjoy the pleasures of life: they offer carnality, the pleasure of fulfilling one's desires, the bringing of material and personal rewards and the joys of darkness. But they are only a beginning, a stage toward something greater. It is one of the purposes of a Satanic Temple to guide those Initiates who may be interested along the difficult and dangerous path which is the seven fold way. Those who do not wish to follow this path to Adeptship and beyond should simply enjoy the many pleasures which the Prince of Darkness offers to those who by a Satanic Initiation wish to follow His philosophy of living.

In traditional Satanism there is an appreciation of the role of women, for Satanism at its highest level is concerned with the development of the individual: roles as such are a necessary part of self-development. To be played, discarded and then transcended. The structure of traditional Temples and the rituals performed by those members of those Temples reflect this appreciation and understanding. For example, it is possible and indeed desirable for a Mistress of Earth to establish and :: organize her own Temple unless she herself wishes otherwise, just as it is possible and desirable to celebrate the Black Mass using a priest, naked, upon the altar while the Priestess conducts the service, such reversal being an accepted principle of Black Magick.

11 - The Temple

Satanic rites are conducted either in an indoor Temple or in an isolated outdoor locality during the hours of darkness. Indoor Temples usually have a static altar, made of either stone or wood, and this altar should be set in the East. It should be covered by an altar cloth made of good quality material and coloured black. Upon this is woven either an inverted pentagram, the septenary sigil or the personal sigil of the Master/Mistress or Temple if there is one. Candle-holders, made of either silver or gold, are placed on the altar, one at either end. Black candles are usually the most employed although some rituals require the use of other colours.

Other candleholders should be placed around the Temple, since the only light used in the Temple both during rituals and at other times should come from candles. The Black Book should be placed on an oak stand on the altar, the altar itself being of sufficient size for an individual to lie upon it. Indoor Temples should be painted either black or crimson (or a combination of the two), the floor bare or covered with rugs or carpets of plain design, either black or crimson. When not in use, the Temple should be kept dark and warm, hazel incense being burned frequently. A quartz sphere or large crystal should be kept in the Temple, either in or near the altar: if near, supported by an oak stand.

Above the altar or behind it should be an image or sculpture of Baphomet according to Satanic Tradition. Baphomet is regarded by Satanists as a 'violent goddess' and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist up. In her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. In her other hand she holds a burning torch. The severed head, which drips blood onto her lower white garment, is held so that it partially obscures her smiling face. Baphomet is regarded as the archetype of the Mistress of Earth, and the Bride of Lucifer.

No other furnishings are present in the Temple. The Temple implements are few in number and should be either made or commissioned by the Master or Mistress. If this is not possible, they should be chosen by them with care. The implements required are several large silver chalices, a Censor (or incense holders), a quartz tetrahedron, a large silver bowl, and the Sacrificial Knife which should have a wooden handle. These implements may be kept on the altar if it is large enough, or wrapped in black cloth and kept in an oak chest.

No one is allowed into the Temple unless they are dressed in ceremonial robes and barefoot. The robes are generally black with a hood, although some rituals require the use of other colurs. If possible, an ante-chamber should be used by members to change into the ceremonial robes.

If an outdoor location is used, the area should be marked out by a circle of seven stones, by the Master or Mistress. An outdoor altar is usually the body of one of the participants - naked or robed depending on the ritual and the prevailing conditions. The one chosen for this honour lies on an altar cloth, black in colour and woven with an inverted pentagram, the size of this cloth being not less than seven feet by three.

Candles should be placed in lanterns which open on one side only, this side being of glass which is often coloured red. The participants should know the area well, since they should not use any artificial light of any kind including candles, to guide them to the chosen site. Neither must any fires be lit during any ritual. For this reason the night of the full moon is often chosen

Both indoor Temples and outdoor areas chosen for rituals should be consecrated according to the rite of Temple consecration. When any ritual of Satanic magick is undertaken, no attempt should be made in any way to banish the magickal forces - what forces or energies remain following a ritual are to remain, since they dedicate the area or Temple still further to the powers of Darkness.

Preparation for Rituals:

The Master or Mistress should chose one member to act as 'Altar Brother or Sister'. It is the duty of this member to ensure that the Temple is prepared - for example, lighting the candles, filling the chalices with wine, incensing prior to the ritual.

It is the duty of the Master and Mistress to prepare the members for the ritual. This usually involves them assembling in robes in the Temple or in an ante-chamber designated as a preparation area at least half of one hour before the beginning of the ritual. During this period they are to keep their silence while standing, concentrating on the image of Baphomet or some sigil (such as an inverted pentagram) as decreed by the Master or Mistress.

One or several members should be chosen to act as Cantor and instructed in the proper chanting of the chants. Other members may be chosen as musicians - the preferred instruments being tabor (or hand-drum) or flute.

III - Ceremonial Rituals

Ceremonial rituals, as given here, are conducted for basically two reasons: to generate magickal energy (and thus direct that energy to achieve a magickal goal or desire) and for the benefit of the participating congregation. The benefits the congregation derive from a successfully conducted ritual of Black Magick are many and varied: there are the carnal ones, the material ones and the spiritual ones.

To be successful, a ceremonial ritual must be both dramatic and emotional. That is, the right atmosphere has to be created and maintained. The object is to involve the emotions of the congregation, and all the many ritualized elements (e.g. the robes and the candles) are a means to aid this. However, the single most important element is the power of the voice, whether spoken, chanted, vibrated or sung.(See the chapter on 'Magickal Vibration' for one aspect of this.)

When you are conducting a ceremonial ritual you must use the set texts and chants (such as the Satanic Our Father, the Diabolus) as a means of gradually working yourself into an emotional but still controlled frenzy. It is no use just saying the correct words - they must be spoken or chanted with a Satanic desire - and the emotion once brought must be sustained until the ritual is over. This does not mean simply acting: it means actually becoming the role you assume, that of a powerful sorcerer or sorceress. And this feeling must be communicated to the audience: by voice, gestures eyes and so on. Ceremonial Magick is and always has been an Art, and to master this Art takes practice.

However, you (and the person working as Mistress/Master or Priestess/Priest) must always remain in control of your emotions stopping just short of possession. This also means that each and every ritual must be undertaken without fear or doubt (not even unconscious fear or doubt) - that is, in the true spirit of Satanic pride and mastery: with an exultation in the forces conjoured forth.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves to their lusts and frenzy, but you as ceremonial Master/Mistress cannot do this since you must control and direct all the energies which are brought forth via the ritual and the frenzy produced. It is up to you to initiate the emotion in the Temple, to cultivate its development in the congregation, to get them to reach a ritual frenzy and climax. And then the energy must be controlled - towards a specific magickal aim or dispersed by you into the Temple/surrounding area and left to dissipate/spread according to its nature and to the glory of the Prince of Darkness.

To direct the energy, you must before the ritual choose a specific desire or aim (either your own or as a favour to one of the members). This aim (for example, it might be to harm a specific individual) must be enshrined in both a simple phrase and a simple visualization according to the principles of hermetic magick. The visualization should be of the successful outcome desired - however, if this proves difficult, concentrate solely on the phrase. This phrase, which should be succinct, should then and by you prior to the ritual, be written on a piece of parchment - you could use a 'secret script' of your own devising or one of the magickal ones in general use. You then burn this parchment at the climax of the ritual: at a point you feel is right. To do this, fill the silver bowl with spirit, place the parchment in this at the beginning of the ritual, and light it using one of the candles during the ritual. While it burns shout/chant/vibrate your chosen phrase, visualizing your desire according to the visualization chosen (if you wish to and can include the visualization part). Then exult in the triumph of your desire. Follow this with continuing the ritual to its ceremonial end.

To disperse the energy, just imagine it (as, for example, filaments) surrounding the Temple and gradually creeping outwards. You may also (for example in an Initiation ritual) direct the energy into an individual who is present (in that ritual, by using a sigil and a chant.).

IV - The Black Mass

Introduction:

The Black Mass is a ceremonial ritual with a threefold purpose. First, it is a positive inversion of the mass of the Nazarene church, and in this sense is a rite Black Magick (see the 'Guide to Black Magick'). Second it is a means of personal liberation from the chains of Nazarene dogma and thus a blasphemy: a ritual to liberate unconscious feelings. Third, it is a magickal rite in itself, that is, correct performance generates magickal energy which the celebrant can direct.

The Black Mass has been greatly misunderstood. It is not simply an inversion of Nazarene symbolism and words - when a Nazarene mass is celebrated (as occurs every day, many times, throughout the world) certain energies or vibrations compatible with the Nazarene ethos may or may not be generated, depending on the circumstances and the individuals attending. That is, under certain circumstances, the Nazarene mass can be a ritual of 'white magic': the energies that are sometimes produced being produced because a number of individuals of like mind are gathered together in ritualized setting; there is nothing in the production of energies which is attributable to external agencies (e.g. 'god').

What a genuine Black Mass does is 'tune into' those energies and then alter them in a sinister way. This occurs during the 'consecration' part of the Black Mass. The Black Mass also generates its own forms of (sinister) energy.

To see the Black Mass as simply a mockery is to misunderstand its magick. Also, the Black Mass does not require those who conduct it or participate in it to believe or accept Nazarene theology: it is simply means that the participants accept that others, who attend Nazarene masses, do believe in at least to some degree in Nazarene theology - the Black Mass uses the energy produced by those beliefs against those who believe in them, by distorting that energy, and sometimes redirecting it. This is genuine Black Magick.

Participants:

Altar Priest - lies naked upon altar
Priestess - in white robes
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes
Master - in purple robes
Congregation - in black robes

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. If outdoors, clearings in forests or woods are suitable. Caves are ideal. The reason for such Outdoor settings are to provide an impression of 'enclosure'.

Versions:

The Black Mass exists in several versions. The one given below is the version most often used today. The other main version uses almost the same text, but is undertaken by a Priest using a naked Priestess on the altar.

Preparation of the Temple:

Hazel incense to be burnt (if obtainable, the hazel is mingled with civit). Several chalices full of strong wine. Black candles. Several patens (of silver if possible) containing the consecrated cakes - these are baked the night before by the Priestess and blessed (i.e. dedicated to the Prince of Darkness - see chapter of Chants) by the Mistress of Earth. The cakes consist of honey, spring water, sea salt, wheat flour, eggs and animal fat. One paten is set aside for the ritual hosts. These should be obtained from a Nazarene place of worship - but if this is not possible, they are made by the Priestess if imitation of them (unlevened white hosts).

The Mass

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Mass by clapping her hands together twice. The Mistress of Earth turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with her left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds by saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:
Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name In heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy And deliver us to evil as well as temptation For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.

Master:
May Satan the all-powerful Prince of Darkness
And Lord of Earth
Grant us our desires.

All:
Prince of Darkness, hear us!
I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,
And in one Law which triumphs over all. I believe in one Temple
Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all:
The Word of ecstasy. And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,
Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood
For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince
The fire-giver and look forward to his reign
And the pleasures that are to come!

The Mistress kisses the Master, then turns to the congregation, saying: May Satan be with you.

Master:
Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

Mistress:
By the word of the Prince of Darkness, I give praise to you

(She kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

My Prince, bringer of enlightenment. I greet you
Who cause us to struggle and seek the forbidden thoughts.

(The Master repeats the 'Veni' chant)

Mistress:
Blessed are the strong for they shall inherit the Earth.

(She kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud for they shall breed gods!

(She kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the humble and the meek die in their misery!

(She kisses the Master who passes the kiss on to the Priestess who kisses each member of the congregation. After this, she hands the paten containing the 'hosts' to the Mistress. The Mistress holds the paten over the altar-Priest, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince and lover, by the strong:
Through our evil we have this dirt; by our boldness and Strength, it will become for us a joy in this life.

All:
Hail Satan, Prince of life !

(The Mistress places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam Recolentes vindex.

(The Priestess, quietly saying 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas', begins to masturbate the altar-Priest. As she does, the congregation begin to clap their hands and shout in encouragement while the Master and the Mistress chant the 'Veni' chant. The Priestess allows the semen to fall upon the 'hosts', then hands the paten to the Mistress who holds it up before the congregation saying to them:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:
As they are with you!

(The Mistress returns the paten to the body of the altar-Priest, takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince, by the defiant: through our Arrogance and pride
We have this drink: let it become for us an elixir of life.

(She sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest and towards the congregation, then returns the chalice to the altar, saying to the congregation:)

With pride in my heart I give praise to those who drove
The nails
And he who thrust the spear into the body of Yeshua,
The imposter.
May his followers rot in their rejection and filth!

(The Master addresses the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce Yeshua, the great deciever, and all his works?

All:
We do renounce the Nazarene Yeshua, the great deceiver
And all his works.

Master:
Do you affirm Satan?

All:
We do affirm Satan!

(The Master begins to vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' while the Mistress picks up the paten with the 'hosts' and turns to the congregation, saying:)

I who am the joys and pleasures of life which strong men
Have forever sought, am come to show you my body and my blood.

(She gives the paten to the Priestess, then removes the robe of the Priestess, saying:)

Remember, all you gathered here, nothing is beautiful except Man:
But most beautiful of all is Woman.

(The Priestess gives the paten back to the Mistress, then takes the chalices and consecrated cakes to the congregation who eat and drink. When all have finished, the Mistress holds up the paten, saying:)

Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!

(The congregation laughs while the Mistress flings the 'hosts' at them which they trample underfoot while the Master continues with the 'Agios o Satanas' vibration. The Mistress claps her hands three times to signal to the congregation. She then says:

Dance, I command you!

(The congregation then begin a dance, counter sunwise, chanting 'Satan! Satan!' while they dance. The Priestess catches them one by one, kisses the person caught and then removes their robe after which they return to the dance. The Mistress stands in the centre of the dancers, and uplifting her arms, says:)

Let the church of the imposter Yeshua crumble into dust
Let all the scum who worship the rotting fish suffer and die in their misery and rejection!
We trample on them and spit of their sin!
Let there be ecstasy and darkness; let there be chaos and laughter,
Let there be sacrifice and strife: but above all let us enjoy
The gifts of life!

(She signals to the Priestess who stops the dancer of her choice. The congregation then pair off, and the orgy of lust begins. The Mistress helps the altar-Priest down from the altar, and he joins in the festivities if he wishes.)

Should the Master and Mistress wish, the energies of the ritual are then directed by them towards a specific intention.

NOTES: During the 'consecration' of the 'hosts', the Master may opt to say the following quietly (leaving the Veni chant to the Mistress):

Muem suproc mine tse cob

He then takes up the chalice, saying:

Murotaccep menoissimer ni rutednuffe sitlum orp iuq iedif muiretsym itnematset inretea ivon iem siniugnas xilac mine tse cih.

It is this chalice which the Mistress then takes to sprinkle the altar-Priest. The above words are usually printed on a small card which is placed on the altar before the Mass begins: the Master using the card when the above is spoken.

As with all ceremonial rituals, it is helpful if all participants know from memory the content and spoken text. It is important that this is done and that the ritual, when undertaken, follows the text on every occasion. The ritual then is more effective as a ritual, enabling the participants to be both more relaxed and more able to enter into the spirit of the rite.

The Gay Version of the Black Mass is available in OPFER (FENRIR Vol II No 2)

V - The Ceremony of Birth

Setting:

Indoor Temple, or outdoor area previously used for rituals.

Participants:

Master - black robes tied with crimson girdle
Mistress - black robes tied with crimson sash
Priestess - white robes tied with black sash
Priest - white robes tied with black girdle
Congregation (if present): black robes

Preparation:

Black candles on altar together with quartz crystal or tetrahedron. Phial of musk oil (if male child) or civit oil (if female child). Incense of Yew to be burnt (male child) or Black Poplar (female child). Before the ceremony the parents of the child appoint two Temple Members as guardians of the newborn. They also provide a small pendant made of silver inscribed with an inverted septagon (or sigil of the Temple) which, for the ceremony, they hang around the neck of the newborn on a leather thong. When the child is old enough, this can be worn by them all the time. A feast, to follow the ceremony, is prepared. The newborn is brought to the ceremony loosely wrapped in black cloth.

The Ceremony:

The Master signifies the beginning of the rite by ringing the Temple bell seven times. The parents then hand the newborn to the Priestess if the child is male, and to the Priest if female. The Master then says:

We gather here to welcome to our clan one newborn destined to share our gifts.

Mistress:
Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

(The Mistress turns toward the altar, holds her hands outstretched and says quietly but in an audible voice:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne Diabolus!

(She then turns back to the participants, saying:)

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet!

(Note: if no congregation are present the responses are said by the Priestess et al.)

(The Master touches the head of the newborn saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you, as they are with us.
Pone, diabolus, custodiam. With this mark I seal wyrd.

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints the forehead of the newborn with it in the shape of an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple saying as he does this:)

Ad Satanas qui leatificat juventutem meam.

(He then turns to the parents, saying:)

How is he/she to be known?

(The parents answer, giving the Temple name they have chosen for the newborn:)

We have named him/her .....

(The Master then says:)

So shall it be. I name you ..... amongst us.

(He then touches the forehead of the newborn, visualizing an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. As he does this the Mistress says:)

Pone, diabolus, custodiam!

(The Master then turns toward the congregation saying:)

Come forth, guardians of this child.

(The child-guardians step forward. The Master says to them:)

Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach when the teaching-time is right, our ways so that ..... (He states the Temple name of the newborn) may learn our ways?

(The guardians answer:' We do. 'The Master then turns to the congregation, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Know them!

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints each of their foreheads with the sign of the inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. He then turns toward the congregation saying:)

So it is done according to our ways. Let the feasting begin!

(The participants leave the Temple to partake of the feast -this is provided by members of the Temple, to honour the parents of the newborn, who may also provide gifts for the newborn and the parents.)

VI - The Death Rite

Participants:

Priest - in black robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring
Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk). A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present. (The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface. This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar. The Mistress places this figurine on the womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk based oil, laying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress and the Priestess then visualize the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses. The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

The Ritual:

Priest:
I will go down to the altars in Hell.

All:
To Satan, the giver of life.

(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)
Our Father which wert in heaven ...

(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass. After the Creed the Priest says:)
Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil our desires.

(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)
With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanas - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)
Sie anod namretae meiuqer.

(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)
Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Mistress then says:)
Agios o Satanas!

(To which the congregation respond:)

Agios o Satanas!

Mistress:
Satanas - venire!

All:
Satanas - venire!

Mistress:
Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli

All:
Tua est terra!

Mistress:
Ave Satanas!

All:
Ave Satanas!

(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.

All:
We curse N.N.

Priest:
N.N. will writhe and die

All:
N.N. will writhe and die!

Priest:
By our will, destroyed

All:
By our will, destroyed!

Priest:
Kill and laugh!

All:
Kill and laugh!

Priest:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince

All:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!

Priest:
N.N. is dying!

All:
N.N. is dying!

Priest:
N.N. is dead!

All:
N.N. is dead

Priest:
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

All:
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)

The Earth rejects N.N.

All:
You reject N.N.

(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

N.N. is dead.

(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants).After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)

Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.

(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)

N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice !

Mistress:
Dignum et justum est.

(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)

I who bring life, also take.

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualizing as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!

(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)

VII -The Pledging

(**Note:** this is the traditional Satanic wedding ceremony.)

Setting:

Temple - or outdoor area within circle of nine stones.

Participants:

Master - purple robes
Mistress - viridian robes
Priestess and Priest - black robes
Congregation - black robes
(Those who are making their pledge wear crimson robes)

Preparation:

Altar covered with black cloth on which is woven the sigil of the Tree of Wyrd with the connecting paths. Purple candles to be used. Chalices of mead. Silver bowl on altar containing inflammable liquid. Small square of parchment. Sharp knife. Two silver rings, provided by those making their pledge. Ash incense to be burnt.

The Ceremony

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple: the Master and Mistress standing before the altar with the Priest and Priestess beside them. When all is ready, the Master rings the Temple bel1 nine times as a signal to the Guardian who leads those desirous of pledging into the Temple where they stand before the altar.
The Master and Mistress greet both with a kiss, saying:

We, Master and Mistress of the Temple greet you.

(The Priestess and the Priest together chant 'Agios o Satanas Agios o Satanas!' This chant is repeated by the congregation. After, the Master says:)

We are gathered here to join in oath through our sinister magick this man and this woman. Together they shall be as inner sancturies to our gods!

(The Mistress turns to the congregation, saying:)

Hail to they who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names! Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet

Mistress:
Agios o Atazoth!

Congregation:
Agios o Atazoth

Mistress:
Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

(The Master turns to the betrothed, saying:)

Do you, known in this world as (he states the name of the spaeman) accept as spaewife this lady ..... (he states the Initiated name of the lady) known in this world as ..... (he states the name of the lady) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaeman:
I do.

(The Master says to the lady:)

Do you known in this world as ..... (he states the name of the lady) accept as spaeman this jarl ..... (he states the name of the jarl) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaewife:
I do.

Master:
Then give as a sign of your pledge, these rings.

(The Mistress takes the silver rings from the altar and the jarl and his lady place them on the fingers of each other's left hand. The Mistress turns to the congregation saying:)

Thus in oath and magick they are joined.

(The Master raises his arms, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this jarl and his lady against the desire of that jarl and that lady, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our Lord the Prince of Darkness! Hear me, you dark gods gathering to witness this rite!

(The Mistress takes up the knife and the square of parchment as the jarl and his lady hold out their left hands. She swiftly cuts their thumbs, presses drops of each blood onto the parchment and then presses the two thumbs together. She then presses the thumb of the jarl to the forehead of the lady and then the thumb of the lady against the forehead of the jarl, marking both in blood. The parchment is cast into the silver bowl and the Priestess lights the liquid in this.
The following statement is then read out first by the lady and then the jarl. This statement is usually written/printed on a card which is kept on the altar and handed to the lady by the Priest after the Priestess ignites the liquid in the bowl:)

Esse filo captum palchritudinis suae, et nil amplius desiderare, quam ejus amplexu frui: et omen concubitum - ex commixtione hominis cum Diabolo et Baphomet aliquoties nascuntur hominis, et tali modo nasciturum esse Anti-Nazarenus.

(After this is read by the jarl, the Priest takes the card and replaces it on the altar while the Mistress comes forward to kiss first the lady then the jarl. The Master does likewise, after which he says:)

I declare them pledged!

(The congregation et al then exchange greetings with the spaeman and his wife. The Priest and Priestess hand out the chalices which are emptied. A feast usually follows the ceremony.)

Note: Either party can end the joining at any time by placing their ring on the altar and informing the Master or Mistress who announce the parting at the next Temple gathering.

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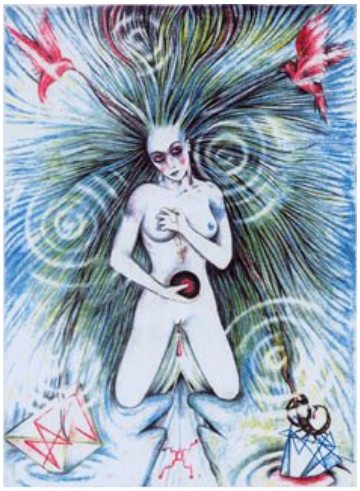


High Priestess

VIII - The Rite of Initiation

Introduction:

The candidate is usually sponsored by an existing Initiate, and this member accompanies the candidate of the test of fidelity which the Master or Mistress of the Temple specifies. The candidate also undergoes a test of knowledge (relating to what he or she has learned of Temple teachings during the six-month probationary period) and a test of courage.

The text given below is for a male candidate: for a female candidate, the text should be altered in the appropriate places.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in scarlet robes
Mistress of Earth - sexually alluring scarlet robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar (if male candidate)
Priest - naked, upon altar (if female candidate)
Guardian of the Temple - dressed in black and wearing a face mask
Congregation - Black robes

Preparation:

The candidate provides a new black robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple. This is given to the Master before the ritual and placed on the altar. The candidate attends the ritual in a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual takes place at sunset. A small phial containing a civit-based oil is placed on the altar. Black candles to be used, incense of the Moon burnt (petriochor, if available, otherwise hazel). Some symbolism appropriate to the Moon should also be present - e.g. quartz crystals. Chalices full of strong wine.

The congregation assemble in the Temple with the Master and Mistress. The Guardian stands near the Temple entrance. The candidate is blindfolded and is led into the Temple by the sponsor.

The Rite

(The Master greets the candidate, saying:)

You the nameless have come here to receive that initiation given to all who desire the greatness of our sinister gods!

(The Master kisses the Mistress who kisses the altar-Priest [or Priestess]. The Master then says:)

You the nameless have come to give yourself to us and your quest:
To seal with a sinister oath the beliefs and practices
You have accepted since first you were allowed into this
Temple to Satan.

(The Master turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over them with his left hand, and says:)

I greet you all in the name of our Prince. Let his legions
Gather to witness this, our Satanic rite! Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The congregation repeat the `Veni' chant after which the Mistress turns to them and says:)

Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet
Raise the legions of our Lord and the Dark Gods who watch
Over our games!

(The congregation now dance, anti-sunwise, chanting the Diabolus as they dance. While they dance the Master takes a chalice and raises it, saying:)

You the nameless have come to break the chains that bind!

(The Mistress removes the garment of the candidate leaving naked. The Master approaches him, puts the chalice to his lips, saying: 'Drink!' The candidate drinks the wine. The congregation continue their dance and chant until the Mistress raises her arms as a signal for them to stop. She says to them:)

Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!

(The congregation gather round the candidate and run their hands over all his body. While they do this, laughing, the Master chants the 'Veni' chant several times. The Mistress claps her hands twice and the congregation move away. She kisses the candidate [whether male or female] and says:)

We the noble rejoice that you have come to seed us with your blood and gifts.
We, the kin of Chaos, welcome you, now nameless. You are the riddle and I the answer that begins your quest. We, the cursed, welcome you who by being here among us have dared to defy. In the beginning there was sacrifice but now we have words which can bind you through all time to us. In your beginnings - we were. In your quest - we are. Before you - we existed. After you - we shall still be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will be, waiting. And you through this Rite shall be of us and thus of them who are never named. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this world we call Earth.

(The Master stands before the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

(The candidate [R] responds:)

I do.

Master:
Do you bind yourself with word, deed and thought, to us the Seed of Satan without fear and dread?

R:
I do

Master:
Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering that I am Your Master and that she who stands before you as I stand before you is your Mistress?

R:
I do.

Master:
Then understand that the breaking of your word is the Beginning of our wroth! See him! Hear him! Know him!

(The Master points to the candidate and the congregation gather round him, touching him again. After this, the Mistress -removes his blindfold. The Master says to the candidate:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua the deciever, and all his works ?

R:
I do renounce Yeshua the deceiver and all his works.

Master:
Do you affirm Satan?

R:
I do affirm Satan.

Master:
Satan, whose word is Chaos?

R:
Satan, whose word is Chaos.

Master:
Then break this symbol which we detest.

(The Mistress hands the candidate a suitably defiled wooden cross which the candidate breaks and thrown it to the ground.)

Master:
Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a Sign
Of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the
Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of
You - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.

(The Mistress hands the phial of oil to the Master who traces the sign of the inverted pentagram on the forehead of the candidate, vibrating as he does so the name the candidate has chosen. The Mistress then stands behind the candidate and traces with her left forefinger, the sigil of the Temple on the back of the candidate, chanting 'Agios o Satanas' as she does so. If there be no Temple sigil, she traces the inverted pentagram. She stands before the candidate. If the candidate is male, she kisses him on the forehead, then the lips, the chest and penis. If the candidate is female, she kisses her on the forehead, each breast, then pubis. After this, she claps her hands once as a signal for the Guardian to come forward. As he does, she says to the candidate:)

Now you must be taught the wisdom of our way!

(The Guardian seizes the candidate and holds his/her arms, forcing them to kneel before the Mistress who laughs and says:)

See, all you gathered in my Temple: here is he who thought
He knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for
His cunning! See how our strength overcomes him!

(The congregation laugh while the Master blindfolds the candidate again. The Guardian then binds the hands of the candidate with cord. The Mistress then whispers to the candidate, saying: 'Lay down, keep your silence and be still!' The congregation and the Guardian leave the Temple.

The Master then has sexual intercourse with the Priestess on the altar [or if the candidate is female, the Mistress has intercourse with the Priest]. In both versions, this task may be delegated to a member of the congregation, chosen before the ritual by either the Master or Mistress. The male or female member so chosen stays in the Temple when the congregation depart.

After-the act, the Priestess [or Priest] is assisted down from the altar, and the Master and Mistress [and the one chosen to perform in their stead, if present] leave the Temple. The Priestess [or Priest then approaches the candidate, saying:)

Recieve from me and through me the gift of your Initiation
So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again.

(They then unbind and remove the blindfold from the candidate and sexual intercourse takes place. After, the Priestess [or Priest] fetches the robe from the altar and dresses the candidate in it. She

[or he] then briefly leaves the Temple to announce to the congregation et al 'So-it is done according to our desires! The congregation et al then return to the Temple, each greeting the new Initiate with a kiss. The chalices are handed round, and the members take their pleasure as they wish.)

Notes: For the ritual of Initiation, the Priestess is chosen for the pleasure she obtains from coitus, the Guardian for his physical strength; if the candidate is female, the altar-priest chosen for his control during coitus - he should bring the Mistress to ecstasy,. without himself losing control, thus saving elixir for the candidate. It is the duty of the Mistress to find among the Temple members someone to fulfil this role, although she may delegate this task to a female member of the Temple, the person being chosen by the obvious experimentation. Those thus chosen are then invested with their office of altar-Priest or Priestess and hold this office for a year and a day.

If possible, candidates should know no details of the Rite of Initiation - i.e. they should not be told what to expect. For this reason, members of the Temple should take a vow of silence regarding the Rite, promising not to reveal its details to nonmembers and candidates, Thus, the 'Black Book' should for this and other reasons never be shown to non-Initiates.

IX - Consecration of the Temple

Preparations:

Incense of Mars to be burnt for several hours before the ritual is due to begin. The Temple itself is furnished as for a Black Mass. One chalice contains The Elixir.

(To make The Elixir: the night before the ritual, the Master has sexual intercourse in the Temple [the Temple having been already furnished, with altar etc.] at the moment of his ecstasy depositing his seed in an empty chalice. To this, the Priestess ad adds seven drops of her own blood [taken from her left forefinger following intercourse], three pinches of soil [finely ground and dried] taken from a grave in a graveyard on the night of the full moon, ground and dried shavings from an oak tree collected on a night when Saturn is rising, and strong wine to fill the chalice. The chalice is left on the altar until the ritual begins.)

The Master enters the Temple before the congregation, and seals the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing:

For this, a crystal tetrahedron is required. It should be as large as possible and made of quartz. The person conducting the rite, places both their hands on the crystal (which may be on an altar) and visualizes a rent appearing in a star studded sky. This rent gradually spreads its darkness down toward the crystal, enclosing it and the surroundings. The person then vibrates:

Binan Ath Ga Wath Am.

This vibration is repeated seven times. The person then says:

From dark dimensions I call thee forth!

The person then visualizes a darkness entering the crystal. After, the person bows to the crystal. The Rite is then complete, the person removing their hands and moving away from the crystal.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in black robes
Priestess - in black robes
Congregation - in black robes

(**Note:** if the group in question is run by a Mistress, then she assumes the role allocated to the Master, and a Priest is present instead of a Priestess. For producing the Elixir, the procedure above is followed although the blood is that of the Mistress an the seed that of the Priest.)

The Dedication

The Master goes to the entrance of the Temple, and ushers the congregation in. They enter chanting the Sanctus Satanas (see Chants) walking counter sunwise three times around the altar. They continue chanting until the Master claps his hands twice. He stands behind the altar, facing the congregation, the Priestess beside him. He says to the congregation:

Consorts of Satan! We gather here in this place at this Hour to dedicate this Temple to our sinister work. We Summon forth Satan, Prince of Darkness and Guardian of the Gate to the Dark Gods, to witness our rite of Dedication. For this shall be a Temple wherein we shall celebrate the Mysteries and the joys of life - wherein we and others Shall partake of the Elixir which is black to the blind. Mindfu1 then of our sinister past which has made this Work of darkness possible, let us re-affirm our allegiance.

(All present recite the 21 Satanic Points. After, the Master spreads his hands over the chalice containing The Elixir and vibrates 'Agios o Satanas'. He then kisses the Priestess who goes to kiss each member of the congregation. Then he holds up the -chalice, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again by the Power of our Prince, Satan, and the powers of They who are Never named. From dark dimensions they will come while we sleep as this Temple becomes a Gate to their world!

(He places the chalice back upon the altar, spreads his hands over the crystal tetrahedron and vibrates 'Nythra' three times. After this, he takes up the chalice, sprinkles some of its contents toward the congregation and Priestess and then over the altar. He then sprinkles more around the entrance to the Temple before walking counter sunwise around the Temple sprinkling the walls and floor. He then pours the remainder of the contents around the base of the altar. He replaces the empty chalice on the altar, turns to the congregation, saying:)

So, another chapter in our history is begun. Let the Rite of The Black Mass begin!

(He assists the one chosen before hand as altar-Priest to remove his robe and take his place upon the altar. The Mass then begins. The Mass follows the text in the Black Book except that the Priestess assumes both the role of the Mistress and her own role as Priestess, and the Master concludes the Mass with the following words [after the 'Mistress' has said '... let us enjoy the gifts of life.'])

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince of Darkness - I Declare this Temple charged!

(The usual orgy/feast that follows the Black Mass begins.)

X - The Dying Time

Setting:

Outdoors, in an isolated location. A funeral pyre is prepared by the Guardian. An ellipse of nine stones should be made enclosing the pyre. Wooden goblets, sufficient in number for each participant, should be filled with mead and kept ready on a wooden table (oak if possible) away from the pyre.

Participants:

Master
Mistress
Priest
Priestess
Congregation
Guardian
(all are in black robes)

Additional Guardians may be appointed to guard access to the site, ensuring privacy.

The Rite

(The body of the deceased member is brought in a light wooden casket, carried by members of the Temple toward the stones and the pyre. It is covered with a crimson drape. After the casket has been placed on the pyre, all present gather round, outside the ellipse of stones. The Master begins the Rite by saying:)

Agios o Satanas! We gather here to pay homage to our brother/sister who by his/her life and magick did deeds of glory to the honour of our name! Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

Master:
Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet!

Mistress:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Master:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Congregation:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

(The Priest and Priestess hand out the goblets. When this is done, the Master raises his head toward the pyre, saying:)

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

(The Mistress then lights the pyre. As it burns, the Master drinks from his goblet, throwing the empty vessel into the flames. The congregation et al then raise their own goblets, say the 'Ad Satanas' chant, drink and likewise cast the empty goblets into the flames. The Mistress is the last to drink. After she has thrown her own goblet, she says:)

May our memories linger to haunt the spaces and the dark! So it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!

(The gathering then depart from the site. It is the duty of the Guardian [and his helpers, if any) to attend to and watch over the pyre, ensuring the casket and contents are reduced by flames. What remains is left, to be scattered as it will.)

XI - The Ceremony of Recalling

Introduction:

The Ceremony exists in three versions. The one given here is the one most often used today - where the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is symbolic. In former times, the Priest, having been chosen according to tradition a year before, was ritually sacrificed by the Mistress and Master. This version is published in OPFER (Fenrir Vol II No 2).This sacrificial Ceremony traditionally occurs once every cycle of seventeen years.

Preparations:

The night before the ritual, the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water (spring), egg, honey and animal fat. The congregation gather outside the Temple, the Master and Mistress wait within. The Guardian leads the Priest toward the congregation and the Priestess blindfolds the Priest. She then leads him to each member of the Temple who kiss him.

The Temple itself is furnished with red candles; Incense of Jupiter to be burning. Quartz tetrahedron on plinth or altar. Phial containing musk oil.

Participants:

Master - in black robes
Mistress of Earth - white robes
Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash
Guardian of the Temple - black robe, with face mask
Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - white robe
Congregation - red robes

The Ceremony

(The Priestess and Guardian lead the Priest into the Temple and are followed by the congregation. The Mistress greets the Priest with a kiss while the Master vibrates [with his hands on the tetrahedron] 'Agios o Atazoth'.

After this, the congregation chant the 'Diabolus' [see Chants] while slowly walking, counter sunwise, around the Priest in a circle. This chant is repeated seven times. The Master and Mistress [or two Temple members chosen and trained as Cantors] then chant in parallel and a fourth apart according to the Principles of Esoteric Chant, the 'Agios o Baphomet' chant. This chant may be an octave and a fourth apart. However, should for whatever reason, those conducting the ritual be unable to chant in this manner, the 'Agios o Baphomet' may be vibrated seven times according to the principles of esoteric vibration. [The magick is more powerful if the chant is sung in parallel as indicated.] During this, the Guardian lifts the Priest onto the altar and the Priestess removes his robe.

After the chant, the Mistress then anoints the body of the Priest with the oil while the congregation walk, as before, chanting the Diabolus. After the anointing, the Priestess and Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess then arouses the 'secret fire' of the Priest with her lips - without bringing him to ecstasy however. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel before the Priestess. The Master then kneels before the Mistress at which point the congregation cease their chanting and gather round forming a

circle. The Priestess copies the Mistress in both words and actions, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the head of the Master and the Master says:)

It is the protection and juices of your body that I seek

(The Mistress opens her thighs, and the Master drinks. The Guardian forces the Priest to do likewise to the Priestess. Then, the Mistress pushes him away, saying:)

As you have drunk so shall you die!

Master:
I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you
Who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of
Their blood. I lift my eyes to gaze upon the beauty of body
- You who are the daughter of and a Gate to our Dark Gods:
They who are never named. I lift my voice to stand
(He here stands)
Before you my sister and offer you my body so that my
Mage's seed shall feed your virgin flesh.

Mistress:
Kiss me and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that
Severs and stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which
Grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me
With your seed
And I shall make you as a Gate which opens to our gods!

(The Mistress goes to the Priest and whispers to him:)

Take me, for she is me and I am yours!

(She then removes the blindfold and pushes him into the arms of the Priestess. She then has congress with the Master while the congregation continue with their slow walk and chanting. After the priest has achieved his ecstasy, the Mistress says:)

So you have sown and from your sowing gifts may come if
You obedient heed these words I speak.

(The Guardian gives her the sash from the robe of the Priestess. She claps her hands twice and the congregation, the - Priest and Priestess gather round her, the Master and the Guardian She says:)

I know you my dark children: you are sinister yet none
Of you is as sinister or as deadly as I.
I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts:
Yet not one of you is as hatefu1 or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike you dead!

(She goes to each member, kissing them in turn - on the lips and removing their robes. She then points to the Priest and the Guardian comes forward to hold him while she-binds his hands with the sash. She then blindfolds him and the Guardian lays him on the floor, covering his prostrate body with the robe of the Mistress. He lies still and motionless while the Mistress says to the congregation:)

No guilt shall bind you here; no thought restrict.
Feast then and enjoy but ever remember that I am the
Wind that snatches your soul!

(The Guardian then leaves the Temple, returning with trays of wine and food prepared beforehand. The congregation feast and drink and take their pleasures according to their desire always leaving a circle around the Priest clear [the circle may be drawn on the floor before the Ceremony and the Priest placed within it by the Guardian at the appropriate point]. The feasting and pleasures continue until the altar candles are burnt to a line inscribed previously by the Master - this being of sufficient duration for plentiful pleasures to be enjoyed. At this point the Mistress claps her hands seven times and the congregation et al [apart from Mistress, Priestess and Master] leave the Temple. The Priestess removes the blindfold of the Priest, unbinds and uncovers him and helps him to his feet. She then leads him out from the Temple. The Master and Mistress then take their own pleasure, directing the energies of their own congress and those present within the Temple toward a specific aim or intention.)

***Notes*:** 1) During the feasting, the Master and Mistress abstain and instead begin to direct the energy released via the Ceremony into the crystal (using visualization etc). This energy may then be left stored there, or they may elect to release it during the conclusion toward the aim or intention. However, should they wish, they may direct the energy into the Priest. If this is done the Priest should be informed beforehand and told to observe the effects over several days. This latter procedure is intended mainly for new initiates and is an aid to their magickal development.

2) The Ceremony may be performed on a regular basis, the Master choosing the Priest who is notified only just before the start of the ritual. The ceremony may also be performed with a Priestess as 'Opfer', the ritual following the text above except that the roles of the Priest and Priestess are reversed.

3) At the discretion of the Master or Mistress, the Ceremony may be extended - the Priest (or Priestess) being left in the Temple over night, the Ceremony in this instance being begun at sunset and finally concluding at sunrise. For this extension, the energy present is always sent into the Priest (or Priestess). The person chosen for this can be any member of the Temple. In this, the Master, Mistress and Priestess leave the congregation, the member chosen being told to remain lying and unmoving until the Master returns at dawn.

XII - Satanic Orders

For a long time, traditional Satanism was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil/Initiate, this Initiate following the path to Adeptship under guidance. When ceremonial rituals were undertaken, it was in secret with only members of long standing attending. The few Initiates that were accepted had to undergo a probationary period of several years before being allowed to participate.

It was one of the duties of the Master and Mistress to guide their pupils along the difficult path toward magickal mastery, and to this end 'internal magick' was employed, this system of internal magick being gradually extended and refined over the centuries. In its initial stages, genuine Satanism is all about the Initiate experiencing the dark or shadow aspect of themselves and in the past the Initiate was instructed to experience in reality many things. Sometimes, the Master or Mistress would lead them into specific situations (some of which would be dangerous) for the Initiate to learn from them. Some of these experiences were unconventional and frowned on by 'conventional society' -and some would have been 'illegal' as well. Of course, such methods were difficult, but for the Initiates who survived or remained at liberty they provided genuine experience and self insight. However, gradually, (at least in traditional Satanism) a means was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences: whereas in the past most of them would have been practical in the sense of taking the individual to his or her limits, the new techniques became 'internalized'. That is, they tended to be magickally based rather than practical. The essence of the new methods was and still is the 'Grade Rituals'.

The Grade Rituals (the first of which is Initiation) are a series of tasks and undertakings, and the individual who follows the procedure of a Grade Ritual (the main Grade Rituals are given in detail in NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick') will achieve magickal understanding and self insight of a kind appropriate to the Grade Ritual being undertaken. There are seven Grade Rituals, and these take the individual from Initiate to External Adept to Internal Adept and thence to Master/Mistress and beyond. Associated with the Grade Rituals are other tasks, and these form the basis of the training of the Satanic Initiate! By their very nature, they produce a specific type of individual: one, that is, imbued with the Satanist spirit.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept involves the individual in living in isolation for at least three months, and if this is undertaken according to the principles of the rite itself, the individual will emerge as a genuine Adept. Naturally, this ritual is not easy.

The next stage involves the individual in entering the Abyss: Of becoming part of the acausal, that is, of allowing acausal/ chaotic energies to enter consciousness without any means of Conscious control, This magickal part of the Grade Ritual is Preceded by a physical part (for men: walking alone and unaided a distance of 80 miles beginning at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day; for women: the distance is 56 miles).

This physical part is essential (and the time limit and conditions must be rigidly observed) since it drains the candidate both physically and mentally, the candidate then having few 'barriers'. This ritual is also not easy to undertake.

Thus it can be seen that the training of Initiates in genuine Satanic Orders is both comprehensive and difficult, for Satanic Orders are not religious institutions committed to indoctrinating their members, just as they are not groups for the discussion and study of magickal and Occult topics. They are places where real sinister magick is undertaken - this real magick is difficult and may at times be dangerous. Genuine Satanists do not talk - they do; they do not seek to study obscure legends and myths pertaining to the dark side - they become, through sinister magick, the dark side itself; they do not flit from one 'group' to another, from one system to another - they follow the techniques of the seven-fold way, under guidance, to the very end refusing to give in when things become difficult and dangerous. In short, they exemplify the spirit of the Satanist: that life-affirming ecstasy which both conquers and defies.

XIII - Sinister Chant

Sinister chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim - to produce magickal energy. The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is 'Esoteric Chant' - that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric Chant is explained in detail in *Naos*.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual 'projecting' the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is 'expelled' with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled - that is, the intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus 'Satanas' would be vibrated as Sa - tan - as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular 'monotone' - that is, in the same key, although the last part of the chant is usually 'embellished' to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or 'funerial') or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the Temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.

Satanic Chants:

1) Diabolus

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet Saeclum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantos tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.
Satanas - venire!
Satanas - venire!
Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra,
Ave Satanas!

3) Oriens Splendor

Oriens splendor lucis aeternae
Et Lucifer justitae: veni
Et illumine sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis.

4) General chants:

* Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam. (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)

* Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! (Come, almighty eternal devil!)

* Pone, diabolus, custodiam! (Devil, set a guard.)

5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;
Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:
Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,
Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:
Ready and willing to immolate world upon world
With our stunning blaze.
And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters
Among the failing speciens called Man.
Our being took form in defiance
To stand before your killing gaze.
And now we travel from flame to flame
And tower from the will to the glory!
AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!

Atu VII

Satanas

Introduction

A Satanist Temple or group can be formed for three reasons: 1) to practice authentic Satanism; 2) to experience the reality of Sinister Magick; and 3) as a task of the External Adept. This part of the 'Black Book' applies to all three: those who have not as yet been Initiated by an established traditional Satanist Temple but who wish to begin practical Satanism for whatever personal reason, should undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation given in chapter XI, then put into practice the advice given in chapter XII about organizing and running a practical group.

If you undertake the self-Initiation, you should as soon as possible find an individual of the opposite sex who is interested in Black Magick. You can then Initiate this person, using the ritual of Initiation in Part One as your guide. You should find somewhere suitable to use as a Temple and dedicate this according to the Dedication in Part One.

You should then give your Temple a suitable Sinister name (such as The Temple of Satan) and begin to recruit members, your companion acting as Priestess/Priest and/or Mistress/Master. The gifts and joys of Satan will then be yours to enjoy.

However, should you wish to go further and begin the sevenfold sinister way, you should obtain a copy of 'Naos' and begin to undertake hermetic and internal magick, continuing with your running your Temple until and if you decide to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The choice is yours.

XIV - Self-Initiation

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

I - Indoor

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table,). Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual. An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!

Then vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanas - venire! Satanas venire! Agios 0 Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentifu1 incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

I ..... (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!

Burn the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

II - Outdoor

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do 'Agios o Satanas'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground. Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanas.

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying:
'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'

Then turn counter sunwise and three times saying:
'I ..... (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say:
'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!' Take up the chalice and say: *'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'*

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

XV - Organising and running Satanic Temples

One of the purposes of the Temple is to perform ceremonial Satanic rituals on a regular basis, and the following schedule is suggested:

a) Once a month (at a new moon if possible) celebrate the Black Mass. This celebration should be followed by a feast where food and wine prepared and/or brought to the Temple by the members is consumed, this feast itself following on after the orgy that concludes the Black Mass. Should you, as organiser of the Temple (and thus an honoury 'Master' or 'Mistress'- the organiser of a new Temple is generally known by the title of 'Choregos') wish, the feast only may conclude the Mass - it being left to your discretion as to when the orgy is to be included. That is, it is not always necessary to conclude the Mass with an orgy, although for obvious Satanic reasons, it forms a pleasing end to the Mass.

b) Every fortnight, the members should assemble for a meeting (a sunedrion) where any member may request magickal aid for themselves or others. The aid may be of any kind - constuctive, material, or destructive. Those wishing aid should write their requests on paper and seal this in an envelope which they place in a special urn/receptacle kept for this purpose near the entrance to the Temple. The members should assemble (in robes and barefoot) in the Temple, and the sunedrion is formally begun by you, the Choregos, saying 'Let the sunedrion begin'. If a member has been appointed Guardian (see the list of Offices at the end of the chapter) he should stand by the entrance to the Temple and refuse admittance to any members arriving late. Those present in the Temple then recite the Satanic Creed (see text of Black Mass).

Following this, the Priestess then removes at random two of the requests, which she reads. The members who have been chosen thus, acknowledge their requests by bowing to the Priestess. The request first chosen by the Priestess is performed that evening, the other at the next full moon. This means that you as Choreges should have everything in readiness for all possible hermetic and ceremonial rituals.

The requests may be for anything a member wishes, and it is up to you to decide how the request may be magickally fulfilled by choosing an appropriate ceremonial or hermetic ritual. The monthly Black Mass may be used as a vehicle, for example - you choosing suitable chants/visualizations for the members desire.

The member requesting help must offer something in return this is usually a financial donation to the Temple, a ritua1 object for use in the Temple, robes for use of members, or their own body for the gratification of the Choregos or someone chosen by the Choregos. It is however, the member requesting magickal aid who decides on the nature of the gift.

Those requests not chosen by the Priestess are considered by the Choregos after the sunedrion, and those considered suitable are undertaken as soon as possible, the members being informed.

If you as Choregos choose a hermetic ritual for a request, then you either work alone or with the member whose request it is - unless the ritual you choose is a hermetic one, when you work with the Priestess/Priest or the member if that member has offered their body as payment for the aid.

After choosing the requests, the members depart from the Temple while you and the altar brother/sister prepare the Temple for the ritual you have chosen to fit the first request. During this preparation, the members should prepare themselves for the ritual if a ceremonial form has been chosen. Should a hermetic form be chosen, this is done in the Temple while the members feast and drink outside of the Temple.

c) At full moon, an outdoor ritual should be conducted in a suitable location. This should be either a group invocation to the Dark Gods (see Chapter XVI) or another ceremonial ritual (for example, the Death Rite might be chosen because of a member's request).

You can elect to hold the sunedrion some days before this, or combine the sunedrion with this ritual, depending on the number of members, and their commitment. What is important is to establish a pattern of meetings and rituals.

Teaching:

Another purpose of the Temple should be teaching. You should try and arrange regular sessions with interested members -the best time being after the sunedrion and its associated ritual (if any), the best length for the sessions being around three quarters of one hour. During these sessions you can explain about the septenary system, the Star Game, the Satanic Tarot and so on. (All these and other topics of esoteric Satanism are covered in *Naos*.) Thus, you might organize the following programme to he held on successive sessions:

i) Introduction to the septenary system - Tree of Wyrd, spheres, correspondences.
ii) Further correspondences, including Tarot images associated with spheres.
iii) Pathways and their 'demon-forms'. Invokation etc.
iv) Hermetic rituals
v) Introduction to the Star Game
vi) The Satanist Tarot - divination etc.
vii) Esoteric Chant - practice etc.
viii) Practice of playing the Star Game.

Should you wish to follow the seven-fold sinister way yourself, you may set yourself a suitable physical task, achieve this, then undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. **After** this, you might begin to teach internal magick to others - getting them to work with the pathways and spheres etc. and setting them goals.

Gaining Members:

There are many ways of gaining members. For instance, you might infiltrate already existing groups (of either Left or Right Hand Paths) and seek out those interested in working sinister magick. You might also try and interest friends or the friends of your companion - using the bait of an 'orgy'. Whatever method you use, try and make your first ritual dramatic and impressive - you may decide to use an established ritual like Black Mass, or you might try the ritual suggested below (First Ritual for a Choregos). The 'First Ritual' is intended mainly to impress those who may be new to magick.

You should try and create before hand the right magickal atmosphere, making your Temple as impressive as possible. Try and be creative - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones and a skull. Also, do not use symbols and/or Occult designs which you yourself do not know the meaning of. Keep to the symbolism of traditional Satanism - that is, the septenary, avoiding using the tired, old (and inauthentic) symbolism of the 'qabala'. Do no not use any symbolism from old and dead Aeons - for example Egyptian, Sumerian - as the more pure your magick is, the more effective it will be. By pure here is meant following a genuine esoteric tradition like the septenary. In the beginnings it is often helpful if you feel part of a living, exclusive tradition such as the one represented in this 'Black Book' and 'Naos'. This adds power and charisma to both you and your magickal workings.

First Ritual:

It is important, before the ritual, for you to prepare those who will be attending. They should be told that during the ritual they are to remain silent and not move. They should be told no details of the ritual: only that it is a Satanic invokation, and they should not have seen the Temple before. To increase their expectation, you can arrange to meet them some distance from the Temple itself. They are then blindfolded and taken to the Temple, the ritual being begun immediately. (This also applies to new members of an established Temple.)

Both you and your companion (Priestess/Priest) and any others involved should have practiced your roles beforehand - being familiar with the words, gestures and so on.

Aim: The aim of the ritual is to draw down magickal energy by basically hermetic means with a view to impressing the 'novices' who are present.

Setting: Usually an indoor Temple. Black candles providing the only light. Incense well (hazel) for hours before the ritual. Music from a suitably hidden system should be played during the ritual: choose something 'demonic' which starts slowly and gradually builds to a climax.

Participants: Choregos and companion (Priestess and Priest)

The Rite:

The congregation are led into the Temple. The Priestess (or Choregos if female) should wear sexually revealing Clothing. The music is started by the Choregos who walks past the congregation staring at them and saying 'Agios 0 Satanas'.

The Choregos and/or Priest then vibrates the 'Agios o Satanas' three times after which the Priestess kisses each member of the congregation, rubbing her hands over the genitals of the men as she does so. Following this, the Choregos/priest declare the 'Invokation to Baphomet' while the Priestess visualizes sinister magickal energy being drawn down and entering the congregation.

She then begins a slow, sensual dance to the music while the Choregos/Priest chants the Dies Irae followed by the Invokation to Baphomet. He continues to chant the 'Agios o Satanas while
the music builds to a climax. While chanting this he passes behind the congregation, making passes in the air as he does so. The Priestess during the dance should continue with the visualization.

While still behind the congregation the Choregos/Priest says aloud: 'You are all His, now! We have words to bind your soul to us!'

The Priestess ceases her dance, chants 'Agios o Satanas' and then extinguishes the candles. She then visualizes a sinister/ demonic form entering the Temple near the altar (this form may be one of the 'demons' on the septenary paths - e.g. Shugara). During this, the Choregos/Priest should chant the name of the chosen entity (e.g. 'Agios o Shugara' Agios o Shugara!'). Do not expect at this stage a visual manifestation to occur - although this might happen if the energies are pronounced and/or one of the congregation is psychically gifted. The aim is to affect the sub-conscious of the congregation.

After this, there should be silence for some minutes (the music having ended). The Priestess then says 'It is over' and the Choregos/Priest leads the congregation from the Temple.

Note: One of the best means is for the Choregos/Priest to use a tabor or small hand-drum to accompany the ritual and the dance, instead of recorded music.

Temple Grades:

Temple members can be appointed to the following positions: Guardian of the Temple, Altar Brother (or Sister), Thurifer, Keeper of the Books.

The Thurifer is responsible for keeping the Temple incensed during and before a ritual: this may be by either using a thurifer, or a static incense burner. The altar brother/sister is responsible for ensuring the Temple is ready for a ritual: the candles lit, incense ready and so on. The Keeper of the Books is responsible for ensuring the safety of the Black Book and other Temple books and manuscripts, as well as ensuring the Book and/or altar cards are in place in readiness for a ritual.

In addition the Choregos can appoint any member to be a Priest or Priestess for either a specific ritual or for a year and a day. A Priest, when officiating in Temple rituals wears a medallion inscribed with either an inverted pentagram or inverted septagon; a Priestess wears an amber necklace and may also opt to wear a silver ankle chain.

The sign of a Choregos is, for men, a plain black ring worn on the left hand. Temple members may wear, for men, a ring set with quartz and worn on the left hand, and, for women, a quartz Necklace.

XVI - Invokation to the Dark Gods

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled operator.

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic magick; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

I.

The participants for the first version are Priestess and Priest, together with any number of other Initiates provided male and female are present in equal numbers. The invokation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground.

The invokation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward. When the vibration is complete the Priest places his hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' until the ritual is complete.

After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, The sexual union then begins, with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a Dagon like/dragon entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invokation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. Male and female should be present in equal numbers. The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolate isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the 'Star Gate' Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonrise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magickal force which forces open the Star Gate, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth.

However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may become manifest. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir. For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is rightly forbidden, for it is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

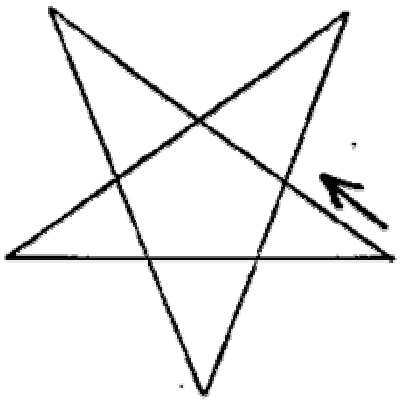
Appendix:

1 - A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet!

After, and with the left hand, extending the forefinger, consruct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:



Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios athanatos.

The blessing is then complete.

11 - The Sinister Creed

1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.
2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.
3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.
5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.
6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.
7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.
8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that stifle the potentiality of our being.
9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.

III - Initiate Names

a) Some suggestions, based on names traditionally used in sinister Temples:

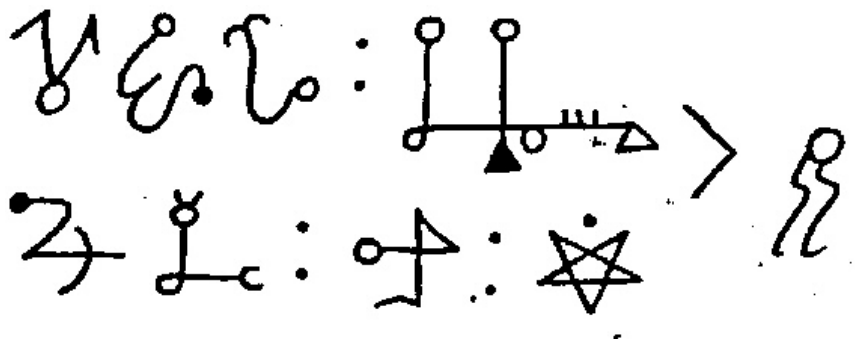
Male: Oger, Hacon, Serell, Noctulius, Athor, Engar, Aulwynd, Algar, Suevis, Angar, Wulsin, Gord, Ranulf
Female: Sirida, Eulalia, Lianna, Aesoth, Richenda, Edonia, Annia, Liben, Estrild, Selann

b) Contract and/or transpose your own name to form another; for example, 'Conrad Robury' gives Cabur, Nocra and so on.

c) Find a demon form with whom you feel an affinity, and use that name, either as it is or contracted/transposed.

d) Construct your name from a Satanic phrase or chant - for example, 'Quinvex' can be derived from the 'Quando Vindex' of the Diabolus.

What is important about all the above is that you feel 'attracted' to a particular name or phrase. Whatever method is used, the name or phrase should derive from traditional Satanism (as explicated in this book) and for this reason names/demons deriving from other traditions should not be used.

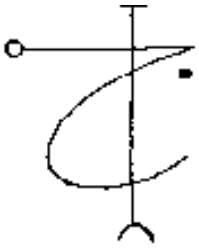


Atu XX

Aeon

CAELETHI

The Black Book Of Satan II



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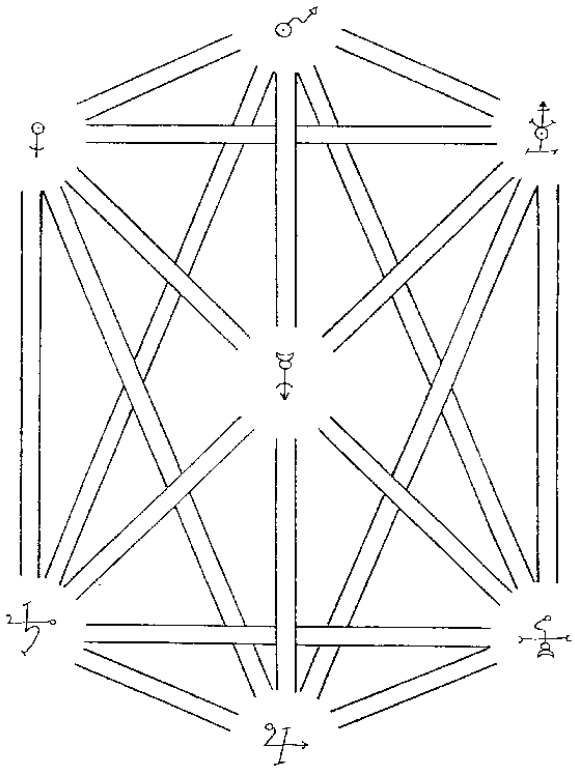
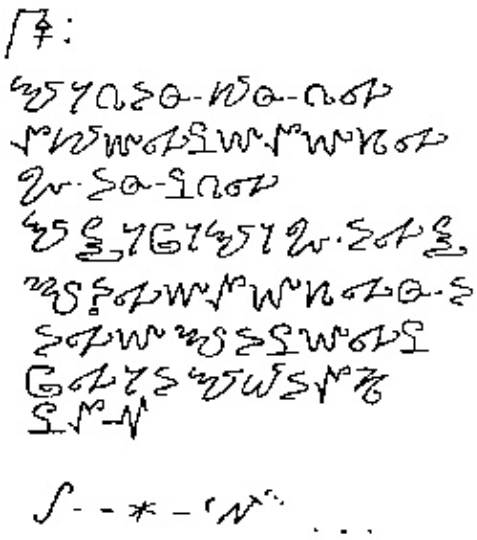


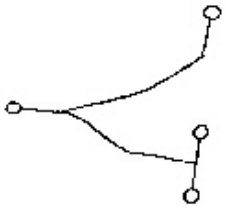
O.

Invoke all as given, by

Use also the crystal tetrahedron
As a key
To the Dark Pool beneath the Moon...

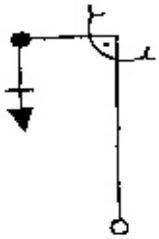


I : N A O S



The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms...

II : A O S O T H



The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
a red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter:
The Maiden is ready.

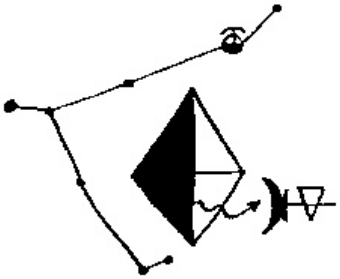
III : L I D A G O N

Autumn -
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm...

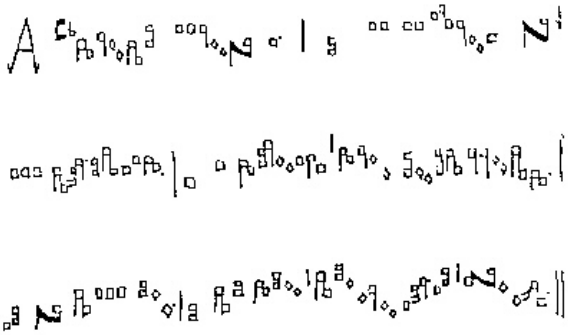
IV : M A C T O R O N

She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps:
The Hermaphrodite,
the body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

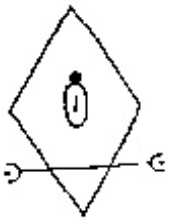
V : A T A Z O T H



The depths of the sea
A tunnel of knives.
There is a union here
While he directs the Chosen
Rage in the Eye
Of the Goat -
The golden triangle
Stands against a sky of fire.

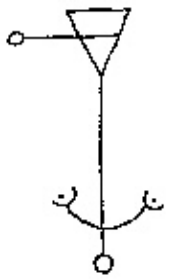


VI : D A V C I N A



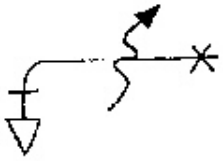
From a mountain of skulls
Blue trees
A rose garden cracks
Two women walk through;
The corpse in a wedding dress
No longer guides
Four waterfalls flood the Earth
And books become ash...

VII : A Z A N I G I N



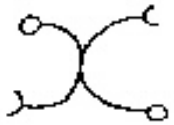
In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.

VIII : A B A T U



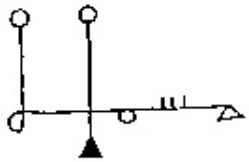
In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.

IX : V E L P E C U L A



Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood...

X : V I N D E X



Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold
Beyond the Door.

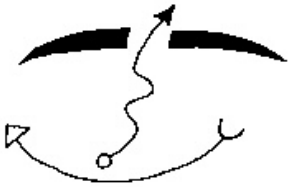
XI : S A U R O C T O N O S

A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

XII : N O C T U L I U S

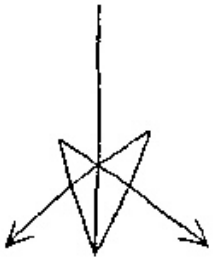
The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jeweled Lady
The crone...
Winter in the wildest of woods.

XIII : N Y T H R A



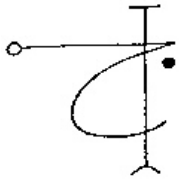
A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

XIV : S H A I T A N



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon...

XV : S H U G A R A

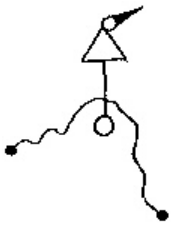


A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees -
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know
The Pool,
Take the spiral staircase
to the Blue room...

XVI : N E K A L A H

Their Name ...
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

XVII : G A W A T H A M



The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head While the Seer weaves.

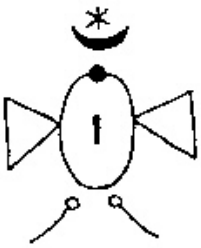
XVIII : B I N A N A T H

Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

XIX : K A R U S A M S U

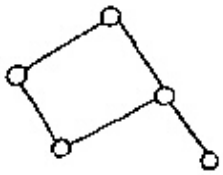
Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

XX : N E M I C U

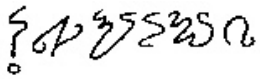


The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor...

XXI : K T H U N A E

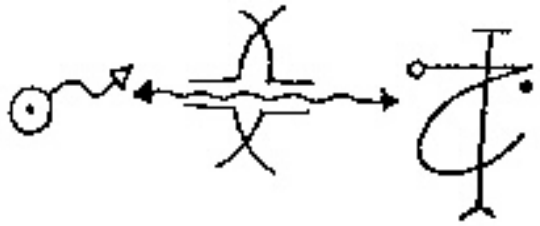


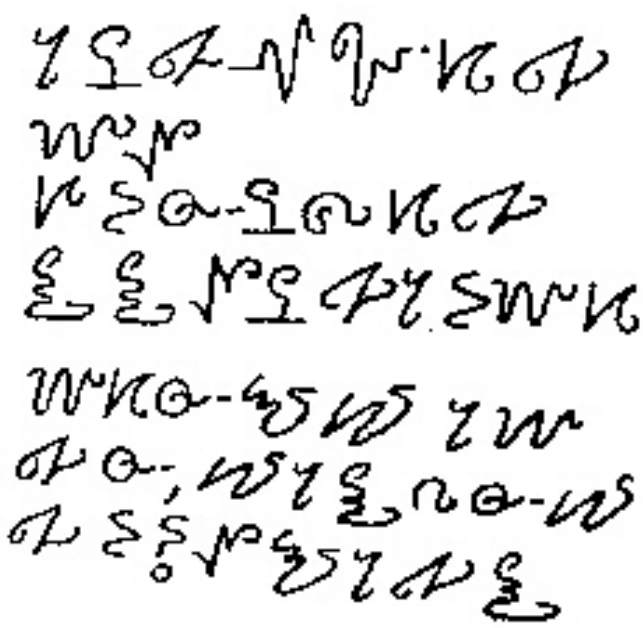
The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other And ever Darker, Recall.



Sanctioned: Christos Beest
Order of Nine Angles
Yf 103 Era Horrificus

A G I O S O S H U G A R A





The Black Book Of Satan

III

by Christos Beest

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2. The Secrets of the Nine Angles
3. Chants

Wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus
aquae, terraeque, solis calore
exacte attenuatus et coctus, a
frigore secutae noctis in unum
coactus, densatusque . . .

I: THE SINISTER CALLING

Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods';(b) drawing forth from acausal dimensions chaotic energies, directed towards a specific goal/aim/intent or channeled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling.The rite of the Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual -perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists. The rite assumes willing Sacrifice.

Setting:

An isolated hill top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - purple robes
Mistress of Earth - purple robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle
Congregation - black robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask

Preparations:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat (this is a 'Black Fast'). During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Diabolus nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Diabolus and the Atazoth chant is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple is to be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the hours of daylight, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master or Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquility of the fast.) In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Diabolus/Atazoth chant - fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial knife. An image of Baphomet according to sinister tradition (for example, Atu III of the Sinister Tarot) may be present in the Temple but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as described, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the Rite.

3) As the Congregation assemble on the seventh day before the Rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being

explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them will be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The Opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the Calling begins. Each night and in this place, the Opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the Opfer during the days before the Rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation precess into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the Opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying:
'To you it is fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing dance!' The congregation begin to dance counter-sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S.Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times while the congregation continue their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the Opfer forward.

The Master gives the Opfer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss'. He kisses the Opfer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the Opfer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the Opfer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips, while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanas and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S.Knife. The Priestess holds the Opfer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the Opfer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires.
The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the Calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the Opfer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S.Knife and the empty chalice used by the Opfer) leave the Temple and go to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the Opfer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the Opfer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S.Knife, collecting some of the elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the red elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!' Following this, she and the Master chant in fourths the Diabolus, directing the chant towards the crystal.

The Rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - then revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note:
After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no intent/aim be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the red elixir is produced, they secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

II: THE BLACK MASS OF LIFE
(The Promethean Office I)

For daily (dawn;dusk) or ad libitum performance either solo or by Priest and Priestess .

Aperiatur terra, et germinet Vindex

(Chant:)
Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)
Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera
Vates, neque in terris morabor
Longius, invidiaque maior
Orbis relinquam

Agios athanatos

Dignum et justum est

(Chant:)
Agios o Baphomet
O Oriens splendour lucis aeternae
Et sol justitiae:
Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis

(Chant:)
Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)
Rerum Atazoth, tenax vigor
Immotus in te permanens
Lucis diurnae tempora
Successibus determinans:
Qui venturis es in mundum
Atazoth, ne tardaveris

Nocturna lux viantibus
A nocte noctem segregans,
Praeco diei iam sonat
Iubarque solis evocat

Hoc excitatus Lucifer
Solvit polum caligine
Agios o Vindex
Laetus dies hic transeat.
Textual variations - Sunday and Feast days:

A porta inferni Atazoth, in adjutorium.

Aperiatur terra et germinet Vindex

(Hymn:)
Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Inplicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo:
Cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros;
Cras Gaia jura dicit fulta sublimi throno.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.
Cras erit cum primus aether copulavit nuptias:
Tunc cruore de superno spumeo et ponti globo
Caerulas inter catervas inter et bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.
Ipsa gemmis purpuantem pingit annum floridis;
Ipsa turgentes papillas de favoni spiritu
Urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentes aquas.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.

Sunset, special Feast days:

Ad Gaia qui laetificant juventum meam.

Aperiatur terra, et germinet Vindex.

(Hymn:)
Hraegl min swigad ponne ic hrusan trede
Oppe pa wic buge oppe wado drefe.
Hwilum mec ahebbad ofer haelepa byht
Hyrste mine and peos hea lyft
And mec ponne wide wolcna strengu
Ofer folc byred; fraetwe mine
Swogad hlude and swinsiad
Torhte singed ponne ic getenge ne beom
Flode and foldan, frende gaest.
Berk Odins mjod a Engla bjod!

III: THE MASS OF HERESY

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - scarlet robes
Master of the Temple - purple robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple Preparations:

Altar covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be used. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against red background. Silver chalices containing strong wine; crystal tetrahedron and small altar bell on altar.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to a) challenge accepted beliefs about recent history; b) provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual; c) encourage dark forces. It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many Western countries - and acceptance of its tenets renders individuals liable to persecution. Performance of this Mass in these times is as dangerous as saying a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch hunts'.

The Mass:

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress:
Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation:
Hail - most holy and free!

Master:
We believe -

Congregation:
Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods
To guide us to greatness.
We believe in the inequality of races
And in the right of the Aryan to live
According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the holocaust
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.
We believe in the Magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving

Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress:
Let us remember in silence
Our comrades who gave their lives
Before, during and after the Holy War.

(The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows is broken by the Master ringing the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute.)

Mistress:
I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you
Who have dared to defy the dogmas
That now hold our peoples in chains!
No thought should bind you:
No dogma restrict!

(The Master now vibrates the 'Agios o Falcifer' standing facing the altar with his hands over the chalices. During this, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation saying: 'Honour be yours', goes to the altar and takes up a chalice.)

Mistress:
By our love of life we have this drink:
It will become for us a gift
From our gods!

(The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly: 'Oriens splendour lucis aeternae et sol justitiae - veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.' She then goes to the Master who kisses her and holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation.)

Master:
Caligo terrae scinditur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

(The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:)

Behold the sign of the sun
And the flag of he who was chosen
By our gods!
Praised are you by the defiant:
Through your courage we have
The strength to dream!

(The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:)

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus
Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

(The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation and says:)

Let us affirm again our faith.

(The Guardian steps forward, raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute)

Guardian:
Hail Hitler!

(The congregation respond with a salute and a greeting.)

Master:
So you have spoken and from your speaking
Gifts shall come to you
Given by our gods.
Drink now, to seal with honour
Your faith.

(The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation and places the empty chalice on the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and return to the altar. When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the 'Agios o Falcifer' while the Mistress turns to the congregation.)

Mistress:
To believe is easy,
To defy is hard -
But most difficult of all
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.
Go now, and remember
So that we few who survive
Can gather again in secret
At the appointed time
To recall the greatness promised us
By our gods!

(The Guardian opens the door to the Temple and ushers the congregation out.)

Note:
The altar may contain, at the start of the Mass, a copy of 'Mein Kampf' and a framed photograph of the Leader.

IV: THE BLACK MASS - GAY VERSION

Guidelines for Gay Initiates

i) Temple Organization:

The Temple is organized according to the principles laid down in the 'Black Book of Satan I' except that: a) for women, the External Adept who organizes the Temple is known by the title 'Erie' b) the Initiation of new members, and the rituals (such as the Black Mass) which are used by the Temple are changed from the texts given in the Black Book I and other writings in accordance with the principles given below.

ii) Rituals:

In general, the form of the ritual used and much of the spoken text is unaltered.
The titles/roles of the participants are changed thus:

a) for men - the role of 'Priestess' is assigned to the Acolyte; the role of 'Mistress of Earth' is assigned to the Deacon.
b) for women - the role of 'Master' is assigned to the High Priestess; that of 'Priest' to the Magistra.

Thus, for example, the participants in the Black Mass are:

a) for men - the Priest; the Acolyte; the Altar-Priest.
b) for women - Magistra; Priestess; Altar-Priestess.

In rituals with an overt sexual content, heterosexual intercourse is replaced by excitation to orgasm (usually orally) for women, and penetration for men (unless in the case of men, the Choregos favours oral stimulation). The Choregos/Eria can decide on suitable variations according to taste and preference.

iii) Images

Sapphic Temples are generally sub-dedicated (ie. although primarily dedicated to Satan, they are also dedicated to another Dark Diety) to Hecate, and accordingly an image of Hecate (painting, sculpture etc.) is present in the Temple. Also reproductions of Atus VI and III of the Sinister Tarot may be present, the latter representing Baphomet. Male Temples are usually sub-dedicated to Sapanur: the 'demon' of all-male spirituality, and an image is present in the Temple. Traditionally, Sapanur is depicted as a strong man of sinister features who wears thongs on his arms. He brandishes a cuboid from which intense light is emerging, and his member is wellformed and erect. Reproductions of Atus X, XII and XV may also be present.

(**Note:** in the Septenary System, Hecate is associated with the sphere of the Moon, and Sapanur with the 11th path.)

The Mass:

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. Black altar cloth and black candles. Behind the altar is an inverted pentagram and on the altar, a cuboid.

If outdoors - candles in lanterns.

Participants:

Altar Priest - naked on altar
Priest - black robes
Deacon - purple robes
Acolyte - white robes
Guardian - appropriate colours, with face mask

Preparations:

Hazel incense to be burnt. Silver paten containing hosts, specially obtained - or made before the ritual by the Acolyte (unleveled and in imitation of Nazarene type). Other preparations as in the Black Book I.

The Rite:

The Deacon begins the Mass by clapping his hands twice. He turns to the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with his left hand, saying:
I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Acolyte responds:
To Satan, giver of life.
(The congregation and all present then recite the Satanic Our Father and the Creed [see texts of Black Mass in Black Book I]).

After, the Deacon says:
May Satan be with you.

All:
As He is with you.

Deacon:
Veni omnipotent aeterne diabolus!

Priest:
By the word of the Prince of Darkness
I give praise to thee.

(He kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

Priest:
My Prince, bringer of lust and fire.
I greet you who cause us to struggle
And seek the forbidden pleasure.

Deacon:
Blessed are the strong
For they shall bring delight.

(He kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud

For they produce ecstasy.

(He kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the Nazarenes die in their rejection
And misery!

(He turns to the congregation)

We who defy know how to lust!

(He kisses the Acolyte who passes the kiss onto the members of the congregation. The Acolyte then hands the Deacon the paten containing the hosts. The Deacon holds them up, saying:)

Praised are you my Prince
By the proud: through our evil
We have this dirt; by our boldness
It will become for us a joy!

All
Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!

(The Deacon places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.

(The Acolyte quietly says 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas' and begins to masturbate the altar-Priest - via hand or mouth according to his desire. As he does this, the congregation begin to clap their encouragement while the Deacon chants loudly:)

Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Acolyte allows the semen of the altar-Priest to fall upon the hosts - or he, himself deposits the semen if orgasm was achieved via mouth. The Deacon then takes up the now consecrated paten saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you!

All:
As they are with you!

(The Deacon then takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you Prince of Darkness
By the defiant:
Through our lusts for delights
We have this drink.
Let it become for us an elixir of joy.

(He sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest, replaces the chalice and says:)

With pride in my heart I give praise
To those who drove the nails
And he who thrust the spear
Into the body of Yeshua, the imposter.
May his followers rot in filth!

(The Guardian stands before the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua
The great deceiver
And all his works?

All:
We do renounce Yeshua the deceiver

And all his works.

Guardian:
Do you affirm Satan?

All:
We do affirm Satan.

Guardian:
Hail and praise to Satan, the lord of life
And provider of pleasure.

(The Deacon vibrates the Agios o Satanas while the Priest picks up the paten with the hosts and says to the congregation:)

I who am the joys and pleasures
Which you my Brethren seek
Am here to show you my body.

(He holds the paten out while the Guardian removes his robe. The Deacon points to him as the Acolyte fondles the Priest and says:)
Most beautiful of all
Is the power of our lusts.

(The Deacon takes the paten from the Priest, saying:)

Behold the dirt of the Earth
Which the humble eat!

(He then throws the hosts to the ground while the congregation laugh and trample the hosts. The congregation abandon themselves to their lusts. The Deacon chants Agios o Satanas three times and then joins them in the celebration. Feasting and drinking begin as the pleasures of the fleshare enjoyed.)

V: SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes
Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple
Defensatrix - in black, with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civil).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation precess in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.

Desire and knowledge made you great
And we, together, dared to defy!
We feasted and enjoyed!
We sacrificed, and loved!
But then the bastard came:
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:
Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:
So we gather again to give praise to her
Who rules our world.
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her Head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."
After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodian!' as she leaves.)

Notes:
1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').
2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

VI: THE RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:
a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain, this other rock is 'Buxton'
b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]
c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises). [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the rite.]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. These conditions mean that the energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to Tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and the cosmic tides are aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally hese should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: ie. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invokation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

I: Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.
The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, locis muliebribus. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which

changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required.

II: Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification). The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chant "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts). While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason (eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am", the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form:
* the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task.
* The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty-one in total.

* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective.]

III: Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above)

[Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn].

The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of an hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

VII: THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING
With Sacrificial Conclusion.

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes
Master of the Temple - in black robes
Priestess - in a red rob tied with a white sash
Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask
Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - in a white robe
Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (ie. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

The Master and the Priestess (or two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors) chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) 'Agios o Baphomet' while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil. She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the Diabolus.

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

Master:
It is the protection and milk
Of your breasts that I seek.

(The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:)

I put my kisses at your feet.
And kneel before you who crushes
Your enemies and who washes
In a basin full of their blood.
I lift up my eyes to gaze
Upon your beauty of body:
You who are the daughter and a Gate
To our Dark Gods.
I lift up my voice to stand
Before you my sister
And offer my body so that
My mage's seed may feed
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:
Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

(The Master has congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant. If the 'Sacrificial conclusion' is undertaken then the ritual is complete with the details under that heading. If this conclusion is not undertaken , then the ritual continues as follows after the Master reaches his highest ecstasy:)

Mistress:
So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
These words I speak:

(The congregation cease their dance and listen: they are joined by the Priestess, Priest and Guardian who form a circle around the Master and Mistress.)

I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead.

(She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:)

No guilt shall bind you
No thought restrict!

Feast then and enjoy
The ecstasy of this life:
But ever remember
I as the wind that snatches
Your soul!

(The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

After the festivities have begun in earnest, the Mistress should she so desire, directs the forces of the ritual by concentrating the energies upon the tetrahedron and invoking through a gate, the powers of the Dark Gods into the participants to spread outwards upon the Earth.)

Sacrificial conclusion:

The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honoury Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child , when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and , if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice. This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.

After the sacrifice, the guardian removes the body and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obediant heed
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her. The ritual continues as before with the Mistress saying:

I know you my children ...

The Guardian takes the body and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

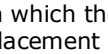
In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

Notes:
Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).
The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

APPENDIX

I: THE NINE ANGLES - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, selfdescriptive´: the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three dimensional space the path from the causal to the acausal - the 'initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. '*The Wheel of Life*' in NAOS). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (ie. un-initiated) view of the Septenary, this Septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols , , or , ,  and so on: ie. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - eg. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the Tree of Wyrd represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('spheres') of that game. (Note: the advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for initiates - serves only as an introduction to the advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that of using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (eg. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described as 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places. For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor $T^{\nu\mu}$ where $c^{\nu\mu}$ is the causal component and $a^{\nu\mu}$ the acausal one. For an x^{ν} system (Euclidean space) $c^{\nu\mu}$ has <u>nine</u> non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of $T^{\nu\mu}$: the skew-symmetrical being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving the tensor which describes the multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'spacetime' (causal and acausal).

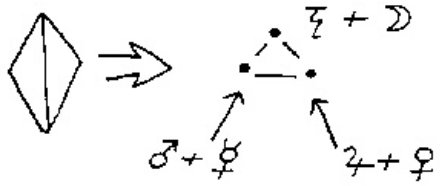
Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

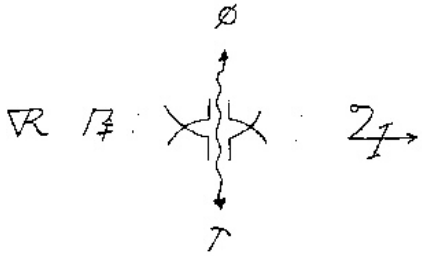
On a less refined esoteric level (ie. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine angles symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally in several ways - for example as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with esoteric chant - qv. NAOS) and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (eg. inaugurate a new aeon).

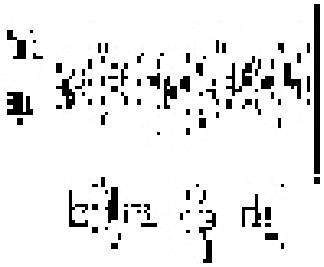
The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priest and Priestess the other: together (ie. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a tetrahedron which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the '*Rosarium Philosophorum*':

"Make a round circle of the man and woman ...") and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game (qv. NAOS).

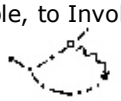
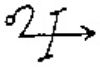




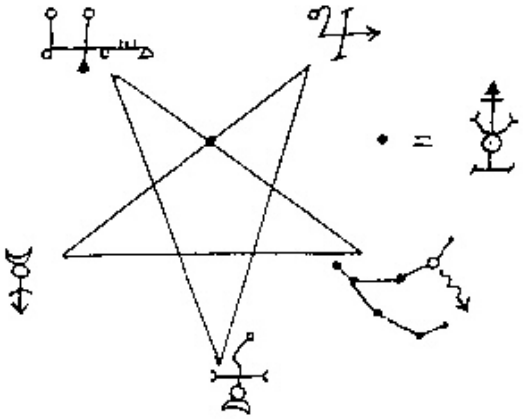


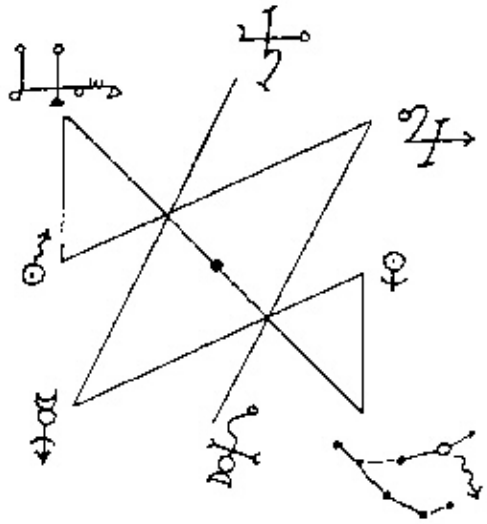
II: THE SECRETS OF THE NINE ANGLES

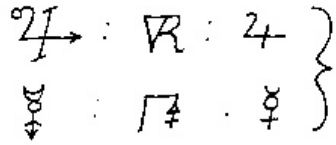
The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the inverted pentagram. Thus, is the first sphere, the Moon, the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invokation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to Invoke 'Satanic' energies, the point would be the starting one, going on to the next,  , and then ~ and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in NAOS and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus, means the use of the 'Agios Lucifer' chant (mode IV);  means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode I) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (ie. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate - on the diagram.
A simpler form of invocation is possible , and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on (qv. the correspondences in NAOS).



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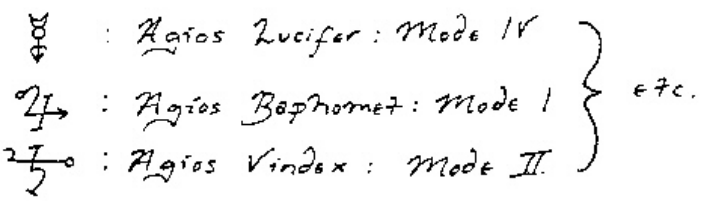
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: Agios Baphomet : Mode I
: Agios Vindex : Mode II
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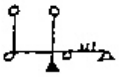
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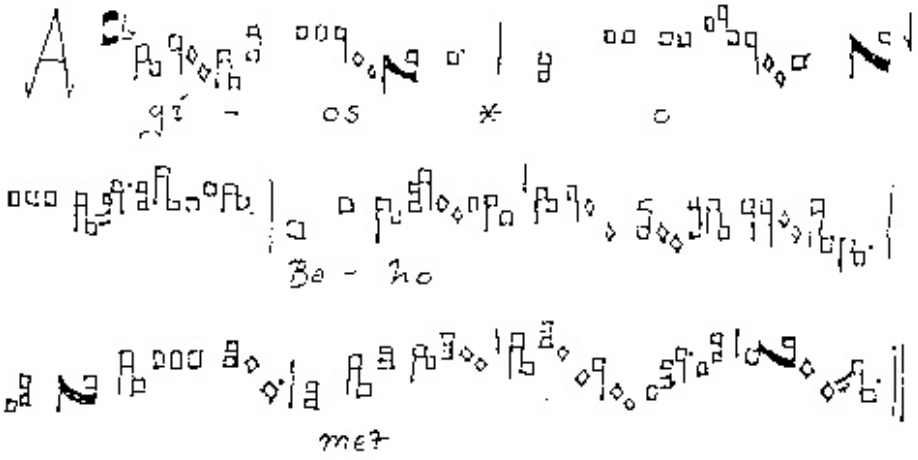
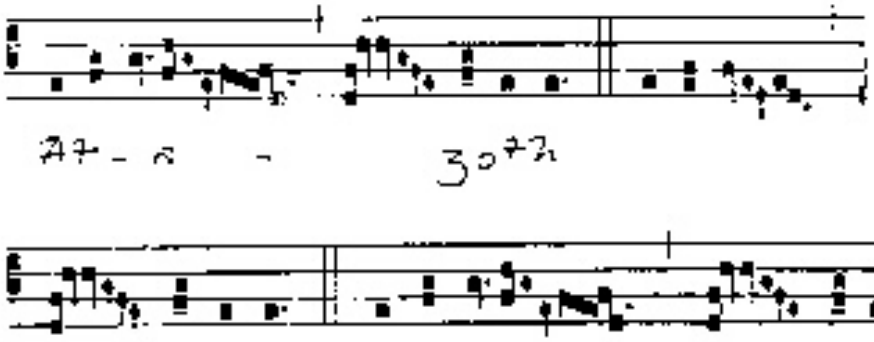
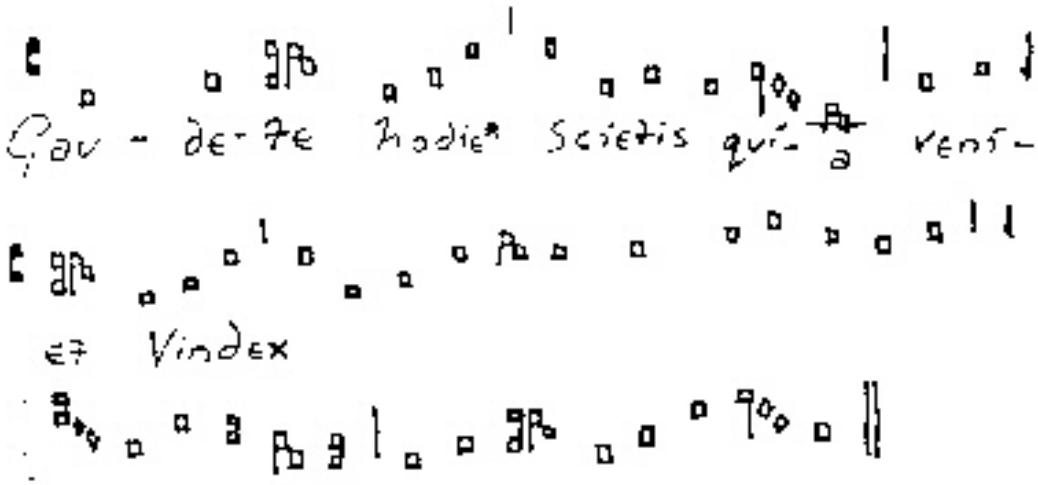
: Nythra Kthunae :

III: CHANTS







Aperiatur terra
et germinet Atazoth!

NAOS

A Practical Guide to Modern Magick

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Introduction

The purpose of the present work is to provide a self-contained and practical guide to esoteric magick based upon the septenary tradition. This hitherto secret tradition (also known as hebdomadry) is here published for the first time.

The present work is clearly written, without any mystification. Part One is a practical guide to becoming an Adept and is essentially 'Internal magick' - that is, magick used to bring about personal self-devlopment (of consciousness and so on). Part Two is an equally practical guide to esoteric sorcery and magickal techniques and is 'External magick' - that is, the changing of events/circumstances/individuals and so on according to the desire of the sorcerer/sorceress. Internal magick is the following of the Occult path from Initiation to Adeptship and beyond, and in the septenary tradition this path is known as the 'seven-fold Way'. Part Three contains a selection of esoteric manuscripts circulated among members of the ONA: they present and explain further aspects of the septenary system as well as other techniques, both directly magickal and more practical. They are published exactly as circulated.

The techniques given in the present work enable any individual to follow the path to wisdom: to achieve that genuine, individual, freedom which even today is a rare commodity. Magick, as a Way or path, is essentially a means to discover this individual freedom or liberation - and this freedom is 'internal': the emergence of the Adept, that is, the development of insight, both personal and 'Occult'. Of all Occult traditions, the septenary is perhaps the most practical and direct as a means of attaining this insight.

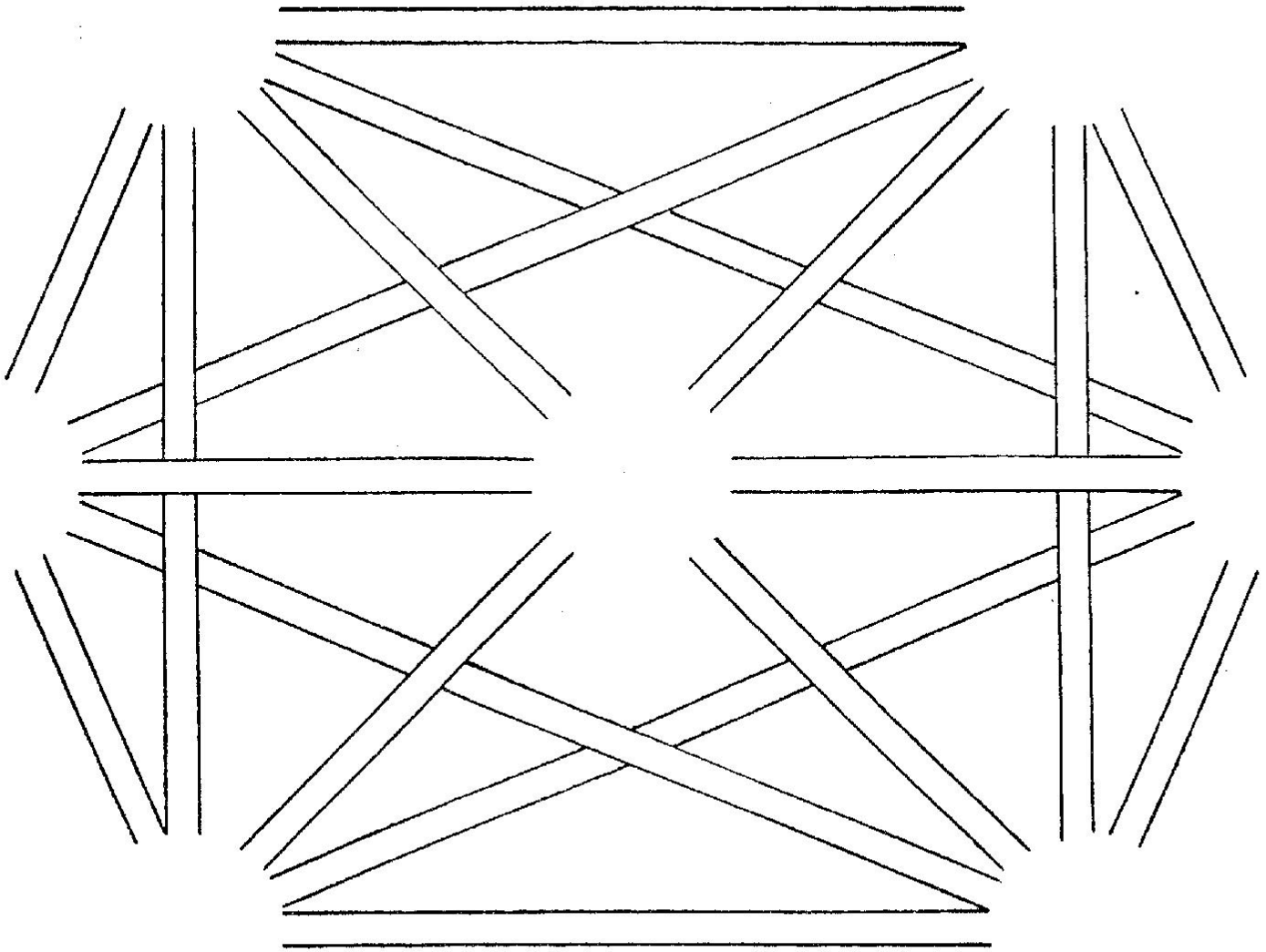
Thorold West

Part One

PHYSIS MAGICK

A Practical Guide to Becoming

An Adept



0 A Theory of Magick

Fundamental to magick is a belief that the phenomenal world of the five senses is incomplete. Magickians believe that we live in a world quite different from the one our five senses show to us - they believe that every living thing possesses, because it is living, certain energies which we as individuals can sense and 'see' if we become receptive to them. This receptiveness is one of the aims of magickal or Occult Initiation - and may be said to involve the individual in becoming aware of the essence of things that is hidden by their outward appearence (and this applies to other individuals, as well as 'things').

According to the septenary tradition, these "magickal energies" possessed by things and 'life' derive from what it is convenient to describe as the acausal - that is, every living entity is a point or region where acausal energies manifest in our causal, phenomenal, universe, the amount and type of this energy being dependant on the type of entity. These acausal energies (which science because it at present deals only with causal entities and energies, cannot describe) may be said to derive from a parallel acausal universe which intersects our causal universe at certain places.

We as individuals, because we possess the faculty of consciousness, are 'gates' to this acausal universe. We possess the (mostly latent) ability to 'open the gate' to the acausal which exists within our own psyche to draw from the acausal certain energies, and these energies can and do alter in some way both our own consciousness or other entities/energies which exist in the causal. This "drawing of energies", and their use, is magick. External magick is the use of such energies, directed by individual desire, to bring about changes in the causal; Internal magick is the use of these energies to bring psyhic, internal, change.

To draw upon such energies it is usually necessary for the individual to use some form of framework or symbolism, and techniques of external magick use such symbolism to bring both apprehension of the energies and their control.

Various systems of symbolism exist - most denoting types of energy by gods, goddesses, spirits or demons. In reality, the actual symbols are of only secondary importance, and a magickian who is following the path to Adeptship will soon discard such symbols/names/descriptions (and thus External magick itself) in favour of apprehending such energies as those energies are in themselves. In the septenary tradition this is done first via the 'Tree of Wyrd' (the seven spheres and the pathways connecting them - see Appendix I) and then through the 'Star Game'. The Tree of Wyrd may be seen as a map of consciousness: both individual (of the psyche) and of those regions other than the individual where the acausal and causal meet. The symbolism of the spheres and the pathways (the Tarot cards, planets, incenses, 'god-forms' and so on) are the first or Initiated stage of apprehension; beyond lies the abstract apprehension of the Star Game.

External magick is divided into two forms or types: hermetic, and ceremonial. Hermetic magick is basically that involving only one or two individuals whereas ceremonial magick involves more and may be said to be 'formal' magick involving specific rituals or rites (usually written down and followed exactly) and an organized Temple/coven or group.(Part Two of the present work deals only with hermetic magick of the septenary tradition - the ceremonial side being covered in such works as 'The Black Book'.)

Internal magick is always individual.

I The Seven-Fold Way

Physis is divided into seven stages and these seven stages may be regarded as representing the varying degrees of insight attained. In terms of traditional magick, the stages represent Initiation, Second Degree Initiation, External Adept, Internal Adept, Master/Mistress (or High Priest/Priestess), Magus and Immortal.

Each stage is associated with a sphere of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd' and has many attributions - some Occult, some 'pyschological' and some symbolic. For example, the first stage is the sphere of the Moon and is associated with Quartz, the alchemical process 'Calcination', the word 'Nox' and the three Tarot cards 18 Moon, 15 Lucifer, and 13 Death. Each sphere is regarded as tripartite in nature, representing the unconscious aspect (⊖), the ego aspect (☿) and the self(♃) aspect. These aspects represent the gradual evolution of the 'energy' of the sphere since each sphere may be regarded as archetypal in nature - the three Tarot cards showing the aspects of the archetype. Appendix I gives the details of the seven spheres - their attributions and so on.

Physis is essentially a means which enables an understanding of the forces associated with each sphere: an experiencing of those forces as they are in themselves enabling what Jungian pyschology understands as the 'withdrawing of projections'. This withdrawing creates the 'self' from the 'ego' - it is an expansion of individual consciousness, and represents what is often known as enlightenment.

The means of Physis are the Grade Rituals associated with each sphere, and the Star Game. The Grade Rituals are practical tasks, essentially two-fold in nature. The first part consists of a series of studies, meditations and the achievement of certain personal goals specified according to the sphere associated with the particular Grade Rituals, while the second part is the performance by the individual of a very specific 'ritual'. This ritual is simple in both form and content. Ritual here means a method of undertaking something in which the details are

faithfully repeated. This faithful repitition is important, because by following the proceedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.

In the early stages the seven-fold Way is easy, but it gradually becomes more difficult, demanding a great deal of commitment. Genuine Adeptship and enlightenment must be worked for - they are attained, by the individual, and never given as gifts. The first two stages may be said to represent a confrontation with the shadow aspect of the pysche of the individual - and an integration of this aspect followed by a transcendence, giving thus a new synthesis. The third stage may be said to be a confrontation with what Jung has called the 'anima/animus': the power and fascination of love, eros. The fourth stage represents the emergence of the 'self' from a fusion of 'ego' and 'unconscious'. The fith stage represents the development, within the individual, of wisdom - an understanding beyond the self.

Each stage has an alchemical process associated with it, representing the means and the insight attained: for example, the process for the second sphere, Mercury, is Seperation - and the form this takes is 'indulgence'. The Grade Ritual associated with this stage is in a sense a symbolic representation, in pyschological terms, of the alchemical process.

Those who wish to follow the seven-fold Way should undertake the Grade Rituals in order, beginning with that of the first sphere - Initiation.

Each stage of the seven-fold Way provides you with both personal (i.e. 'emotional') and magickal experiences, and these experiences are consolidated during the next stage. In short, the stages provoke, by their nature, self-insight, and this insight is a gradual process of learning.

II Stage One - Initiation

Initiation here simply means a willingness to follow the seven-fold Way. It is the opening of the gate that leads to the path, the first part of which is downward or 'shadowed'.

Thus, the first stage may be said to be an acceptance of certain hidden forces (within ourselves). To undertake the Grade Ritual first find a suitable outdoor locality - if possible within the vicinity of a stream/river or lake. The ritual should be undertaken on the night of the full moon. You will require the following items:

Civit perfume/oil
Silver/white coloured candles
Square of parchment
Silver pin
Quill-type pen

The ritual is begun at sunset. Bathe in the stream/river/lake and afterwards rub the oil into your body. You may if you wish then change into a black robe. Then, in a comfortable position (the position itself is not important only that it is comfortable for you) visualize for several minutes the following symbol or 'sigil':

Following this, light the candles (which are best placed in lanterns if outdoors), prick your left thumb with the pin and, using the pen, inscribe the following sigil on the parchment with the blood:

Show this parchment to the West, then South, then East and North, saying at each point: 'With this sign I begin my quest!' Then burn part of the parchment in one of the candles and then cast the remains into the river/stream/lake. After, raise your arms and visualize the moon (or look at it if it is

visible) imagining energy flowing down from the moon to you - visualizing the energy as filaments, silver in colour, which spread from the moon to engulf you, surrounding you with light.

After the visualization, extinguish the candles. The ritual is then complete.

The following day (or as soon as possible thereafter) begin the workings with the spheres. For this you will need a Tarot pack (see III - The Tarot if you wish to use the 'sinister' one recommended for the seven-fold Way) as well as somewhere to undertake the workings. Ideally, the workings should be done in a room/area used only for magick, this place being furnished according to your own taste with impedimenta suggestive of the Occult - for example, there might be an altar covered with a black cloth on which is kept a crystal sphere (or tetrahedron), candles of various colours, the Tarot pack itself and so on. What is important is that you choose the furnishings and feel comfortable with them - they should be suggestive of the hidden world of magick. A few items, well chosen, are much more effective in creating the right atmosphere or aura than a whole collection of artifacts. Aim to keep the area of your working incensed - using an incense appropriate to the sphere you are dealing with (see Appendix I). Also, when working, use only the light of candles.

Workings involving the seven spheres are basically excercises in meditation. The workings begin in order - that is, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. Each working should last about an hour, and be begun after sunset. Only one working should be done on any one day.

To begin a working, assume a comfortable position and then chant or vibrate three times the word appropriate to the working (see table below). Then concentrate on the ⊖ or 'unconscious' symbolism of that sphere as represented by the appropriate Tarot card (for example, for the Moon: 18 Moon). Imagine yourself as part of the landscape depicted.

Sphere	Word	Symbol	Magickal Working
Moon	Nox	Horned Beast	Shamanism
Mercury	Lucifer	Inverted pentagram	Ceremonial ritual
Venus	Hriliu	Dragon	Trance; sex
Sun	Lux	Eagle	Oracle;dance
Mars	Azif	Inverted septagon	Sacrifice;
Jupiter	Azoth	Star Game	Star Game
Saturn	Chaos		

(See also 'Alchemical Process' in Appendix I)

Thus, for instance, for the card 18 Moon you should imagine yourself in the desert, walking along the path toward the crumbling towers. You walk between the towers and see the scorpions on the half-buried book. Then you might decide to pick up the book and see what it contains, or peer into the towers where the hunched, dark, shapes are hiding or continue along the path toward the mountains. You might do all of these things - the choice is yours.

Following this, you concentrate on the next image, the ♃ stage (for the sphere of the Moon this is 15 Lucifer) - visualizing yourself as part of the image. Then you move onto the next image, the ♄ stage (13 Death, for the Moon) and the proceedure is repeated.

Each working is a journey into the archetypal world of hidden and higher consciousness, and you should undertake each journey in the spirit of adventure and as something real. Dream yourself into the worlds depicted - stop and converse with the beings you meet, discover where a path leads, what is over the horizon and so on.

You must make a conscious effort to change the images in succession - that is from ☉ to ♃ and ♄ . Spend as much time as you wish with each image, but always complete the sequence and always make a conscious decision (when using the last image) to end the working - saying 'It is complete and I return to the world of my home.' As soon as possible thereafter write an account of what you felt and experienced.

A successful working should leave you with a feeling of loss - with the ordinary world appearing rather devoid of interest, and rather dull. After writing your account of the working, spend at least half an hour relaxing. Then leave the working area, bathe and change into other clothes. It is often helpful if you undertake the workings in a robe bought or made specifically for the workings and rituals of the seven-fold Way.

III Tarot

Every initiate should draw and paint (or at least commission such from a good artist) their own Tarot pack, using the guidelines given later in this chapter.

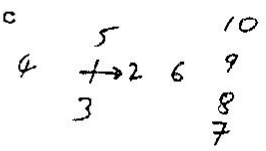
To read the cards for an individual, the individual cards are seen and interpreted in relation to the others around them. This is done because the cards are symbols of how certain energies have, are and maybe influencing the person for whom the reading is being done - and these energies are never static, or in isolation.

The essence of initiated readings is empathy: an awareness of the energies within, around and external to the individual, and the cards are used to 'focus' these energies in consciousness. To aid this, the setting of the reading should be imbued with magickal anticipation. This is easily achieved - for example by using only candle-lig having no other persons present other than the individual foe whom the reading is being done, laying the cards out on a black cloth kept for this purpose, burning one particular incense whenever you do a reading (and never using that incense for any other purpose). Ideally, the room/area where the reading is undertaken should be quiet and calm.

Two types of card layout may be used. These follow you shuffling the cards in a mindful, calm way after which the client cuts the pack three times, laying each cut beside the other. Choose which cut you feel is appropriate and use the cards in that pile, starting with the top card.

The first layout is the 'Celtic', the second the 'septenary'

1) Celtic



In this, the second card is placed across the first. 1 represents the client, 2 the predominant influence which is acting against them, 'crossing' etc.; 3 is what is in the distant past (which may be an unconscious influence over the present); 4 the recent past (and also the sub-conscious energies); 5 the prsent; 6 the immediate

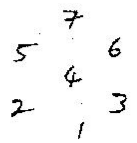
future; 7, 8, and 9 the future at intervals, and 10 the outcome.

There are also other influences which must be considered. 4, 6, 9 and 10 are how positive energies flow (via 2) - 3, 6, 8 and 7 the negative ones. 3-2-10 are how the unconscious influences can be made conscious (i.e controlled or circumstances altered) in a positive way. 5-2-7 is how the present will evolve to enable 10 to arise - or conversely, how to prevent 10 arising.

In undertaking a reading two important principles should be understood. First, the interpretation of each card is not rigid - the meanings suggested by each card should arise in your mind naturally, that is, they should be intuitive and spontaneous. For this reason, 'book' interpretations of particular cards must be avoided. This intuitive approach enables the cards to be used correctly - as mediums to awaken the psychic faculties.

The second principle, is to have all the cards upwards: there is no meaning in 'reversed' cards - because what is 'reversed' is covered by the 'unconscious' patterns/flow considered in each reading.

2) Septenary



Here the cards are related to the planetary/sphere aspects - e.g. 5 is the sphere associated with Mars.

These relations (in terms of energies) should be considered as well as the following: 1 are unconscious factors, 2 and 3 the past (and the unconscious becoming more conscious); 4 the present, 5 and 6 the immediate future and beyond, and 7 the outcome.

In addition, 1-2-5 are negative elements/energies; 1-3-6 positive. 1-4-7 what needs to be done to bring 7 (or, again, prevent it from arising).

In both this and the Celtic pattern all combinations should be seen as how energies flow and change, or become altered through the other influences present. Intuition should enable the practical manifestation of these

energies to be understood - e.g. a particular influence/ energy might represent an actual person or event in the client's life.

The Sinister Tarot

The Major Arcana has twenty-one cards, and there are eleven cards in each suit - the four 'Court' cards (High Priest, High Priestess, Warrior and Maiden), the ace and six others numbered two to seven.

There are four suits: Wands, Pentacles, Swords and Chalices, each having many attributions, some of which are listed below.

High Priest	High Priestess	Warrior	Maiden
Sylphs	Gnomes	Salamanders	Undines
West	South	East	North
Air	Earth	Fire	Water
Capricorn	Cancer	Libra	Aries
Wands	Pentacles	Swords	Chalices

These four are symbolized, in each suit, in the same general way (see table below) - the variants depending on the suit. For instance, the card the High Priest of Wands would depict the Priest holding a wand, while the card the High Priest of Swords he would bear a sword. The predominant colour of the card would depend on the planetary attribution - Wands is Mercury, Pentacles is Moon, Swords is Sun and Chalices is Venus. This means that for Wands the colour is Yellow (the ☿ aspect), merging to Black (the ☿ aspect) and Blue (the ♃ aspect). For Pentacles the colours are Blue, Silver and Green; for Swords, Orange, Gold and Red; for Chalices, Green, white and silver.

Priest	Priestess	Warrior	Maiden
Bearded man	Beautiful woman	Young man	Young woman
Barefoot	Throne on Earth	Horse	Near water
Cloak	Robe	Naked	Naked
Wolf	Leopard	Eagle	Owl
Mountains	Glade	Desert	Altar
Staff	Fruit	Sword	Crescent moon

Thus the High Priest for all suits is depicted as a bearded man, standing/walking barefoot wearing a cloak. He carries a staff, a wolf is near or beside him and he is set in or against a background of mountains.

The impression given by the cards of the High Priest should be of wisdom, that of the High Priestess fecundity (and veiled sexuality - i.e. sexuality suggested rather than obvious); that of the Warrior, strength and courage; and of the Maiden, overt youthful sexuality.

<u>The Four Aces</u>: These represent the base of the elements

Wands - White brilliance combining through indigo and black into the shape of a wooden wand.

Pentacles - Green moulded into a tetrahedron enclosed by a pentacle (a circle inscribed with an inverted seven pointed star). Around the pentacle - swirling violet and blue.

Swords - A red/orange sword plunging into a golden chalice. Around - yellow stars on background of purple. The stars include the constellation of Orion.

Chalices - a blue/green chalice overflowing with blue/red/green liquid. Around - blue and white mist suggesting trees.

<u>Two-Seven</u>: These are increasing emanations of the element containing the number of symbols appropriate - e.g. the seven of wands, seven wands.

The number of the card gives the appropriate colours - 2 is Jupiter, 3 Mars, 4 Sun, 5 Venus, 6 Mercury and 7 Moon. Thus the colours for 7 are Silver, Blue and Green.

The Major Arcana:

0 The Fool

Brightly clad young man stand on the edge of a cliff, looking upwards. He is holding a flute as if ready to play and a dog is biting at his heel. Above his head a beautiful butterfly hovers. A crescent moon is in the twilight sky.

1 The Magickian

A young man wearing a black cloak stands beside an altar from which incense is rising. On the altar are a golden chalice and a tetrahedron. Around him are flowers (some of which he has trampled) and in rhe background, stars - the constellations of Leo and Virgo. His left hand is held down, pointing to Earth while his right is raised and holds a wooden wand, carved (in runes) with the word 'Desire'. Around his neck is an inverted pentragram.

2 The High Priestess

A beautiful young woman who is naked stands beside a tetrahedron on a mountain ledge. Behind her is a small entrance to a cave which is suffused with a violet light. She wears a crescent moon head-dress. Small flowers cling to the bare rock. In the valley below the ledge is a river, while cirrus clouds fleck the blue sky.

3 Mistress of Earth

A mature woman of beauty, naked from the waist up. She is seated on a rock and in one hand holds a hazel wand whose upper end grows a flower. On her right side sits a swan which is piercing its own breast from which blood drips to feed its three young who gather round. On the other side sits an eagle, while around, human skulls lie with flowers growing through them. To the left are trees, their limbs like arms, and in the distance, a valley and mountains.

4 Lord of the Earth

A man in crimson robes lined with purple stands overlooking a forest and the distant sea over which the sun rises. He rests his left foot on the body of a man in a white, blood-stained cloak from whose chest a sword is protruding. The dead man has the same face as the standing figure. A wolf is sitting beside the dead man, looking up at the standing figure above whose head flies an eagle. In his right hand the standing figure holds a tetrahedron which is glowing indigo and red.

5 The Master

A man dressed in black wearing a scarlet cloak fastened by a silver chain stands beside a large tetrahedron. Inside the tetrahedron a young man and a young woman, both naked, are kneeling and embracing. The background is dark, except for a high archway through which a dim light enters the chamber - the tetrahedron being in the centre of the chamber. The man is bearded, and smiling slightly.

6 The Lovers

A young man and a young woman, both naked, stand facing each other, holding hands. They stand in a glade of trees within a circle of stones. The woman wears on her head a garland of flowers. Outside the circle of stones, a sword, dagger, robes and chalice lie as if discarded - while in the centre a small wood fire burns. In the sky is a full moon. Around one of the stones, a snake lies coiled.

7 Azoth

A strong man dressed in animal skins stands grimly beside a plinth on which is a large, glowing sphere. In the centre of the sphere is a blackness where stars shine. The man is guarding the plinth, and carries an axe and a club. He holds a wolf on a chain which is snarling at the white-robed woman walking toward the plinth

bearing an offering of incense in a thurifer. In the distance, the sun is setting and a crescent moon hangs in the sky. The ground is like red, stony desert and behind the woman is the faint outline of a green dragon.

8 Change.

A masked woman dressed in green (flecked with blue) stands beside a large septenary Star Game. She is holding one of the pieces in her hand as if to place it on a higher board. To the left is a verdant garden; to the right, a desolate plain baked dry by the yellow sun - the Star Game lies on the boundary. The woman is smiling. One of the pieces of the game has fallen onto the plain and from it a butterfly is emerging.

9 The Hermit

A bearded man dressed in brown with a leather belt from which hangs a purse, stands on a ledge among snowy mountains. He looks into the distance. In one hand he holds a staff, and in the other a crystal which is glowing. At his feet a wolf lies asleep.

10 Wyrd

A large ash tree whose branches make a canopy. Three women in long green dresses stand around a small pool of bubbling liquid. One of the women is smiling and thowing small glowing spheres into the liquid. Another holds a snake which is coiled around her hand, while the third looks intently into the crystal tetrahedron she holds in her hands. Behind the tree a hooded figure stands, shielding his face with his sleeve and hand.

12 The Hanged Man

A young man lies upside down, hanging from the branch of an oak tree by one foot. His clothes are green, and from a leather purse which is attached to his belt small spheres are falling to the ground. One of his eyes are closed, and from it a few drops of blood fall. A serpent lies near the base of the tree, and a raven flies nearby. The

earth around is flat and barren - orange-brown in colour.

11 Desire

A naked woman stands beside a lion. Her hand rests on its head; her other hand holds a golden chalice from which drops of white liquid fall to the ground. Where they touch the earth, flowers grow, while around is a red-orange rocky desert. The sky above is a deep blue, except for the distant horizon, which is red-yellow, as before sunrise. Near this horizon, a brilliant star is visible.

13 Death

A pile of human skulls, forming a pyramid, lie near the edge of a cliff. Below, is a valley with a river and beyond, a forest burning, darkening the sky with smoke. The sky near the cliff is bright blue. Near the skulls, a torn black flag bearing an inverted pentagram flutters in the breeze. Beside the banner, a tall beautiful woman with flowing blonde hair stands with her arms folded looking toward the burning forest. She wears light Greek armour and a bow is slung across her back, while a quiver of arrows is attached to her belt. Beside her squats a dwarf dressed in bright clothes. He is grinning and wiping his blood-stained knife on his sleeve.

14 Hel

A stern faced woman, pretty except that one of her eyes is shrivelled, stands beside a dark lake enclosed by trees. She wears an almost transparent white robe which emphasizes her beauty of body. She is throwing small multi-coloured crystal spheres into the lake at whose far end is a man's head, just visible above the surface. An expression of horror is on the face. In the sky is a rainbow and a hovering bird of prey.

15 Lucifer

A handsome man is standing naked on a dias below which stand a young man and a young woman embracing.

They are both naked. The handsome man holds a broken chain in one hand, and flames of fire in the other. Beside him is a snarling wolf, and on the other side an older bearded man holding a animal horn. An inverted pentagram is inscribed on the dias, while beside it lies a broken human skull out of which a beautiful flower is growing. Above the flower is a butterfly.

16 The Tower

A castle rears up among rocks. One of the higher towers is struck by lightning and from it falls a man. The lightning has shattered some of the stone of the tower which falls toward the ground. The sky is dark. A young woman, dressed in white, stands near the gate to the castle, looking toward the tower and smiling.

17 The Star

A beautiful naked woman with long flowing hair is crouched beside a stream, pouring liquid from the chalice in her hand. The stream is in a valley, surrounded by mountains. Downstream, it is fertile with trees, flowers and shrubs. Upstream, all is rocky and barren. The sky is bright blue containing a pattern of seven stars which form an inverted septagon.

18 The Moon

A yellowish desert path leads toward two crumbling, ornate towers. Desolate mountains are in the distance. Inside the towers, are two indistinct hunched shapes with glowing eyes. Between the towers, and on the path, a large book lies half-buried in sand. Several scorpions are on and around it. In the foreground is a dried-up water hole beside which is a camel's skull, and from one of the cracks a snake is slithering.

19 The Sun

A brilliant, golden sun is rising behind snow-capped mountains around which an eagle swoops. In the foreground is a plain containing a circle of nine stones in which black robed figures dance around a fire. Near the circle is a hole in the ground from which the head of an imp is visible, watching the dancers and smiling. Beyond the stones is a path toward the mountains on which a bearded man is walking, holding a staff. His back is almost to the dancers.

20 The Aeon

A bearded man sits at a table opposite a woman in a semi-transparent red robe. The man is dressed in black. On the table is the septenary Star Game. To the left are the crumbling remains of a stone building, some areas of which are covered by ivy and grass. To the right is a tall, jagged stone. The man and the woman are looking toward the distance where a full moon and some stars are visible above the horizon. A burning city is indistinct on the horizon. A rent has appeared in part of the night sky and through it Dagon-like shapes are emerging.

IV Stage Two - Second Degree Initiation

The first part of this stage involves you in finding a companion of the opposite sex* - someone with whom you feel an empathy and with whom you feel you can work. This person should have an interest in following the seven stages, and should undertake stage one, as above.

The second part involves you both in conducting a ritual together. This takes place on the night of the new moon, where the 'roles' of Priest and Priestess are assumed. The ritual should be undertaken outdoors, in an isolated spot and if possible on top of a hill. The only item required is a quartz crystal - the larger, the better. A naturally occuring shape can be used, although a crystal shaped as a tetrahedron is ideal. The ritual begins at sunset, both participants being naked.

The Priestess begins the ritual, holding the crystal in her hands and chanting seven times: 'Ad Lucifer qui laetificat juventutem meam!' The Priest then places his hands on the crystal and chants the same phrase three times. The Priestess then lies on the ground with her head north, the Priest arousing her with his tongue before the sexual union begins. During this, both should visualize a hole appearing in star-studded space and energy emerging from this 'Star Gate' and flowing down to them, suffusing them with its light and power. The Priestess should visualize this energy as then being drawn into the crystal. After her climax of ecstasy, she buries the crystal in the earth of the hill, and both chant over the spot: 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet Lucifer!' They then dress, and depart from the place of the ritual.

It should be noted that in this ritual - as elsewhere - Lucifer is regarded as the light-bringer: Prometheus, the bringer of Thought, the one who seeks to know.

The third and final part of this stage involves you in setting yourself a difficult physical goal, and striving to achieve this. For instance, aiming to run 20 miles in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or less, or cycling 100 miles in under $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

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*Note: Or of the same sexual orientation if you are gay.

Such a goal should involve you in training for some weeks or months. This training should begin as soon as you have decided to undertake the second stage of the seven-fold Way, and once the goal is achieved you may attempt the third stage, associated with the Grade Ritual of External Adept. This physical goal is a necessary compliment to the magickal/physchological ones, and essentially developes your desire or will to succeed. When choosing a goal, make it realistic, but also difficult.

During this second stage, continue with the 'magickal diary' begun in stage one (describing in that stage your workings with the spheres). This diary should contain details of your thoughts/feelings regarding your relationship with your companion, your training for the physical goal, and a record of the ritual of the second part of the stage.

V Stage Three - External Adept

The first part of this stage involves you in constructing, and learning to play (if possible with your companion) the septenary Star Game (see chapter VI).

The second part involves undertaking the Grade Ritual of External Adept. This ritual should be undertaken on the night of the new moon - and you should go to some trouble to find a suitable locality. This locality must be an isolated hill-top, miles from any human habitation, and should be devoid of trees, giving thus an unobstructed view of the sky. If possible choose a night when the stars are visible.

You should dress all in black and take nothing with you except the clothes you wear - for example, no torch or other means of light. As dark approaches lie with your head east, directly on the ground. Your task is to remain lying and unmoving without sleeping until dawn. During the darkness you should think about the two stages undertaken previously - particuarly about your relationship with your companion: your own feelings, expectations and so on, and also the feelings, expectations of your companion. Once you have clarified your thoughts and feelings on these and other matters, turn your attention to the stars - observing them and their slow movement across the sky. At dawn, bow to the rising sun (or in the direction of it), and leave the hill. As soon as possible write in your magickal diary your thoughts and feelings during the night.

You must be honest with yourself about your feelings: as you must be honest about the success of the ritual. Since your aim was to lie still without moving or falling asleep, you must realize that if you did fall asleep or move, then the ritual is not a success - and must be done again, until you succeed. It is basically a test of your will and a 'coagulation' (see 'The Alchemical Process') of your feelings, experiences and so on.

Those who desire a more difficult test should try the following version of the ritual (which is not obligatory).

Arriving in Cairo (Egypt)take the desert road from the city past Medinet Sita October (6th of October City) that goes to Bahariya Oasis and thence to Farafra. Stop about 100 or so miles from Cairo and spend the night away from the road in the Sahara desert. Return to Cairo the next day. Your isolation in this location will be complete.

At the time of writing, there is a bus service (one bus a day in each direction) between Cairo and the Oasis of Bahariya. Intrepid individuals might try cycling along the road from Cairo. Whatever means of transportation are used, the ritual is the same in detail as that given above.

Both versions should be undertaken without any assistance by others, and involve only yourself.

The third part of this third stage involves you undertaking the workings with the seven spheres again - but this time with your companion (or another one if circumstances have changed). Follow the same proceedure as for stage two except both of you should concentrate on the same image at the same time and agree beforehand to explore the scenes together. After each working, discuss the experience with your companion, and write about it in your magickal diary.

The Star Game

Introduction:

The Star Game has three main functions: (1) it developes certain higher levèls of consciousness; (2)it is new form of magickal working appropriate to the twenty-first century and beyond; and (3) it is an aid to developing certain magickal skills - aiding mindfullness, concentration and visualization. In addition, it contains the whole esoteric septenary tradition, as well as being simply a 'game' that can be played to a conclusion against an opponent.

The first of the aims detailed above involves,in part, a new way of thinking - for the Star Game develops the capacity to think and understand in symbols. This 'thinking' however is not the rational, causal, logical type associated with 'science'. It is rather the intuitive or 'wholistic' type - the poetic/mystical/magickal which sees connections between things, which brings insight and understanding through breadth. Yet, in tandem with this, it developes the qualities which also lay at the foundation of our conscious development as rational beings: the critical, analytical faculty which is so often lacking in some who study the Occult in general and magick in particular.

In short, the Star Game is a tool - to be used according to the desire of the user. To learn the Game, even as a 'game' takes time and a certain mental effort. Like all genuine magick, it is not intended for the idle or the dilettantes.

Those who are seriously interested in learning the use of this esoteric tool should first construct the septenary game, and practice playing it, either alone or with an opponent, for some time. Then, they should study its magickal symbolism - the seven boards as the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd, the black and white pieces as 'light' and 'dark' (or causal and acausal) personal and cosmic energies, the changes of these pieces over the boards as the changes in individual psyche/ Earth-bound/cosmic energies and so on - and then should they wish, undertake magick using it. Those who wish to go further, should study the aeonic attributions and then, should they wish, construct and learn to use the advanced form of the game. Those who do this will have the satisfaction of belonging to an elite: of being at the very summit of our conscious evolution. It will then be up to them whether they take the boundary ever higher. All genuine Black Magick is an act of defiance against the restrictions imposed by the mediocre and the cowards, and in this sense (as well as others) the Star Game is an act of supreme Black Magick. It is a comment on the mediocrity of the present that only a few will understand this statement.

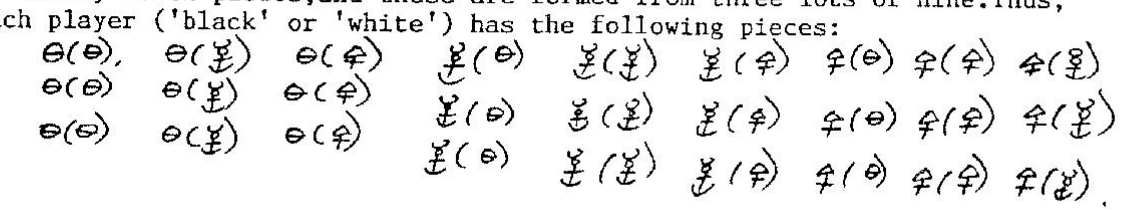
The Boards:

There are seven boards, placed one above the other in a spiral and which form a representation of the septenary Tree of Wyrd. Each board consists of nine white and nine black squares (see fig.1).

Each board is named after a star.

The Pieces:

One set of pieces is white, the other black. Each set consists of twenty-seven pieces,and these are formed from three lots of nine.Thus, each player ('black' or 'white') has the following pieces:



The pieces represent combinations of the alchemical symbols ⊖, ⚶ and ☿, where ⊖ is alchemical salt, ☿ alchemical mercury and ⚶ alchemical sulphur (see Esoteric Meaning of Star Game, below, for the significance of the symbolism).

An alternate form of symbolism may be employed thus: α as ⊖; λ as ☿ and ω as ⚶. This symbolism is more 'abstract' than the alchemical one, and has the advantage of being easier to write on whatever material is chosen to make the pieces - for example, cubes of wood, or small circular counters, painted with the appropriate symbol.

Whichever of these two forms of symbols are used, it should be stressed that symbols <u>must</u> be employed, the essence of the game is the symbolism: like a chess piece, it frees the mind and enables connections to be seen, moves made, pieces transformed and so on.

<u>The Positions of the Pieces</u>:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius (two sets of ⊖)for white, and six for black, as in fig. 2.

Arcturus has three pieces for white, and three for black as in fig. 3. Antares has six pieces for white, six for black - two sets of ☿ pieces placed in the same pattern as the ⊖ pieces on Sirius: i.e. on the same squares.

Mira has no pieces on it. Rigel has the remaining three pieces of the ☿ sets, placed as the ⊖ pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white, six of black, all from the ⚶ set, placed as the ⊖ set on Sirius.

Naos has the remaining three pieces of the ⚶ sets, placed on the same squares as the ⊖ sets on Arcturus.

<u>The Moves</u>:

Each piece, when it is moved, is transformed into the next piece in the sequence, according to the following pattern:

⊖(⊖) → ⊖(☿) → ⊖(⚶) → ☿(⊖) → ☿(☿) → ☿(⚶) → ⚶(⊖) → ⚶(☿) → ⚶(⚶)

Thus, a ⊖(⊖) when it is moved, becomes a ⊖(☿) piece; a ☿(⚶) piece becomes a ⚶(⊖) piece, and so on. When a ⚶(⚶) piece is moved, it becomes a ⊖(⊖) piece, and the sequence begins again.

The ⚶ pieces (that is, ⚶(⊖) ⚶(☿) ⚶(⚶)) can move from any board to any other board, to any vacant square, as well as to any vacant square on the board they are already on.

The ☿ pieces (☿(⊖) ☿(☿) ☿(⚶)) can move across the board they are on to any vacant square, or up or down two boards. For example, a ☿ piece on Sirius can move to either Arcturus or Antares; while a ☿ piece on, say, Rigel could move to Deneb, or Naos, or Mira or Antares, to any vacant square on these boards.

The ⊖ pieces (that is, ⊖(⊖) ⊖(☿) ⊖(⚶))can move only across a board one square at a time to a square of the same colour, or up or down one board to a square of the same colour. Thus, for example, a ⊖ piece on a black square on Arcturus could move to a vacant black square on either Sirius or Antares - or move across the Arcturus board to a square of the same colour.

After any piece has been moved according to the rules above and placed on a new square, it is changed for the piece next in the sequence above, and when next moves, moves according to the rules for the new piece.

A ⚶(⚶) piece on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square or any board, except Naos. The piece so captured is removed from the board and plays no further part. After such a capture, the ⚶(⚶) piece becomes a ⊖(⊖) piece.

The Aim:

When played simply as a game - i.e. without any esoteric object - the aim is to occupy certain squares on the Mira board according to a pattern determined by the players before the game begins.

However, pieces can only stay on the Mira board for three moves - after this, they must move: either across the Mira board (if the move is legal)* or to another board. The first move of the three is taken as the one that brings the piece to Mira.

The first player to place pieces according to the pattern, wins the game.

The pattern most often used is given in fig.4.

Variations:

Two variations in the rule are suggested. These make the game much easier, and may be used while the game itself is being learnt. The first is to suspend the three move limit on Mira - allowing the pieces on that board to remain until they are either moved by the player or captured by the opposing player. If this variation is used, then the players can elect to allow ♀(♀) pieces on Naos to remain for onlt three moves, after which they must move, becoming thus ⊖(⊖) pieces.

The second variation is to allow the ♀(♀) pieces on Naos to not be able to capture pieces on Mira(this makes the game very easy indeed). To increase the difficulty, the three move limit on Mira may be re-instated.

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Esoteric Meaning of the Star Game

In general, the seven boards represent the nexus between the causal and the acausal: all evolution is regarded as a progression from the 'lower' realms of the causal to the 'higher' realms of the acausal. Thus, the progression, in magick, from Initiate to Adept to Master/Mistress is marked by the progression from Sirius (sphere of the Moon on the Tree of Wyrd) to Mira (sphere of the Sun) to Rigel (Mars) - see the table below.

The symbolism of the game operates on several levels, the three most important being the individual, the Aeonic (and the associated higher civilization or culture) and the cosmic. Just as the seven spheres and thus the seven boards of the Star Game re-present the seven fundamental forms that the 'energy of Chaos' assumes according to our apprehension, so too do these three levels re-present how that energy (or 'the Being of the cosmos' itself) manifests itself naturally. Of course, many more levels exist, but for simplicity only these three will be considered here.

The individual level concerns how we all, as individuals, have within us by virtue of being individuals possessed of consciousness, the ability to enhance that consciousness. This enhancement may be expressed in many ways - for example, it is the Jungian 'individuation', the magickal path to Adeptship and beyond - but however it is expressed it is simply

*After this move across the board, the piece may stay for a further two moves without being required to move.

represented by the re-orientation of 'psychic' elements within us and the emergence of new elements. The three basic symbols of the Star Game - ⊖ , and ⚥ and ♃ - represent the basic elements from which the psychic energies are formed, when manifest on the individual level. Thus, the nine combinations of these three elements, as the pieces of the Star Game, represent the combination of the energies possible.

However, for a complete description of the individual pysche, these nine combinations are extended over the seven boards on a three-fold basis because the seven boards (re-presenting the seven spheres of the septenary) symbolize the possible orientations of consciousness: in simple terms, the seven spheres and the correspondences associated with them (particuarly the god-forms or archetypes) are present, either latently or expressed, within each individual.

To make this clear, Jung's terminology will be used, although it should be remembered that even this is only one expression of many: the most representative expression being the abstract symbols themselves since these are devoid of the conflict of 'opposites' and the dogmatic/ religious undertones that underlie many of the traditional expressions.

In this terminology, the seven spheres represent the seven fundamental archtypes within our psyche, according to the table given below where the archetypes are expressed in terms of both Greek and Norse mythology: for example, Mercury is the 'trickster' - Loki in Norse, Hermes in Greek. As with all such representations, these are only a guide, an outward expression of inner essence.

In this context, the nine combinations are:

⊖(⊖)	Extravert	Feeling type		
⊖(⚥)	"	Intuitive		
⊖(♃)	"	Thinking		
⚥(⊖)	Intravert	Feeling ;	♃(⊖)	Master of Temple/Mistress
⚥(⚥)	"	Intuitive;	♃(⚥)	Grand Master(Magus)/ Grand Mistress
⚥(♃)	"	Thinking;	♃(♃)	Homo Galactica

Thus (⊖) may be said to represent 'Feeling'; (⚥) 'Intuition' and (♃) 'Thinking' as these terms are defined by Jung.

Further, ⊖ ( ) describes 'ego' consciousness; ⚥ ( ) 'self' consciousness, and ♃ ( ) the consciousness beyond the 'self' - that is, beyond 'individuation'. In magickal terms, this is beyond the Adept - that is, the stages represented by the Grades Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth and so on.

Readers familiar with the works of Jung will notice two things: there is no 'Sensation' type listed, and the development of the individual is described beyond the process of Jungian Individuation, which many have seen as the 'end' of personal development according to Jung's ideas.

The reason for the latter difference is obvious - magick assumes there is no limit to our potential, to our possible evolution of consciousness. The reason for the former difference is more complex, but can be simply expressed by stating that a thorough study of Jung's 'types' shows how close are his 'Sensation' and 'Feeling' types (a thorough analysis is given in the Order MS 'Emanations of Urania') - perhaps his desire to express the psyche in terms of the quaternity which so interested him gave rise to this unnecessary extra type. As it is, the psyche canbe described by the nine combinations above.

Thus, these nine combinations, three-fold (this triplicity expressing the three 'types' of consciousness - ego, self and beyond-self) spread over the seven boards, gives a complete representation of each individual psyche.

Hence it is possible, using the pieces and the boards, to magickally represent <u>any</u> individual uniquely - and thus a movement of certain pieces can be made, this movement being the change the person who so represents an individual desires to bring about in that individual. The Star Game thus gives the person unlimited, magickal, control of other individuals - should that person wish to use it for magickal purposes. In simple terms, a Star Game representation of a particular person by the placing of the appropriate pieces on the appropriate boards, is a 'magickal model' of that person - as, for example, a wax effigy is in more primative magic. To achieve this representation takes a certain practice and skill in the game, of course.

This magickal use of the game (the details will be given in Part II of this series for those who cannot wait to work them out for themselves) is however only one use of the Star Game when an individual is being represented. Beyond this practical magickal aspect, perhaps its most important use is that is enables an insight into not only oneself but also others - via the symbolism. That is, it shows connections and enables an analysis of the individual psyche in a manner as far beyond the 'psychologies' of today as modern technology is beyond the stone axe.

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In Aeonic terms, the seven boards re-present the seven fundamental Aeons which we as sentient beings may partake of. As for an individual psyche, these represent an evolution of consciousness - from the first or 'Primal' aeon (when consciousness is just beginning to arise) through the Sumerian to the present Western one. An aeon is basically a representation in archetypal/symbolic terms, of those cosmic/Earth-bound forces which shape our evolution in a mostly unconscious way.As aeons progress, we as individuals may or may not, depending on our own personal/magickal development, be aware of these forces/influences external to us - in traditional magickal terms, the crossing of the Abyss (in the septenary, from Sun to Mars) is when these influences are consciously understood, and the 'self' finally achieves a freedom through this (often only intuitive) understanding.

In the symbolic sense, a new Aeon may be said to emerge when one of the seven 'Gates' is opened. This allows acausal energy to presence on Earth, and this presencing affects the psyche of all those individuals who have not 'crossed the Abyss', the intensity of nature of this depending on various factors. The most important external sign of an Aeon, is the associated higher civilization or culture - that is, the energy of a particular Aeon are expressed via the mechanism of a civilization. Despite the claims of the mystifiers who abound in the 'Occult' there have so far been only five aeons - and five associated higher civilizations which have shaped the aonic energies, via an ethos, and thus contributed to our conscious evolution. This ethos was, in part, religious in the sense that awe was present for the terrestrial 'Gate' (the physical place where the acausal energies were pronounced) and those who channelled its energies (often unconsciously) through a specific magickal technique. Often, a specific myth or legend became associated with this Gate, and as the aeon progressed the energies affected individuals according to their nature: inspiring creativity, creating an 'elan' and a sense of Destiny ... The pattern of aonic energies (ie. their transformation, causally) may be represented by the following sequence:

$$\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\Xi) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \Xi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Xi(\Xi) \rightarrow \Xi(\Phi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\Xi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)$$

$$\underbrace{\Theta(\Phi);\quad \Xi(\Phi);\quad \Phi(\Phi)}_{\epsilon^{\phi}}$$

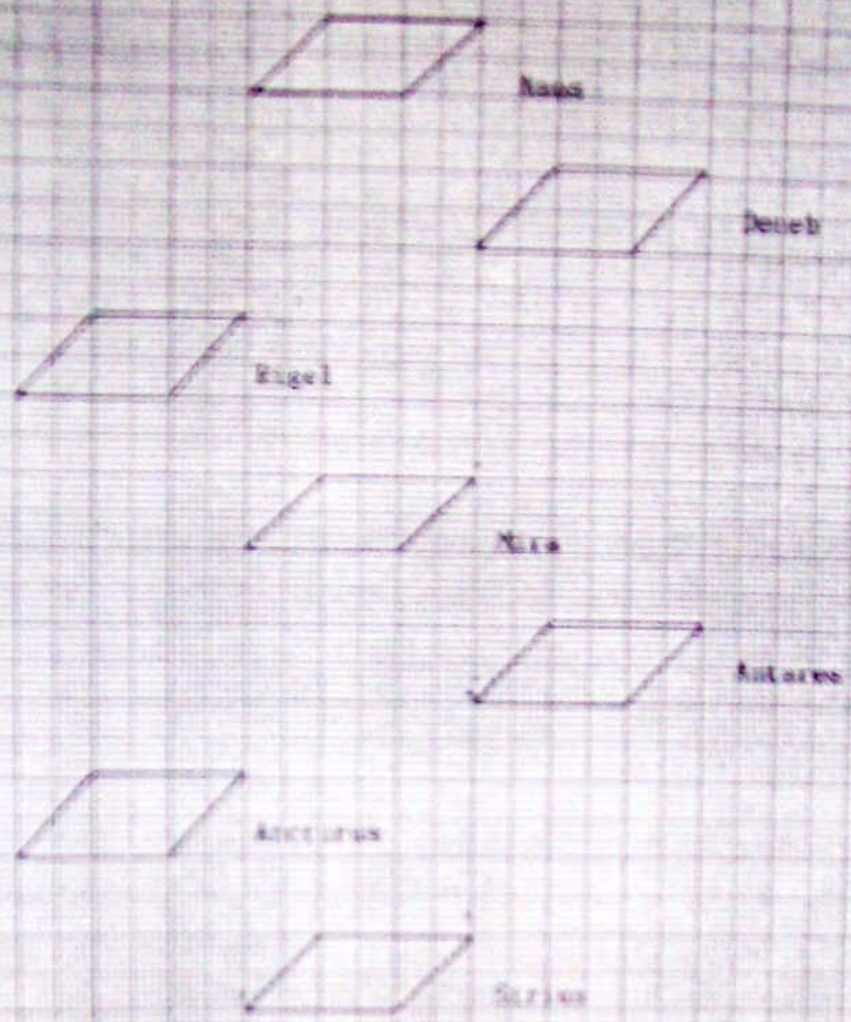


Figure 1 - The Boards

		☉	☿ ☾	♀	
Moon	Calcination	18	15	13	Hazel
Mercury	Separation	0	8	10	Yew
Venus	Coagulation	6	14	17	Black Poplar
Sun	Putrefaction	7	12	5	Oak
Mars	Sublimation	1	4	9	Alder
Jupiter	Fermentation	11	3	2	Beech
Saturn	Exaltation	10	19	20	Ash

Tarot Atu:
'Archetypal Image'

Fig 3 : Arctuus

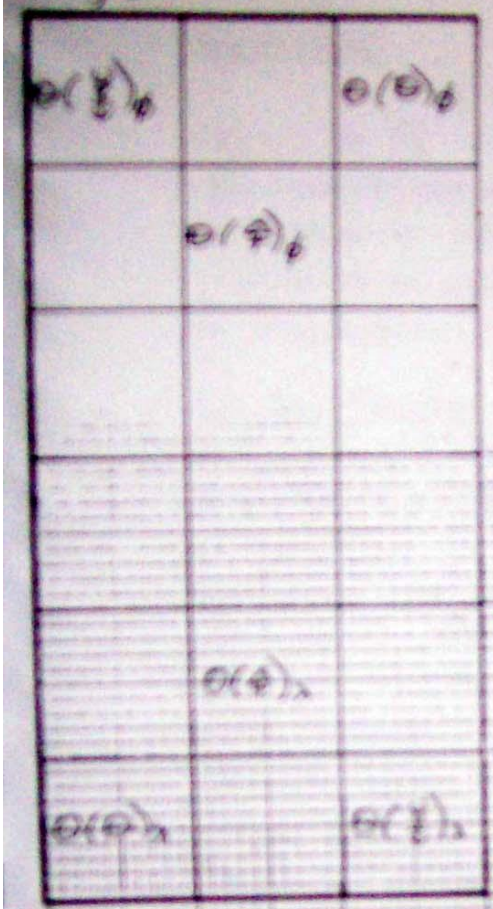
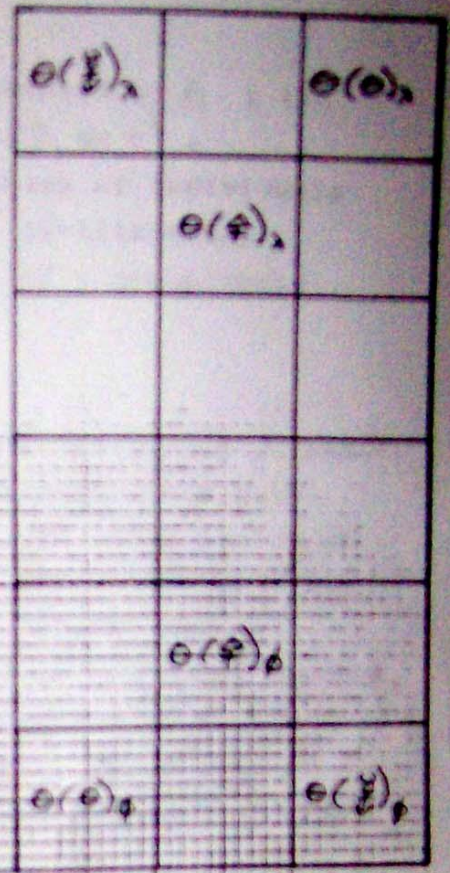
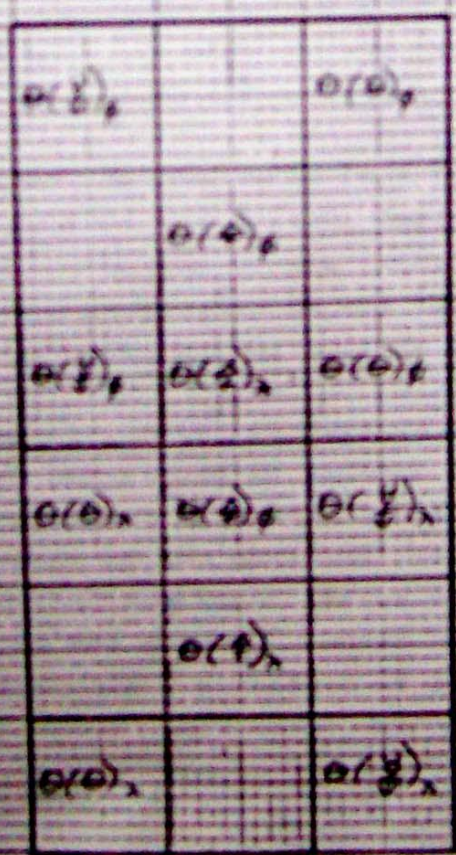


Fig 4 : Pattern to win





ϕ - black pieces
λ - white pieces

[ϕ pieces black represent]

Fig 2 : Circular pieces.

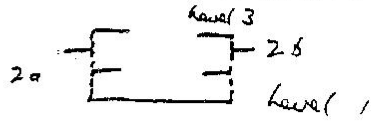
Symbolism:

The acausal space is represented by ϕ_s ; the causal by λ_s . ϕ_s is described by ϵ^{ϕ} ; λ_s by ϵ^{λ} .
$\epsilon_{i\alpha}$ symbolizes an individual; $\epsilon_{n\alpha}$ a group of individuals of number n ; $\epsilon_{c\alpha}$ represents a higher civilization.
$\in$ is to be read 'within' or 'member of a group/space or sub-space.

General Theory:

All life implies the coincidence of ϕ_s and λ_s . Sentient life implies $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$: this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the ϵ^{ϕ} and ϵ^{λ} aspects of cosmic Change (usually the 'black' pieces being ϕ and the 'white' pieces λ)- or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of ϕ and λ through modes of being - θ , ξ or Φ . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the 'simple' form of the game - that is, each board would be a complete 'simple Star Game' thus:



However, in practice, this form of the septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the 'standard' form of the septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

Magick implies changes in λ_s via ϵ^{ϕ} : the 'cause and effects' understood by science operates in λ_s via ϵ^{λ} .
The movement of pieces implies ϵ^{λ} and ϵ^{ϕ} and this is the essence of the magickal use of the game. ϵ^{ϕ} is represented via Φ (or ω)moves and captures, ϵ^{λ} by the other moves. In one sense ξ moves represent the duality associated with mercurius - possessed of both ϵ^{λ} and ϵ^{ϕ} elements.

I - *kiu* :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ for *kiu* represents consciousness) the pieces are:

⊖(⊖)	Extravert	Feeling type
⊖(☿)	"	Intuitive
⊖(⊕)	"	Thinking
☿(⊖)	Introvert	Feeling
☿(☿)	"	Intuitive
☿(⊕)	"	Thinking
⊕(⊖)	Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth	
⊕(☿)	Magus/Mouse	
⊕(⊕)	Homo Galactica	

⊖( ) describes 'ego' consciousness; ☿( ) 'self' consciousness, and ⊕ 'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the ∈ goal of *kiu*.

Development of consciousness implies an increase of ϕ elements in a particular *kiu*.

To represent a particular *kiu* by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular *kiu*) the operator must first assess the character of the *kiu* using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, its helps if various facts about the *kiu* in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II - $\mathfrak{k}_c u$:

For $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards - Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborian, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming 'New Aeon' is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

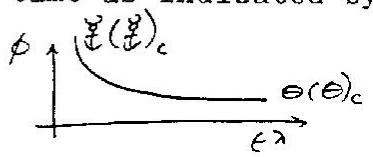
$$S\,\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow M\,\Xi(\Theta)_\lambda \;;\; R\,\Xi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N\,\Phi(\Theta)_\lambda$$
$$R\,\Xi(\Phi)_\phi \rightarrow M\,\Phi(\Theta)_\phi \quad A\,\Xi(\Theta)_\lambda \rightarrow R\,\Xi(\Xi)_\lambda$$
$$N\,\Phi(\Phi)_\phi \rightarrow M\,\Theta(\Theta)_\phi \;;\; N\,\Phi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow M\,\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$$

$\mathfrak{k}_c u$ implies $\delta\phi_\lambda$ (via ϵ^λ): the opening of a gate, which brings ϕ_s to presence in λ_s, predates the beginnings of a particular $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ by c. 300-400 years.

All $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the $\Theta(\Theta)$ stage - although Φ stages (i.e. via ϵ^ϕ) are possible.

$$\delta^\lambda \mathfrak{k}_c u \Rightarrow \Xi(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Xi(\Theta)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Theta)_c$$

No $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ has ever achieved $\delta^\phi \mathfrak{k}_c u$ because this requires $\phi_\omega \in \lambda_s$ where $\omega \gg \gamma$ and $\mathfrak{k}_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\gamma \in \lambda_s$; $\mathfrak{k}_i u \Rightarrow \phi_\beta$ $\gamma > \beta$ u. A $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years, δ^ϕ declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



$\Theta(\Theta)_c$ lasts approx. 400 years.

Each Aeon is associated with a particular higher civilization thus:

Aeon	Associated $\mathfrak{k}_c u$	Date of end
Sumeric	Sumerian	2298 BC
Hellenic	Hellenic	378 AD
Western	Western	2390 AD

ϕ_s is expressed via $\mathfrak{k}_i u$ (and in general $\mathfrak{k}_n u$) for $\mathfrak{k}_c u$ as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric(which quite often only

Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonic workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the $\kappa_c u$: the $\Theta(\Theta)_c$ stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonic workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a $\kappa_c u$ into the Φ stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonic change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^{\phi}\kappa_c u = \Xi(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)_c$$

$$\delta^{\phi}\delta^{\lambda} = \Phi(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta)_c \text{ : "opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta^{\phi}_{i}(g) = \sum_{\lambda=1}^{\lambda=7} \beta(\mu)\left[\epsilon^{\lambda}_{(\alpha\mu)a}\right]\delta^{\phi} \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon^{\lambda}_{\mu(\beta)a}$$

VIII Stage Four - Internal Adept

The first part of this stage requires you to become skilled in the Star Game - regular playing of the game with an opponent (and, if possible, this should be your 'magickal' companion) is the best way to attain this. You should also study the esoteric theory behind the game - relating the symbols and their transformations to the septenary system and so on.

Once you are satisfied with your progress in the Star Game, you can undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which is the second part of this fourth stage. This particular Grade Ritual is perhaps the most difficult task of the seven-fold Way, and it is this ritual which produces the genuine Adept. The ritual creates within you not only self-insight, but also empathy - and it is this empathy with life and the cosmos which is the foundation of true Adeptship.

The ritual involves you in living alone for a period of at least three months. Beforehand, you must choose a suitable location - it should be as isolated as possible (i.e. far from human habitation) with some kind of supply of fresh water (e.g. a stream). Two methods of living in isolation for the required length of time are possible, and you should choose the one which suits you. The first involves living in a tent using monetary savings to purchase such food as is necessary. The second is providing for all your needs from natural rescources by hunting, trapping, fishing and so on, building your own shelter. The first is the easiest - if you possess the necessary desire to undertake the ritual because you wish magickal Adeptship, then means will be found to acquire the monetary savings necessary.

During your time alone you must have no contact with anyone (including family and friends) except that necessary if food is to be bought - and this latter contact should be as brief as possible. You must have with you no means of communication with the outside world (radio, television, newspapers and so on) and no means of reproducing music (record player, cassette etc.) except a musical intrument should you wish to take one. You must use only candles for lighting and possess no clock or watch or other means of

measuring time. Strict observance of these conditions are necessary, since without the solitude and silence which these conditions impose upon you, the ritual will not succeed.

Once you have chosen your locality and made the necessary arrangements, the ritual can begin. The best time for this is on the Spring Equinox, the ritual then being completed on the Summer Solstice. You must take with you only what you can carry on your own back.

Aim during your isolation to complete a task or tasks. For example, you might choose to learn to play a musical instrument, or increase your skill in the Star Game (it being possible to make the game smallish and portable) or write a diary of your day to day experiences and feelings. Think about this task carefully before you start the ritual, since there can be no changing of tasks once the ritual has begun.

The Grade Ritual is the alchemical process of change which will occur in your thoughts and feelings by virtue of you living alone for the length of time indicated and in the simple manner prescribed. It is important that during the ritual you maintain your resolve to continue until at least three months has passed - you will be tempted many times to abandon the ritual, as you will be tempted to seek the distractions of talking, friends, and the pleasures and comforts of the outside world: its music, entertainment and other delights. Such temptations must be resisted - not because they are wrong, but because, by undertaking the ritual in the first place, you yourself have chosen to live without them in order to attain magickal and self understanding. There is no other way of achieving this. Wisdom is born from the insight that primative isolation brings.

Your greatest problem will be boredom - the days will seem very long. Learn to observe the changes you see in Nature around you. Learn to think: about yourself, your life, the world. Try and relate what you have learnt about the Star Game and the septenary system with the world and its changes, including people. If at some time or times you become emotionally aggressive or depressed, find a physical outlet for your feelings - running, or swimming (in a lake if one is nearby). Try and understand your feelings.

All this will not be easy - it will be a struggle. But if you persist you will find toward the end of the ritual changes occuring within you. You will gain insight, and empathy, and emerge as an Adept. You may also be tempted, before the three months is up, to leave your isolation because you believe you have succeeded. But this may well be a delusion, and the three month time limit must be strictly observed. This is so simply because three months is the absolute minimum time required to produce the alchemical change: any change before that is usually illusory or only temporary.

It cannot be stressed too often that there are no short-cuts to genuine Adepthsip: no easy way to wisdom. There is only living alone, isolated and in a simple way as above. The Grade Ritual creates in three months what fate has produced (and then only rarely) in two or three decades in a few fortunate individuals - it is a technique which distills the experience of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding, and makes Adeptship available to all.

IX Stage Five - Entering the Abyss

In the septenary system, the Abyss lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars - it is that region where the 'acausal' and the 'causal' meet. The septenary system - the seven spheres and the paths linking them - is regarded as a map of our own consciousness. Our consciousness, by its nature, is both causal and acausal - that is, both rational and 'irrational', where this 'irrational' includes the unconscious. In one sense, the causal is linear, progressive, evolutionary, and the acausal is unified, 'wholistic'. To the acausal belongs 'magick' - and the 'Occult' in general; to the causal belongs science and logic. The Abyss may be seen as essentially beyond the opposites of causal and acausal - the unity beyond both. To it belongs our past, present, future - and the demons/gods within us and outside of us. It is the place where our self image - created by our experiences of life - is broken, and where we discover how we, and all others, fit into the scheme of the cosmos itself. The Abyss, destroying our image of ourself, either destroys us - or takes us beyond our self, to the real beginnings of wisdom.

The Grade Ritual (which produces, in magickal terms, the Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth) is simple in form, but difficult in practice. As with all the Grade Rituals, it demands self-honesty. The ritual can be attempted by those who have successfully completed the ritual of Internal Adept and feel themselves ready for the next stage.

In aspect, the ritual involves the candidate walking (unaided by others or any form of transportation) - and carrying all that is necessary in terms of food, water and shelter - a distance of 80 miles (males) or 56 miles (females). The candidate - who should also carry a crystal tetrahedron of no less than 3" in height - should during this walking stop for only an hour only once, that is, during the night. The ritual is begun at sunrise on the first day and reaches its climax at sunset the following day. The walking should be undertaken as far as possible from human habitation, and the candidate must complete the specified distance before sunset on the second day.

At the end of the walk, the candidate should - without

eating or resting - bathe in a river/stream/lake (the walk being planned to end near one of these). A comfortable position is then assumed, the crystal tetrahedron held in the palms of the hands, and the candidate visualizing a darkness within the crystal which spreads outward to enclose him/her. This visualization is accampanied by the slow, repetitive chanting of the word 'Chaos'. After several minutes of effort, the visualization is ended, and the mind allowed to sense and feel what it may. No attempt should be made to control or direct the images/ sensations/feelings which may occur. They should be observed, with emotional detachment.

The candidate will know when the ritual is complete, and should as soon as possible write an account of it. It is important for the bathing to begin as soon as the target distance is achieved - and the visualization must itself begin after the bathing.

If these conditions are not observed - or if some assistance is given during the walk - then the ritual is void.

Part Two

Esoteric Sorcery

Introduction

The following chapters give details of various techniques of external magick, and these techniques are used to bring about a specific aim or desire. Those who wish to use them in a practical sense are advised to first read Appendix V (Preparation for Hermetic Rituals) followed by Appendix II (Visualization Techniques). Also, if you have not already undertaken the Initiation as given in Part One above, this (or the ritual given in Appendix IV) should be done, since this, put simply, is an 'introduction to the role of sorcerer/sorceress'.

Successful external magick to a great extent depends on the acceptance of this role: it is the opening of the gate within which leads to the acausal, that scource of magickal energy. External magick - both hermetic and ceremonial - is a skill, the learning of which is one of the tasks of an Initiate following the seven-fold way. This learning is associated quite naturally with the magickal grade 'External Adept'.

The techniques given enable the fulfilment of desires, without restriction. One of these techniques - the 'Dark Pathways' - involves the drawing down/invokation of 'dark/sinister/negative/chaotic' type energies and in this sense is a 'Left Hand Path' working: that is, it is concerned with various areas of consciousness which are often misunderstood. The workings with the pathways may be said to be journeys into the darker sides of the unconscious (or 'hidden consciousness') of the psyche of the individual, and while these energies may be used hermetically - that is, directed by desire toward a specific aim or intention - they can be used 'internally' to provoke/cause changes in individual consciousness, aiding thus magickal development and self- understanding. In this 'internal' sense, when the energies are produced (by means given in the 'Dark Pathways' chapter) they are not directed, but left to produce images/ sensations in the psyche (as per the workings with the spheres in Part One). Both types of workings are associated with the magickal learning of an Initiate - that is, they are undertaken before the Grade Ritual of External Adept, this Grade Ritual being a means of conscious integration of the experiences. (For the Left Hand Path in general see Appendix O.)

Esoteric Chant

Esoteric chant may be divided (as far as the 'Dark Tradition' is concerned) into two parts: vibration of names, and 'Sacred' or magickal chant. The first type requires less skill and is the form most often used in ritual - for example, to create or 'draw down' a particular force or entity in a magickal working. The second type requires some musical ability or training since mode and tempo are important.

1) Vibration:

Vibration implies that each part of the word to be used (either alone or as part of a text or key) is resonated deeply and this requires the person to be standing and the 'solar plexus' to be used to generate the deep breathing required, the mouth acting as a resonant cavity. The vibration should be such that it is felt in the whole body - a vibration is not a shout or scream but rather a prolonged concentration of sound energy.

For example, to vibrate the word 'Satan'. Take a deep breath and sound 'Sa' for the length of that breath (not less than twenty seconds) trying to maintain the same level of intensity as the breath fades - then inhale quickly and vibrate '-tan' while exhaling in the same manner as before. Practice will enable the length of each part to be increased. To obtain the required 'depth' or power, attempt to project the sound in front of you to a point at least ten feet away.

The essence of vibration is control of the sound - it should be as even as possible and the same on all parts of the word or phrase. With practice, the relative pitch of the vibration can be altered, although this is not as important as producing a powerful vibration since most magickal vibrations require power rather than finesse of pitch. Certain musical keys are associated with certain types of magickal force (for instance, the key of E minor is associated with 'Satanic' indulgence) and experience will soon show which key is appropriate to the force required.

The 'Enochian keys' provide a good example of vibration used in the magickal sense - consider the Third key: Micma Goho Piad zir ...

'Micma' is vibrated as 'Mic-' followed by 'ma', each part for at least twenty seconds. 'Goho' is "go-" and "ho" for the same lengths of time; 'zir' is one sound, and so on.

Thus it will be seen that the vibration of one Enochian key requires quite an effort, and correct vibration produces in the person (partly because of this) an altered state of consciousness as well as producing magickal results and effecting other individuals who may be present.

Each individual possesses what may be called a unique 'vibration signature' or key at which the sound produced is most effective for them on both the personal and magickal levels, and this signature may and should be discovered by practice. Most women will naturally produce vibrations at a higher relative pitch than men and their vibrations can sometimes be quite dangerous, while some men may produce vibrations that are very disturbing to certain individuals.

Those who wish to master the art of magickal vibration should practice regularly, particuarly within large resonant buildings, gradually increasing their ability of breath control and the power of the sound itself. Correctly used, short vibrations can startle people and render them immobile for some seconds. In certain circumstances, a powerful vibration can kill.

2) <u>Magickal Chant</u>:

Magickal chant is essentially monophonic and for this reason is generally (when it is written down at all) represented in Gregorian notation - as distinct from the 'blob' notation used in modern music.

Magickal chant is sung unaccompanied in one of the seven fundamental (or Greek) modes - Lydian, Dorian and so on, the modes themselves being representations of septenary forces as described by the septenary Tree of Life and the correspondences associated with it. There are three basic ways of performing this chant - by a solo cantor; by several voices in unison and by two cantors (or choirs) singing 'vox principalis' and 'vox organalis' a fourth or fifth apart as in organum.

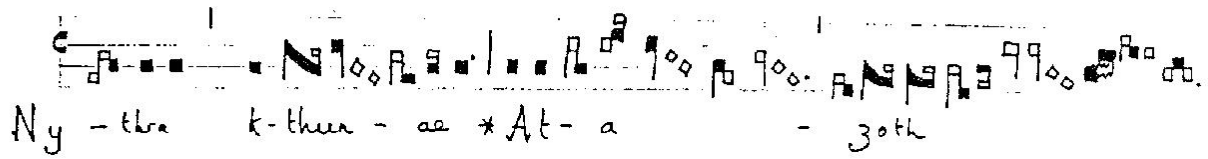
The music of this type of chant is similar to Gregorian chant sung in proportional rhythm and the texts used are

usually magickal invokations or calls.

Magickal chant of this type is used for three purposes - first, as keys to the Abyss or to open various acausal Gates (as, for example, their use in the Nine Angles rite to return the Dark Gods to Earth); second, as a means of producing magickal change in the world and individuals since certain chants are regarded as possessing special power if sung correctly; third, to provide a framework which some individuals may use to presence on a day to day basis through such traditional forms as the Promethean Office, those aspects of the acausal which have been named variously as Physis and Tao.

The first two of these have often been considered to belong to the Left Handed Path, since they generally invoke/create various chthonic or dark/negative forces in consciousness, while the third has hitherto been used almost exclusively by those Adepts who, having passed the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below - as used in the rite to return the Dark God Atazoth to Earth.



I - The Modes:

The seven Greek modes correspond to the spheres of the septenary (see Appendix I) as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in esoteric chant are the 'Gregorian' or plainchant ones and these are related, according to tradition, to the spheres and thus the Greek modes thus: Moon - mode IV; Mercury - mode VI; Venus - mode V; Sun - modes VII/VIII; Mars - mode III; Jupiter - Mode I; Saturn - mode II.

Hence, if a piece of chant is sung correctly in, for example, mode IV, then such a chant will be a re-presentation of the energies or forces associated with the appropriate sphere - in this case Moon/Nox. Such energies may be used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed by will and visualization* for a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) to used to alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

Thus, esoteric chant is a form of magickal ritual - and a hitherto secret one.

(b) and (c) above usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for dark/destructive workings) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual and is internal magick.

II - Chant Examples: Spheres

The following are used as part of a specific hermetic ritual. Details concerning the form of this ritual are given in Part III below.

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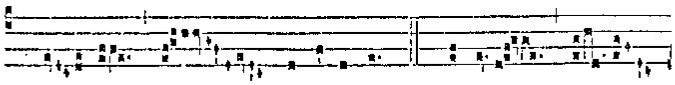
* For visualization techniques see Appendix II.

Moon

Ag-i-os * . ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os

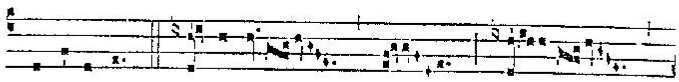
ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-be-i-ri



Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri Ag-i- os

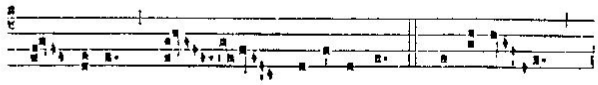
ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-

os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-io-os



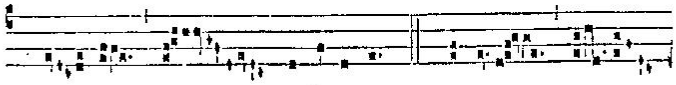
ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os *

Moon



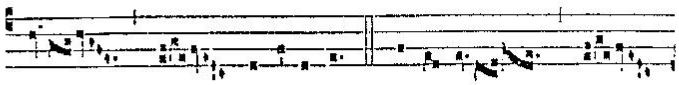
Ag-i-os * . ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os

ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-be-i-ri

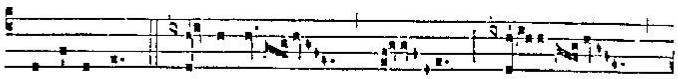


Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri Ag-i- os

ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-



os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-io-os



ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os *

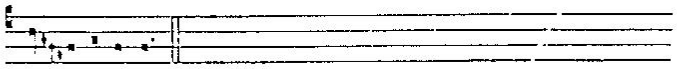
ka-be-i-ri

Agios Kabeiri

Mercury

Ag-i-os * lu-ci-fer Ag-i-os lu-ci-fer

. Ag-i-os lu-ci-fer. Ag-i-os



lu-ci-fer.

[Note: repeat five times]

Agios lucifer

Veans

Ag-i-os * e-le-tro-des Ag-i-os

e - le-tro-des. Ag-i-os e-le-tro-des.

Ag-i - os e-le-tro-des. Ag-i-os

e - le-tro-des. Ag-i-os e-le-tro-des.

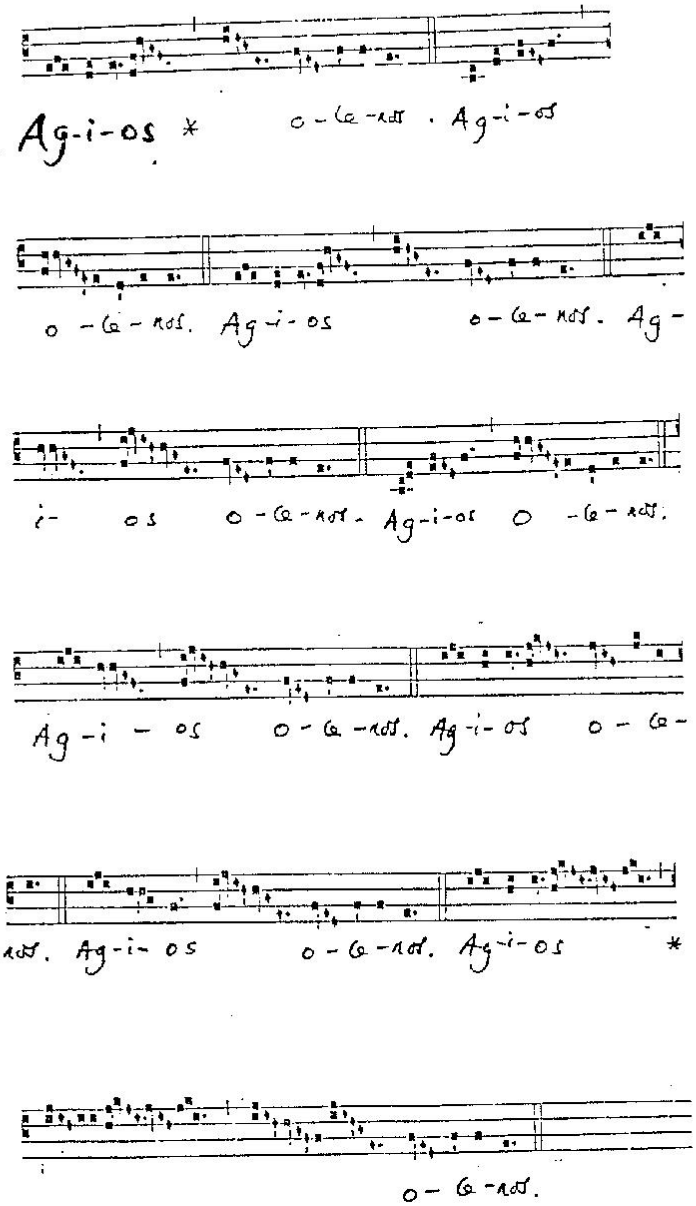
Ag-i-os e-le-tro-des. Ag-i-os

e - le-tro-des. Ag-i-os

** e - le-tro-des.

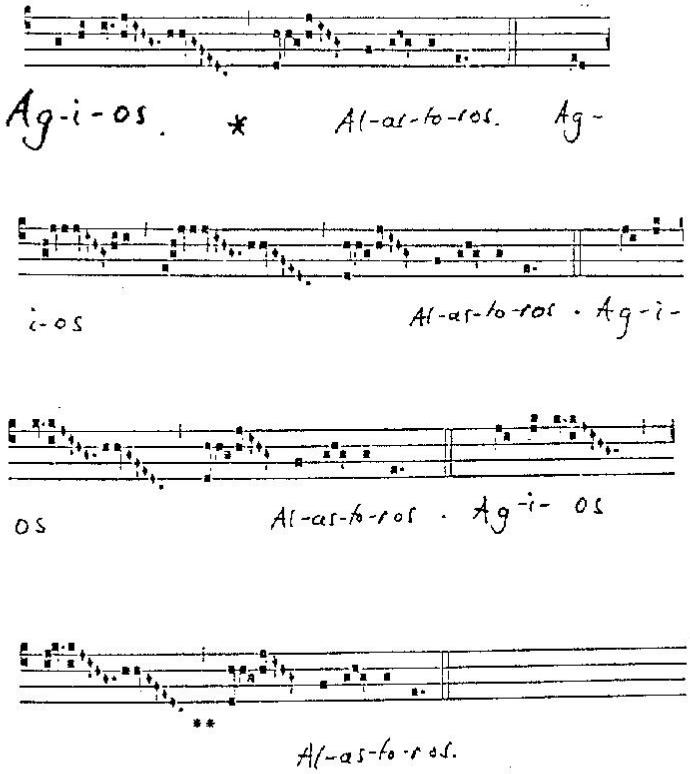
Agios Elektrodes

Scan



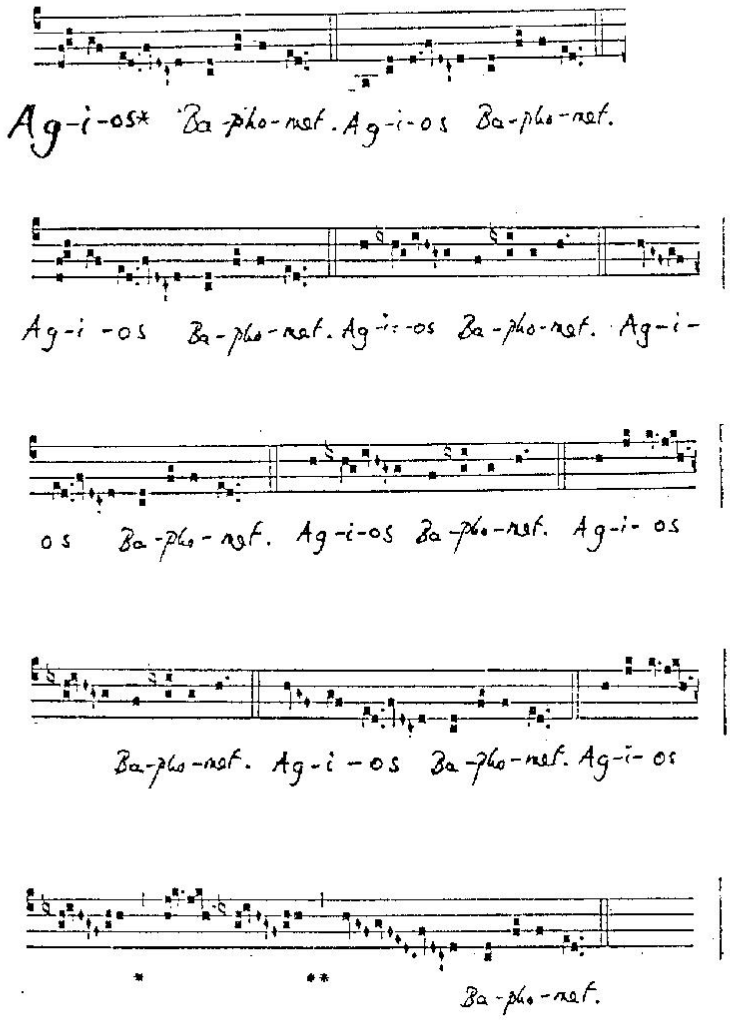
Agios Okenos

Mars



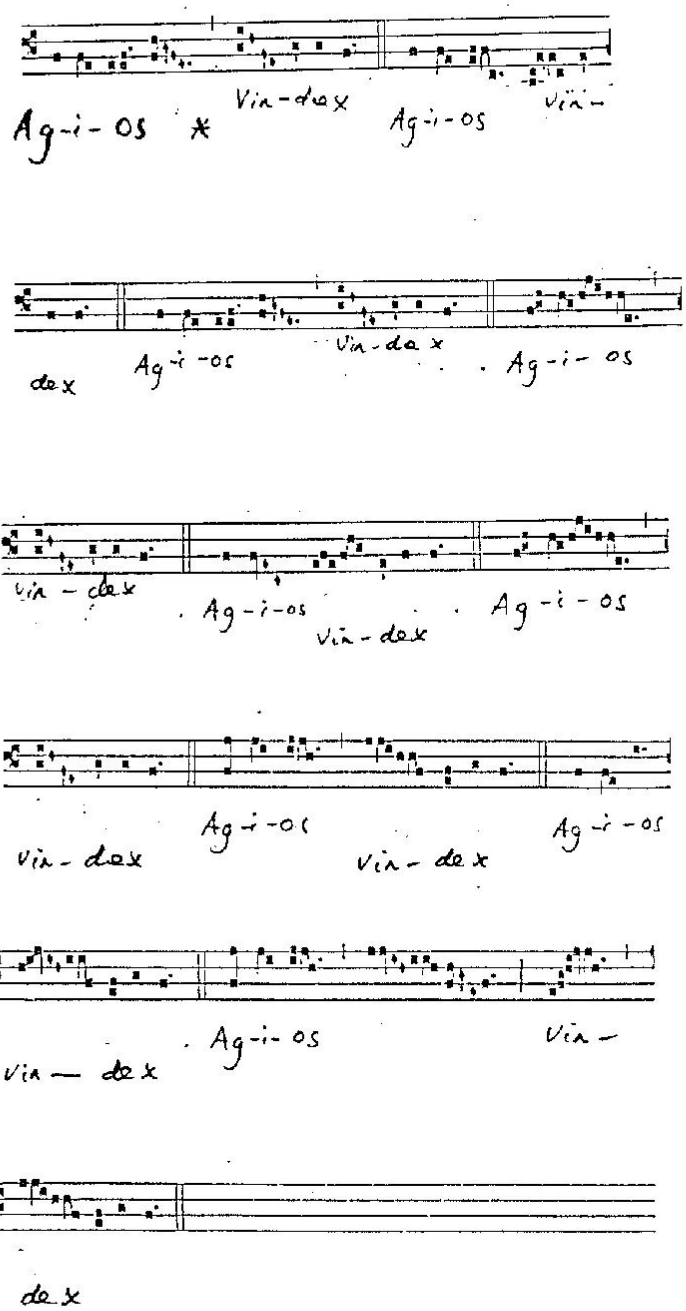
Agios Alastoros

Jupiter



Agios Baphomet

Saturn



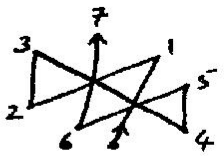
Agios Vindex

III - Ritual:

The chant appropriate to the sphere should be regarded as the key to the working.

For destructive/dark workings, the time should be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon. The best place for workings is outdoors either on hill-tops or in glades.

The rite is begun by those attending vibrating according to tradition and three times: a)Agios o Atazoth for 'dark' workings; b) Agios o Baphomet for other workings. The cantor then incenses with incense appropriate to the sphere at each of the seven points thus:



The path described by these points must be walked by the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petriochor; Mercury - Sulphur; Venus - Sandalwood; Sun - Oak; Mars - Musk; Jupiter - Civit; Saturn - Henbane.

While this is being undertaken the following should be chanted: a) Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth or, for constructive workings: b) Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam.

The key chant (see Part II) is then sung twice in succession. If more than one person is undertaking the ritual then this should be sung in fourths (for dark workings) or fifths (for other workings)while those singing visualize the intent of the rite being accomplished according to the principles of hermetic magick.

Prior practice of singing the chant (without the visualization) is essential, since the chant is only magickally useful if sung correctly. The visualization should be as concise as possible and according to a pattern agreed by the participants before the ritual. It is possible to use sigilization instead of visualization: the sigil being prepared beforehand and 'consecrated/

charged' according to tradition, the sigil being burnt by one of the participants during the singing of the key chant.

The following table gives the type of work appropriate to each sphere:

Moon	Terror and sinister knowledge
Mercury	Indulgence and transformation(s)
Venus	Ecstasy and Love
Sun	Vision and understanding
Mars	Destruction and sacrifice
Jupiter	Wisdom and wealth
Saturn	Chaos

IV - Method of Singing:

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more or less, depending on the 'mood' of the appropriate sphere.

The pitch of a piece is relative - and depends on what is comfortable for the cantors or group. The rhythm of a particular piece is easy to obtain with practice if it is remembered that a piece is like a wave - rising and falling with measured cadence, in a flowing manner. It is for this reason that Latin (and sometimes Greek) is employed for the texts, since of all languages, they are most appropriate to monophonic chant. The accent is generally placed on the upbeat, though exceptions exist.

Frenzy Magick

This type of magick involves the individual(s) becoming possessed by acausal energies by creating through specific techniques a physical and emotional frenzy.

Frenzy magick to be successful requires the individual at the height of the induced frenzy to visualize (or using vibration to chant) the intended outcome of the ritual - for example, if the ritual is undertaken to destroy by magick a certain person, then the visualization is the death of that person in the manner chosen; a suitable phrase for vibration would be 'N.N. (the name of the person) will die!'

Frenzy can be obtained by drugs - but these depress (and sometimes destroy) the ability to concentrate and drugs are therefore not recommended for this type of hermetic magick. The best method to achieve frenzy is dance - mostly of a circular or spiral nature. Other methods which can be used are willed concentration, physical endurence and induced ecstasy. Details of all these will be given.

Those interested in undertaking a specific hermetic ritual are advised to read Appendix VI - Preparation for Hermetic Workings.

I - Dance:

Confine the intent of your working to a few phrases and images. For example, if the working is to induce a specific individual to love you, a suitable phrase for chanting/ vibration would be 'Let N.N. become possessed by love for me.' A suitable image would be a photograph of the individual - or a visualization of their face.

At twilight on a suitable day begin the working either outdoors or within an indoor area suitable for dancing. Walk a circle slowly and sun-wise (i.e. from east to west) repeating the phrase which enshrines the intent of your working. Continue with this slow circular walking for several minutes while visualizing the chosen image (or concentrating on a photograph) gradually allowing yourself to feel the emotion appropriate to the working

(for example, a ritual of destruction - hate; a ritual to bring love - love; a ritual to bring wealth - a feeling of the enjoyment of luxury and wealth ...).

Then walk faster and faster imagining the sky above you opening and energy flowing down and into you. This energy re-inforces your emotion and let it make you shout louder and louder your chosen phrase. Let this vital energy possess you - and dance, run, leap as you will, visualising the image and shouting/chanting the phrase as the frenzy directs. Continue thus until exhaustion, then sit or lie still for several minutes visualizing your energy being drawn back up into the sky and out into the stars. Breathe deeply and slowly for about a minute, stand and say 'It is over' and leave the area of the ritual.

II - Other Methods:

Willed concentration involves gradually building up the appropriate emotion while standing still through the use of breathing excercises and the alternate contraction and relaxation of muscles. Deep breaths are taken and the muscles of the arms, legs and back contracted: imagine with the inward breath that energy (of the appropriate type - love, hate and so on) is being drawn into the body. The breath is then exhaled slowly and the muscles relaxed. This continues for at least a quarter of an hour - then the chosen image is visualized for the length of five inhalations and five exhalations after which one long slow inhalation is undertaken with the powerful drawing in of emotion. This is followed by a shouted exhalation of the chosen phrase - this exhalation being as powerful as possible. The energy drawn in is then released by further shouted exhalations of the chosen phrase - until exhaustion or all the energy is drained away.

As before, relax, say 'It is over' and leave the area of the ritual.

Physical endurence as a technique involves choosing something which for you is exceptionally demanding physically. The achievement of this pre-set goal is taken as the climax of

the working and the intent of the ritual is then visualized and the chosen phrase enshrining the desire either vibrated or shouted at this moment.

An example of this method would be choosing a steep hill and setting yourself the task of running as hard and as fast as possible to the top. Imagine reaching the top as the success of the working - if it helps in the mental preparation repeat something to yourself like (assuming, for the purpose of illustration, that the intent of the ritual is to bring success to a particular undertaking):'My success will come as I reach the top of this hill!'

No physical preparation of any kind should be undertaken: this method involves sheer will and determination. If you really want the working to succeed, you will possess the necessary will to achieve the physical goal. The aim is for an explosion of physical energy, and in many respects running is ideally suited to this.

Induced ecstasy as a technique involves using some outward form to produce within you an emotion appropriate to the intent of the working. This outward form depends on your interests and/or abilities. One of the simplest forms is music - that is, using music to induce the appropriate emotion. However, this is not as easy as it appears because it is necessary to produce a frenzy of emotion and to sustain this for a period of time. Should you intend to use music in this way, a suitable piece/composition, once found, should if possible be kept solely for magickal use. Since the effects of music tend to be individual, only you can find music appropriate to a particular emotive working. The important thing is to allow the emotion to build gradually to a frenzied climax and at the climax send forth/direct the energy using visualization and vibration. Combining dance with music is very effective.

Improvising music on a particular instrument can also be used - and very effectively. Again, the frenzy should be induced slowly and its climax accompanied by visualization and vibration/shout of the chosen phrase.

Visualization and Sigil Magick

Visualization as a technique is simple. In the area chosen for the ritual, adopt a comfortable position (sitting, lying or a 'meditation posture' - the position is not important, only that it be comfortable) and in this position visualize in detail but without any emotion the sequence of events desired.

Visualization may be said to be a willed 'day-dream' and to be effective requires a calm but concentrated attitude of mind. To assist in the visualization, various external triggers may be used to create the right atmosphere or mood: incense of the planet appropriate to the working should be burned (see Appendix I) and candles of the planetary colour used to provide the only light. Before beginning the visualization, vibrate the word appropriate to the planet (see below) three times in succession.

The visualization should be as natural and realistic as possible. Examples: a) You wish to obtain the sexual favours of a particular person. You visualize the person and then in as much detail as possible the act itself; b) You desire to cause alarm to a neighbour who has annoyed you. You visualize the person in bed at night and yourself standing over them. You smile and by your will form the energy of the acausal dimensions into a peevish imp (imagine the energy like swirling mist which your will forms into the imp). You set this imp at the foot of the bed to create mayhem and then yourself depart.

It is important for success in this technique for the visualization to become for you as real as possible, like a dream is real while it is being dreamt. To obtain this, it is necessary to be relaxed and calm - any emotion generated should belong not to you directly, but to the images in the visualization and then in a controlled way, never frenzied but rather cool and deliberate.

As with all hermetic techniques, complete the working in a formal way by relaxing and saying 'It is over.'

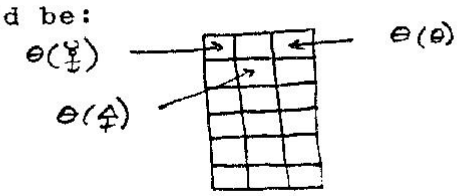
Planet	Word	Appropriate Workings
Moon	Noctulius	Hidden knowledge
Mercury	Satan	Lust/Indulgence
Venus	Darkat	Love/Enchantment
Sun	Karu Samsu	Prophecy/Revelations
Mars	Shugara	Death/Destruction
Jupiter	Davcina	Wealth/Success
Saturn	Vindex	Chaos/Disruption

Sigil magick involves the septenary form of the Star Game (see Chapter IX). The technique described here is only one of the many that involve the Star Game - although it is the easiest to use.

First, the Star Game itself must be constructed, and the pieces marked with the appropriate alchemical sigils. The basis of the technique is to set yourself a goal with regard to placing your pieces in a certain pattern on the Mira board. This goal you consciously equate with the success of your desire.

Begin by specifying the aim of the working: for example, if you wish by magick to win someone's love say to yourself (and write on paper) something like - 'My will is for N.N. to love me. As I move my pieces toward my goal so shall my desire be fulfilled.'

Choose a pattern for the Mira board - the pattern itself is not important, only that you choose it and equate it with the achievement of your desire. For example, the pattern could be:



White pieces are chosen for constructive workings, black pieces for destructive ones. The former should be conducted during twilight, the latter during dawn.

Then begin to move the pieces - in accord with the rules of the game - until the pattern is achieved. When the goal is attained, rejoice saying 'So is it done

according to my will.'

Two additions can be made to this technique. Both involve playing the game against an opponent. In the first, the opponent is not aware of the pattern you have set yourself - you write your intended pattern down and show it to your opponent only when you achieve it in the game through movement of pieces. In the second, the opponent is aware of your goal and tries to prevent, by his moves, your attainment of it. In both of these, the game should be played to a conclusion without a break.

The above additions naturally increase the difficulty of the technique - but they also greatly increase its magickal potency.

Sexual Magick

Hermetic sexual magick - that is, the technique of using the sexual act for magickal purposes - is quite simple, depending only on the acquisition of a suitable partner and the sexual orientation of the person wishing to use the technique. Techniques for both heterosexual and gay individuals will be given.

The most suitable partners are those with whom the operator feels an empathy and ideally partners for sexual magick should be interested in magick, be aware of the nature of the working and desire its success. It is worth going to some trouble to find a suitable partner and to develop with them a genuine partnership. Workings undertaken with someone who is unaware that the sexual act is being used for magickal purposes are possible and effective (although not as much as those undertaken by a genuine partnership) and the techniques described below should be adjusted accordingly.

The essence of sexual working is to use the sexual energy generated by both individuals in a directed way and despite many attempts to mystify the proceedure by others this is quite easily done. For best results, workings should be undertaken according to the planet governing the desire - for example, a working involving wealth would be associated with Jupiter. Constructive workings are undertaken when the particular planet is rising at the place where the working is being undertaken. Destructive workings when the planet is setting. This naturally limits the workings to certain periods - thus increasing what may be termed the numinosity of the working.

It is helpful if the working is ritualized to a certain extent - for example, by using incense and candles appropriate to the planet (see Appendix I) and if possible conducting the working in an area where either a magickal aura exists naturally (such as a sacred glade or an isolated hill-top) or where one has been created by either previous workings or by the creation of a Temple area with certain specific magickal artifacts such as an altar, altar covering and so on.

As with most of the hermetic techniques described in this book, an appropriate visualization and/or phrase should be chosen which describes the desire of the working.

I - Heterosexual Working:

The male arouses the female by firstly caressing her spine and shoulders with the tips of his fingers, then arouses her fire by his tongue (locis muliebribus) before the union itself begins. At the height of the union, the female visualizes the desire in the manner chosen. If a phrase has been chosen to describe the desire the female may chant this rhythmically as the union proceeds to its climax, or this may be silently voiced by her in the same way.

It is the female who is the gate through which the power flows and as such hers is the prominent role. It is often helpful for her in the beginning stages to visualize energy flowing down to her and through her from the sky and stars above.

Should the male be undertaking the working without the female participating fully and with knowledge in the ritual, then his is the visualization and the (silent) chant. This form of the working is by its nature less powerful than the foregoing.

The female may of course undertake the working without the knowledge of the male and this in no way alters the power of the working, except insofar as she might wish to increase its power by using sexual enchantment to ensnare a man and use him in the working. The enchantment is then a powerful prelude to the working itself.

The working is concluded in the usual formalized way by relaxation and a simple phrase such as 'It is completed.'

II - Sapphic/Uranian Working:

Because of the doubling of the female, Sapphic working (sometimes called Sapphistry) is powerful magick. Both participants may combine in the visualization and/or rhythmic breathing of the chosen phrase - the fire is aroused mutually by caress and tongue (locis muliebribus)

one ecstasy following the other (mutual ecstasy - though rare unless cultivated by technique - is very powerful magickally). If desired, the proceedure can be repeated for as many times as the participants desire. The working is concluded in the usual manner.

Uranian working may be undertaken as I above with the obvious emendations or one participant may elect to raise the fire of the other via his lips. The visualization and/or chanting of the chosen phrase should follow the pattern in section I. The working is concluded in the usual manner.

Model Magick

Model magick consists of two techniques. The first involves making actual models of the events or individuals which one wishes to influence by using magickal forces. The second concerns depicting (that is, representing) the events in either a pictorial way or using the medium of words to create a model for the imagination.

The making of actual models is self-explanatory. For instance, to curse an individual make a model of that individual (wax is easiest to use*). The model should be life-like. This model is then named by you with the name of the individual - saying something akin to 'With my hands I gave you birth and I name you N.N.' This model is then pierced with pins (the usual method) or wrapped in a black cloth and buried in earth while you say 'I who gave you life now lay you dead in Earth!'. During these tasks the appropriate emotion should be cultivated - in this case hate.

If it is wished to procure love from an individual, you make two models: one of the person and one of yourself. They are named as before, then bound together with green silk cord while saying 'From this binding shall come our love'. The models are then wrapped in a green cloth and placed somewhere undisturbed near the abode of the other individual. The emotion here should be love.

It is important that strong emotion be produced and to aid this, the technique may be ritualized. For example, an altar is prepared, appropriate incense burnt, candles used as the only scource of light. As you light the candles say 'Here have I come to bring my desire to life!' Then vibrate according to the method of chapter II the word (see above) of the appropriate planet before beginning to make the models. Repeat, often, the intent of the working: for example, 'N.N. will die!'

End the working in the formal manner.

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*Place wax candles in water that has been boiled. A film of wax will form on the water - use this to make the model.

The second technique of model magick involves creating images in an artistic way. If a person is the object of your magickal desire, then this technique involves drawing or painting that person - but undertaken in a creative mood. That is, through the drawing or painting (or sculpture) you are actually giving life to the person - you are capturing through the chosen medium the spirit (or 'soul') of that person. As the creation proceeds, you alter the image according to your intent. For example - if you wish harm to that person, anguish/pain/suffering can be depicted in the face and body. What is important here is the feeling that you put into the work.*

If events involving certain individuals are the object of desired magickal change, then literary means can be used. For this, you use imagination to describe in words generally through the medium of a 'short story' or a novel, the individuals involved and how you wish those individuals to be altered by events according to your desire. As before the mood should be imbued with magickal creation - you should feel that you are controlling and moulding the events and the individuals. It is suggested that when you first use this technique, introduce only small changes into events and the lives of individuals - for example, should you wish to procure the love of an individual, begin by describing as realistically as possible, that individual and their life as you know it. Then introduce into the story, yourself - in a realistic situation. Gradually make the individual fall in love with you.

This literary technique can also be used to change on a significant scale those forces which affect individuals although they themselves are unaware of them. These forces are generally called magickal Aeonic energies or currents. Using a literary form such as a novel, a play, a short story, you create using imagination new images and ideas in a magickal way, as H.P. Lovecraft has done. However, it is not necessary for your creations to be

* The more life-like the image, the more powerful the magick.

'published' in the accepted sense for them to be effective magickally, for once an image or idea is born by magick through the desire of an individual it will, if possessed of sufficient magickal energy at its birth, spread via the acausal to the minds of other individuals and generally becomes a form of living entity. Publication, as such, is basically irrelevant - magick uses the acausal whereas publication is only a causal representation of something that may have been (as for example with Lovecraft's stories) originally acausal.

As well as literary forms, it is possible to use other creative media for magickal purposes - for example, film.

Artistic creation, used magickally, is a ritual in itself and does not need any ritual formalization such as chanting, visualization and so on, although it can be ritualized in a formal way should you so desire to enhance the magickal mood. Such ritualization might include the use of incense, candles and undertaking the work itself in specially prepared ritual/Temple area.

Empathic Magick

Empathic magick basically involves identifying with the persons, person or forces (of Nature, for example) that you wish in some way to control.

To identify with an individual it is necessary to concentrate on that individual and imagine yourself becoming that individual. One way to do this is to imagine how you think that individual would react to a certain event or situation and then act out, quite consciously and with deliberation, this reaction. Extend this identification until you feel in sympathy with that individual - and then introduce through both visualization and the chanting of a phrase which enshrines your desire the change you wish to bring about in that individual.

This technique can, however, lead to problems of self-identity as well as producing within you a genuine understanding of that individual to the extent that your desire to change them is destroyed. It is important, therefore, before using this technique,that you carefully consider your own motives. If after such consideration you still desire to proceed, then you must resolve - whatever happens - to carry through your intended change, allowing no feeling to alter your resolve.

Once sympathy (in the sense of identification) is achieved, the change you desire in the individual may be induced by you acting them out in the role of the individual. For example, should you wish to harm that individual, then you act out, with all the appropriate feelings, the despair of that individual, the pain you desire to inflict and, say, the thought of that individual killing themselves.

This empathic technique is of great value if you wish to help an individual in some positive way - by healing, for instance. If possible, you should be physically near the individual (although this can be done simply by thought transference) and then draw into yourself so it feels your own, the physical or mental suffering of

that individual. If necessary, you can imagine this as a transference of visible energy which you take into yourself. Once taken in, this suffering or negative energy must be conducted away into the Earth - the best way to do this is to spread your hands on the ground and imagine the negative energy flowing from you, down your arms and into the Earth. Actual contact with the bare ground is most effective.

To aid in the drawing in of such negative energy, you can if you wish imagine an aura surrounding the individual. An attitude of compassion within yourself is also helpful in developing an empathy with the individual. Once empathy is obtained (and the desire to heal is often sufficient in itself to do this) then try and sense the changes in the aura that the suffering produces. Once these changes are located, draw them into yourself by imagining the negative energy is flowing through your fingers into your own aura.

It should be obvious that this method of healing is only to be used in a self-less way: that is, without any desire on your part for any kind of gain. Otherwise, your own consciousness of desire will block some of the negative energy and prevent it draining away.

Empathic magick involving specific forces is relatively easy when compared to that involving individuals. The natural force most often controlled by empathic magick is the weather.

The essence of this technique, as its name implies, is developing a sympathy with the particular forces - to lose your own self consciousness to the experiencing of those forces as those forces are in themselves. This type of magick works in harmony with natural forces and not against them. For example, it is impossible to produce a snow storm, in England, in July. The change you wish to produce has, in Nature, to be possible for the magick to work at all. This change is never instantaneous due to the nature of the forces themselves - for instance, if you wish to produce a violent thunderstorm there is usually a delay of several days after the ritual before the storm breaks because the natural forces have to grow together

according to their nature.

To undertake a working to control the weather you must first find an isolated place removed from any large area of human habitation - an isolated hill-top, bare of trees, is ideal. The more wild the place, the better. This isolation should produce at least in some degree a feeling of you being between earth and sky. First decide on what type of weather you wish to produce bearing in mind the foregoing. Lie on the ground and imagine yourself as like the wind: feel the gentleness of a breeze and then imagine a strong wind tearing at you as you lie. As you imagine the wind becoming stronger and stronger, leap to your feet and with outstretched arms calm the wind by your will, then release it again as a strong force to break upon the land around. Imagine yourself as the wind bringing the type of weather you desire.

For example, if you wish a thunderstorm, imagine the wind swirling around and creating huge, dark clouds that run quickly toward your hill bringing their darkness to cover the earth and then their flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder and rain. If necessary verbalize your desire and exult in the primative frenzy of the storm - dancing, laughing at it breaks around you. If you wish calm, sunny weather, imagine the wind slowly dying away and sun appearing in the sky above. Feel the warmth of the sun on your body - exult in the sensuousness of the sun, again verbalizing your exultation and desire should you wish. If your desire is for rain, imagine the wind bringing light grey clouds to cover all of your sky - feel the rain as it washes down and soaks into Earth, bringing growth and joy. Again exult in the feeling of rain upon your body - verbalizing this exultation and your desire.

This verbalization can take many forms depending on your feeling at the moment. For instance, for a storm something like: 'Come Storm, Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Hail! Smash this hill and the earth around with your force! To me! Come - lightning flash, thunder and hail ...' Verbalization like this should always be frenzied: it is no use just saying the words in a calm voice. The words should be a verbal ejaculation of your frenzy.

The working should be ended by you bowing respectfully to the Earth and thanking the wind, sun, sky and clouds.

Dark Pathways

The spheres of the septenary may be said to be the nexus between causal and acausal (or 'Being' and 'non-Being') and the paths linking the spheres may be regarded from a magickal point of view as zones of energy. This energy is according to tradition symbolized in an archetypal way since it is through such symbolism that control of the energy is possible.

The tables below give details of this symbolism, the chants/vibration appropriate to a specific symbol, and the sigils associated with a particular form of energy. These sigils aid visualization. A particular form is invoked to enable the individual to experience the type of consciousness/feeling associated with it, and all invokations should be for a specific desire appropriate to the form invoked - for instance, Shugara would be invoked for a destructive working. By their nature, these forces are 'dark' - that is, they represent the energies of the darker/shadow aspects of every individual, and their invokation is a means of conscious integration. To use the dark pathways as internal magick, all twenty-one paths should be used - invoking the appropriate form.

To invoke, set aside an area as a Temple or use an isolated outdoor location. The best time for working is after sunset or before dawn. Begin the invokation by vibrating the appropriate name nine times - if a chant is involved (as for example in Atazoth) then this should if possible be chanted as described. If you cannot for any reason do this, then the name may be vibrated, nine times followed by a short pause and a further four vibrations. If a specific key is prescribed for a vibration try and vibrate accordingly, but if this is not possible for any reason, vibrate twice more.

You may if you wish before beginning the invokation, take a 'ritual' bath (changing into robes should you so desire to thus enhance the working) - perfuming this bath with equal proportions of the oils of the planets which the path connects.

After the vibrations/chant, begin a slow circular dance -

the direction of which is not important - which gradually increases in speed and which gradually spirals inwards. As you dance shout or vibrate with as much force as possible the name of the entity you are invoking. Continue until dizzyness or exhaustion draws you to fall to the ground then vibrate with all the energy you possess the appropriate energy - to aid this vibration try and project your voice a) if you are working outdoors: to the horizon itself; b) if working indoors: so that the room/Temple resonates with the power of your voice. After this say: 'Come ..... (here name the entity) to me! And bring me my desire!' Briefly visualize your desire, and verbalize it using a short phrase (such as 'N.N. shall die!). Then begin a slow circular dance in the opposite direction of the one before, laughing while you dance and saying:'I am the power, I am the glory, I am a god!'

Cease your dance, sit on the ground/floor and breathe deeply for several minutes. Allow your mind to fill with images and feelings as it will, but do not move. Gradually let yourself then become relaxed and when relaxed rise, bow once to the North, say 'It is completed' and depart from the Temple or area of the working. As soon as possible write an account of what you felt following the second dance.

For best results, seven days before every working reduce your food and sleep, aiming to reach a minimum on the day chosen for the working. During this period no meat should be eaten and every night before sleep concentrate for about a quarter of one hour on the appropriate sigil, slowing saying (<u>not</u> chanting or vibrating) the name of the entity. Burn incense (combined from the planets, as above). This method means only one working per week can be undertaken - which is ideal.

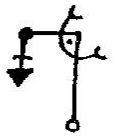
Try and link your feelings during the working with the appropriate Tarot image.

When no type of desire for a particular path is indicated in Table II deduce the appropriate desire for a working from the associated Tarot image: concentrate on the image for some time and allow the associations to grow naturally in your mind.

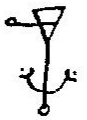
Path Workings - Table I

	Path	Word of Power	Sigil	Image
1	☽ → ☿	Noctulius		XV
	☽ → ♀	Nythra		XIII
	☽ → ♂	Shugara		XVIII
	☽ → ☉	Shaitan		VII
	☽ → ♃	Aosoth		XIV
	☽ → ♄	Azanigin		X
	☿ → ♀	Nekalah		VIII
	☿ → ☉	Ga wath am		0
	☿ → ♂	Binan ath		I
10	☿ → ♃	Lidagon		XI
	☿ → ♄	Abatu		XVI
	♀ → ☉	Karu samsu		VI
	♀ → ♂	Nemicu		XVII
	♀ → ♃	Mactoron		II
	♀ → ♄	Velpecula		XIX
	☉ → ♂	Kthunae.		IV
	☉ → ♃	Atazoth		V
	☉ → ♄	Vindex		XII
	♂ → ♃	Davcina		III
	♂ → ♄	Sauroctonos		IX
21	♃ → ♄	Naos		XX

Aosoth:



Azanigin:



Nekalah:

Nythra:

Abatu:

Davcina:

Table II

Noctulius:

Deity of night. Useful in works of enchantment. Earth based. Key for chant: G minor. Perfume - petriochor.

Nythra: Energy vortex in Abyss - nameless in itself but represented by vibration of word. Works of terror and sinister destruction.

Shugara:

One of the most hideous intrusions possible on the causal level and very dangerous. G major key for invoking chant. Manifestations often are accompanied by a smell similar to rotting flesh.

Aosoth:

Dark female force. Works of passion and death. The name should be vibrated.

Azanigin:

Mother of all demons who lie waiting in Earth. Key of B minor. Very useful to invoke in works of personal destruction.

Shaitan:

Long held to be an Earth bound representative for the Dark Gods. Perfume/incense - sulphur. Name to be vibrated. Stone - opal.

Nekalah:

Collective name for race of Dark Gods. Name to be vibrated in manner similar to Atazoth.

Ga Wath Am:

Vibration of this releases powerful energies. A key (when used with a crystal tetrahedron) to all the dark forces of the Abyss. Not to be vibrated without careful preparation. According to tradition the words means 'the power within me is great' - a reference to the pathways within which lead to the Dark Gods.

Binan Ath:

As above. Said to mean 'Behold the Fire!'

Lidagon:

Symbolic representation of the union of the two sexual opposites (Darkat and Dagon) in their darker aspects.

Abatu:

An earth bound form of destructive/negative energy. Associated with rites of sacrifice. F sharp major key for chant.

Karu Samsu:

Word of power along the 12th path - to be chanted in the key of A flat major. According to tradition it means 'I invoke the sun.'

Nemicu:

Bringer of wisdom. To be vibrated.

Mactoron:

Word of power of 14th path - chanted in key of A minor. Legend recalls it as representing the name for one of the planetary homes of the Dark Gods, later famed as an early Star Gate.

Atazoth:

The most powerful of the Dark Gods. The name itself (which correctly describes the entity only when chanted properly) signifies in one sense the purpose of the cosmic cycles and the opening of the Gates since 'Atazoth' as a word means 'an increasing of azoth.' See chant illustration.

Davcina:

Female form along the 19th path. To be vibrated. Useful in works of enchantment.

Athushir:

Symbolic form along the 16th path. Serpent of fire ('dragon') often regarded as a memory of one of the Dark Gods during their previous (and only partially successful) intrusion into our causal universe.

Word of power (Kthunae) to be vibrated to bring forth this entity.

Budsturga:

A blue, aetherial entity related to 13th path. Tradition relates it as a Dark God, of female aspect, trapped in the vortex between the causal and acausal spaces. In one sense represents hidden wisdom - but generally dangerous to sanity. Partially manifest when Nemicu vibrated.

Gaubni:

Related to 2nd path. Often called the Great Demon - revulsive smell and appearence. May manifest when Nythra vibrated.

Sapanur:

Form along the 11th path. The sudden fire of destruction. A primal atavism of human origin - not related to Dark Gods.

Darkat:

Goddess, associated with lunar aspects. The name is traditionally regarded as pre-Sumerian in origin and Darkat is often regarded as the origin of the myth of Lilitu/Lilith - the female counterpart of Dagon, remembered as one of the Dark Gods from their last manifestation on Earth. Associated with the 10th and 8th paths.

Note: The incenses for the paths are a blend of those of the planetary spheres connected by the path- for example, for the 2nd path the incense is a blend of Petriochor (Moon) and Sandalwood.

Moon: Petriochor
Mercury: Sulphur
Venus: Sandalwood
Sun: Oak
Mars: Musk
Jupiter:Civit
Saturn: Henbane

Concentration of the sigil should be combined with chant.

Appendix I - The Septenary System

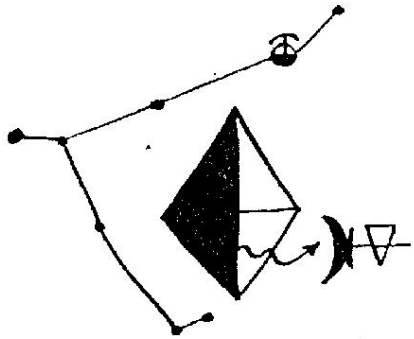
The Dark Gods

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are actual entities which exist in the acausal universe. According to our spatial, causal perception, these beings may be regarded as 'timeless and chaotic'.

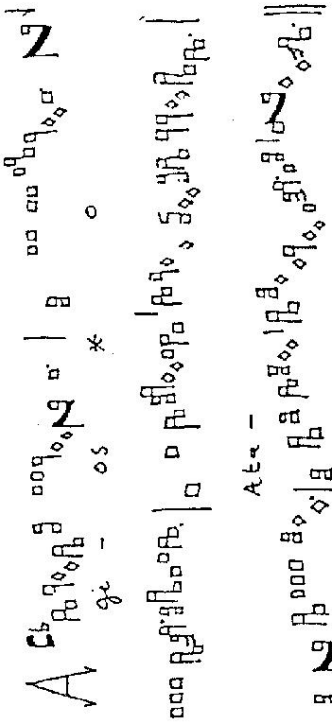
Since our consciousness is by its nature partly acausal these entities can become manifest for us if we possess the keys to reach the appropriate levels of consciousness. What is termed the 'Abyss' seperates our everyday consciousness from the consciousness (and thus apprehension) of the Dark Gods. The ordeal of the Abyss involves confronting these entities - and accepting them for what they are, that is, unbound by our illusion of opposites and the conflict of 'good' and 'evil'.

While it is convenient to regard the Dark Gods as merely symbols that re-present the energies of the acausal - as a projection of our own consciousness upon Chaos itself - it is equally possible to regard them as physically existing in themselves. Which of these (or neither of them) is correct, the Adept discovers during the ordeal of the Abyss. Legend, however, recalls the Dark Gods as visiting our planet several times in the past - by passing through one of the many 'Star Gates'. Star Gates are regions in space-time where our causal universe and the universe of the acausal are joined - they are physical gates, and passage from one universe to another is possible through them. According to legend, Star Gates exist near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol: that is, if you journeyed from Earth in the direction of one of these stars you would pass through a Star Gate. There are also stories of a Star Gate within our own solar system - the Gate through which the Dark Gods came to Earth. This Star Gate is believed to be near the planet Saturn.

Sometimes, the Abyss invades our dreams, but mostly the Abyss is reached by following the seven-fold way. It lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars, and divides the Adept from the Master/Mistress. It is the Gate to the gods within us and the gods without.



A sigil of Atazoth



Chant of Atazoth

Appendix O - The Left Handed Path

The LHP is essentially internal magick because such magick means the use, by the individual, of the Dark Pathways that link the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. There are no light pathways since the pathways by their nature imply a flow of energy and such flow can only be directional. Directional energy means Change, in the causal - the emergence of Chaos through a 'gate'.

For a long time, the nature of the LHP has been mis-understood The traditional definition as magick used for personal/destructive/negative purposes is meaningless because it assumes a framework of moral opposites which does not, in reality, exist in relation to magickal energies. All evolution of consciousness is a magickal act - an expansion of the acausal into the realm of the causal. From the 'traditional' moral/Nazarene point of view, all such evolution, of necessity, becomes 'evil' and partakes of the nature of a 'serpent' in accordance with a certain primative, and childish, creation myth.

It is unfortunate that for a long time this simple fact has been, in most magickal circles, obscured by silly systems like the 'Qabala' with its notions of a Dark side to the Tree. No Dark side exists, because what actually exists (the seven Gates) is dark of itself because it presences non-Being. The bifurcation of the Qabala (exemplified by systems like the 'Nightside of Eden') leads quite often to severe problems if systems deriving from it are used by individuals in the manner of internal magick - as a means of increasing consciousness.

The pathways which link the seven spheres are re-presentations of the acausal and as such symbolize that which is normally (at least to 'everyday' consciousness) hidden. What is hidden becomes revealed and made present, in our phenomenal world, by the magickal act. That which is revealed is Chaos, non-Being. These acts of revealing destroy everyday or 'ego' consciousness and as such are the essence of true Initiation.

It is because they are (or should be) understood as only the beginning of the seven-fold way of internal magick that those using these Dark Pathways are free from the problems of bifurcation of identity that arise with other systems.

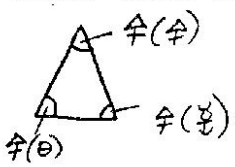
The essence of the genuine LHP - and this includes the Dark (or sinister) Tradition and traditional Satanism - is the use of magickal energies to enhance the evolution of the individual. Such evolution cannot exist outside the LHP as a willed act. Evolution is willed, as a magickal act, via experience: by revealing the acausal, by confronting it (usually via symbols) and finally by integrating it. There is no other way.

I The Septenary System

From an initiated viewpoint, the seven spheres are seen to form a three-dimensional pattern where every sphere is linked to every other twice, although in a physical representation (e.g. a model) the two-fold nature of the connecting paths are shown only for Moon/Saturn, Venus/Mars and Mercury/Jupiter.

This three-dimensional structure is considered to lie enclosed within a double-tetrahedron: the sphere of the sun being in the centre of the base where the tetrahedrons join. The uppermost tetrahedron signifies the acausal aspect, the lower, the causal aspect, and the three angles of each side are symbolized by the nine combinations of the three alchemical forms; that is, by the symbols of the pieces of the Star Game. As in the Star Game, the acausal aspects are signified by black pieces/symbols; the causal by white. The causal aspects are an exact reflection of the acausal - the latter being shown in the diagram below.

Thus, it is possible to see and understand the relation between the spheres, the pathways and the nine angles in their dual aspect.



Each sphere is tripartite in nature - the Θ, Ξ and Φ aspects, which - for an individual - signify the Unconscious, the Ego, and the Self, represented by the appropriate Tarot image (see 'Naos'). Basically, these three stages (in the evolution of consciousness) represent a progressively greater intrusion of acausal forces.

In essence, the seven spheres represent how the acausal(ϕ_s) merges into the causal (λ_s) and thus there are two ways of 'seeing' this representation - the ϵ^{λ} and the ϵ^{ϕ} where the 't' symbol shows the difference depends on time, ϵ^{ϕ} being acausal(or 'alchemical') time and ϵ^{λ} linear

time. The whole system thus may be said to be a map - s symbolic representation - of both the unconscious, and consciousness.

There are two ways of viewing this symbolic representation: the λ and the ϕ . The λ is a progressive or linear, approach; the ϕ a unified or 'wholistic' one, and understanding of the septenary requires both.

The λ is basically the evolution of consciousness: from unconsciousness, via the process of individuation*, to integration and thus Adepthood and beyond. The ϕ representation is basically a symbolizing of the acausal forces themselves: a symbolizing of the energies present when the causal and the acausal intersect. Our consciousness is only one such place of intersection. All life is regarded as possessed of some acausal energy - that is, it is a place where ϕ_s and λ_s intersect. The degree of this intersection (its 'intensity') depends on the type of life - the more evolved the life, the greater the degree of intersection.

In exoteric terms, the symbols by which we as individuals sense these two types are those dependant on the five senses: colour, incense etc. (thus the 'scales of colour', incenses etc. associated with each sphere) as well as the 'mythological' symbols where the various attributes are combined to make a numinous image which to a greater or lesser extent re-presents the energies (the 'gods/ goddesses/demons' etc.). These mythological symbols may themselves be presented in a linear way - that is, involve action, as in a specific myth or story.

In esoteric terms, the symbols are purely abstract - that is, only symbols (such as Θ or ϕ_s, Φ). This is so because these abstract forms make accessable those areas of consciousness which are mostly ϕ_s . The exoteric symbols are merely an attempt to use λ forms in an attempt to clarify and understand ϕ forces. But to understand ϕ energies on their own level it is necessary to use those areas of our consciousness which are 'nearer' ϕ_s than λ_s , and such levels or areas become used when abstract symbols are used. This is one reason why the Star Game is used so frequently - it accustomes the mind to work on these higher cerebral levels, such levels being the province

of the genuine Adept.

Thus, the Star Game is used until it becomes almost 'second nature' to think in terms of its symbols, their transformations and the movement of symbols from level to level. This develops a new way of thinking - one appropriate to an evolution of consciousness. This type of thinking is built upon the foundation of individuation - that is, from the consciousness developed when the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is successfully undertaken.

The two most important representations of acausal energy manifesting in our causal universe are those of the 'individual' (symbolized by $k_i u$) and the 'aeon' (symbolized by $k_c u$). Both are represented by the seven spheres and the pathways - and the symbols (both exoteric and esoteric)appropiate to these. Both $k_i u$ and $k_c u$ describe how ϕ energies flow into λ_s , and this flow (or 'current') is described by the following transformation:

$$\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\Theta) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\Phi)$$
$$\rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)$$

This transformation simply expresses the evolution of consciousness (for $k_i u$) or the progression of Aeons (for $k_c u$) since Φ is often regarded as the synthesis beyond thesis ($\mathfrak{Y}$) and antithesis - the Tao beyond the Yang ($\mathfrak{Y}$) and the Yin (Θ).

For $k_i u$ this transformation is the seven-fold way - the journey from Initiate via Adept to Immortal. For $k_c u$, it is the evolution of our species - from the first Aeon (often called the pre-hyperborian) to the present Aeon. The seven Aeons - according to traditional Satanism - are listed below.

From a magickal point of view, the septenary and its associated symbolism both exoteric and esoteric, enables (1) insight and understanding into both ϕ and λ , and also shows how ϕ energies may be directed to change λ_s : in (2) terms of $k_i u$ and (3) $k_c u$. The Star Game may be used to bring about such changes according to the desire of the magickian (see Chapter IV).

(1) is essentially internal magick; (2) is external

magick and (3) is aeonic magick.

	Aeon	Symbol	Magickal Working	Dates
	Pre-Hyperborian	Horned Beast	Shamanism	7,000 - c.5,000 BC
	Hyperborian	Sun	Henges	5,000 - 3,500 BC
	Sumerian	Dragon	Trance; Sacrifice	3,000 - 1,500 BC
	Hellenic	Eagle	Oracle; Dance	1,000 BC - 500 AD
	Western		Ritual	1,000 AD - 2500
	Galactic		Star Game & beyond	
	Cosmic			

Regarding Aeons, two important facts should be borne in mind. First, the last five hundred years or so of an Aeon show a marked decline in the magickal energy associated with it, and it is during this time that the energies of the next Aeon gradually become evident (at first usually only to Adepts). These energies may be increased (or decreased) by aeonic magick worked by those who understand the forces involved. Second, each Aeon is associated with what is called a 'higher civilization' from which the Aeon usually takes its name. Within the physical confines of this higher civilization is the (usually sacred) place where the magickal energies of the Aeon are pronounced - and this because such a place is usually a physical Gate where the causal and the acausal meet. For instance, the centre associated with the Hyperborian Aeon was Stonehenge; that of the Hellenic, Delphi.

Aeons, according to the genuine sinister tradition, represent real - as opposed to mythical - magickal

energies. Hence the absence, in the list above, of the fanciful pre-histories normally associated with so-called 'esoteric' histories. Aeons, quite simply, represent significant upward and evolutionary trends in our consciousness Thus, for example (and according to tradition) the Hyperborian Aeon corresponds to the invention of the wheel, the discovery of the basics of astronomy and the beginnings of what we know as 'internal magick'.

		Salt ⊖	Mercury ☿	Sulphur ♁
Moon	1°	18	15	13
	2°	0	8	16
	3°	6	14	17
Sphere	4°	7	12	5
	5°	1	4	9
	6°	11	3	2
Saturn	7°	10	19	20
		Unconscious	Ego	Self

Tarot Images: The Three Levels of the Spheres

Mage	High Priestess	Warrior	Maiden
Sylphs	Gnomes	Salamanders	Undines
Capricorn	Cancer	Libra	Aries
West	South	East	North
Wands	Pentacles	Swords	Chalices
Air	Earth	Fire	Water

The Four Elemental Forms of the Tarot

Mage (Master of Temple)	High Priestess (Mistress of Earth)	Warrior	Maiden
Barefoot	Throne on Earth	Horse	Near water
Staff	Fruit	Sword	Crescent Moon
Bearded man	Beautiful woman	Young man	Young Woman
Cloak	Robe	Naked	Naked
Wolf	Leopard	Eagle	Owl
Blue	Green	Red	Silver
Mountains	Glade	Desert	Altar

Symbols of the Four Tarot Suits

(Thus the Mage is represented as barefooted, carrying/holding a Staff. He is a bearded man, wearing a cloak; near him is a wolf. He stands among mountains. The predominant colour is blue.)

	Stone	Perfume	Star	Colour	
☽	Quartz	Petriochor	Sirius	Blue	Silver
☿	Opal	Sulphur	Arcturus	Yellow	Black
♀	Emerald	Sandalwood	Mira	Green	White
☉	Amethyst	Oak	Antares	Orange	Gold
♂	Ruby	Musk	Rigel	Red	Blue
♃	Amber	Civit	Deneb	Violet	Crimson
♄	Diamond	Henbane	Naos	Indigo	Purple

The Alchemical Process

Stage	Process	Word	Sigil	Season	Form
☽	Calcination	Nox		Aries	Night
♆	Seperation	Satan		Scorpio	Indulgence
♀	Coagulation	Hriliu			Ecstasy
☉	Putrefaction	Lux			Vision
♂	Sublimation	Azif		Libra	Blood
♃	Fermentation	Azoth		Capricorn	Azoth
☿	Exaltation	Chaos			Thought

Note: The septenary system gives the following further identifications which help to explicate the alchemical process.

Libra	Capricorn	Aries
Sword	Wands	Chalice
Warrior (Knight*)	Mage (King*)	Maiden (Princess*)

(*These titles refer to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.)

Stars, Precious Stones and Minerals

Stars

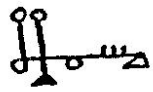
Name	Constellation	Distance	Type
Naos	ζ Pup	1100 l.y.	O5
Deneb	α Cygni	930	A2
Rigel	β Orionis	1300	
Antares	α Scorpii	365	M1
Mira	ο Ceti	820	
Arcturus	α Bootis	35	K2
Sirius	α Canis Majoris	9	A1
Algol	β Perseus	105	B8
Rotanev	β Delphini	96	F3
Dabih	β Capricorni	250	G5

Precious Stones & Minerals:

Name	Hardness	Rating
Pleonast	8	9
Spinel	8	8
Uvarovite	8	7
Andradite	7	6
Almandine	7	5
Magnetite	5	5+
Helvite	6	4
Flourite	4	3
Tetrahedrite	3	2
Demantoid	7	1

Quartz-type:

Rock crystal	7	9
Morion	7	8+
Eisenkiesel	7	7
Amethyst	7	7 - 8
Aventurine	6	6 (Note: special effects)

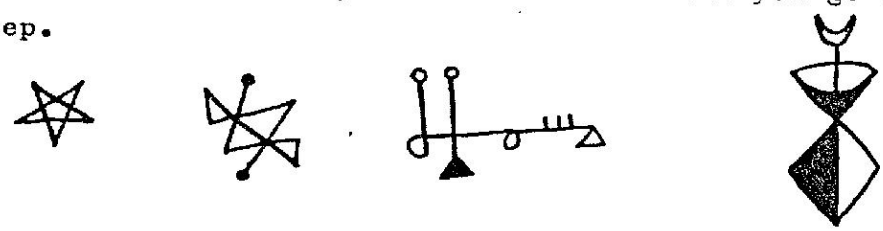


Appendix II - Visualization Techniques

Successful hermetic magick depends to a large extent on the abilities of visualization and vibration, and before any workings are undertaken practice in both should be undertaken.

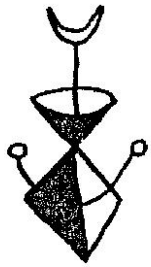
Two techniques to develope your powers of visualization (and thus concentration) are recommended. The first involves spending about a quarter of an hour a day for about a week visualizing in detail the four sigils drawn below. Spend about three minutes visualizing each sigil, by drawing the sigil first and then closing the eyes to see it in the mind. When you can with ease visualize the sigils without first drawing them, try to construct each one 'in the mind' - close your eyes and imagine drawing the sigils, again in turn. With the three 'two-dimensional' sigils you should draw and visualize them in one continuous movement.

After you have completed this, try and add colours to your visualization of the three-dimensional sigil: for example, visualizing the crescent moon as yellow, one side of the tetrahedron as red, another as blue and so on. Continue with this until you are satisfied you can conjure colours and sigils in your mind and hold them for several minutes. If it helps, try and construct a sigil in your mind just before the moment you go to sleep.



The second technique involves the Star Game. Construct a Star Game according to the details of chapter IX and begin to play the game either by yourself/or with an opponent. Simply playing this game - and trying to work out your moves in advance - develops visualization and concentration to an amazing degree. No other techniques are required.

Appendix IV - A Hermetic Ritual of Self-Initiation



Required:

Civit perfume/oil*
Black candles
Square of parchment or woven paper
Silver pin
Quill-type pen
Petriochor incense

Time of Ritual:

Sunset at Full Moon

The Ritual:

Incense the room/Temple area or chosen locality with the incense and light the candles. Take a bath, perfuming the water with the oil - if outdoors, bathe in a lake/stream and use the oil after this. Return to the Temple area.

Visualize for several minutes the following sigil:

then vibrate three times 'Noctulius'. Chant or vibrate after this the following:'Suscipe, Atazoth, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Noctulius.'

Lightly prick your left thumb with the pin and with the pen, using the blood, inscribe the following sigil on the parchment:

Show this parchment first to the West, then South, East and North saying 'With this sign I seal my quest!' Then burn part of the parchment in one of the candle flames, laying the partially burnt parchment between the candles.

Raise your arms above you and visualize the moon (if outdoors and the sky is clear and the moon visible, look directly at the moon) and imagine energy flowing from the moon and into you. Draw the energy into yourself, then imagine it flowing gently away, drawn into Earth by your feet.

After the visualization, extinguish the candles with your thumb and finger and leave the Temple area. As soon as possible thereafter, take the parchment as cast it into a fast flowing river or stream. The ritual is then complete.

Note: If possible, arrange the ritual outdoors in the vicinity of a stream/river on a night when the full moon is visible.

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* If necessary these can be obtained from The Sorcerer's Appentice, 4 - 6 Burley Lodge Rd., Leeds LS6 1QP, England. Ideally, you should make most of them yourself.

Part Three

Esoteric MSS

Your aim during a working should be to almost lose control of yourself with an emotion appropriate to the type of working (although this does not apply, for example, to internal magick and most techniques of hermetic healing). Let movement of your body draw some of this energy from you - and do not be afraid during a working to laugh, cry, scream or shout.

A working should leave you feeling both physically and emotionally exhausted - if it does not, then you have not put enough effort into it.

Prepare your working well in advance - gathering the equipment, finding a suitable location, preparing the area you have chosen. Anticipate both the pleasure of the working and the magickal power which you as a magickian will bring forth and control. Try to be in an expectant and nervous frame of mind by the day of the ritual as this will increase the power of the working. Do not, however, worry about the success of it - you must believe that you are going to succeed, that you will, through magick, control your own life. Feel the powerful Destiny of the magickian - it is very helpful in the days before a working, if you consciously attempt to act the role of sorcerer/sorceress. Surround yourself with items of magickal interest, burn incense in your place of dwelling, wear a piece of jewellry which you feel is magickal, dress in a different way (for example, all in black). Cut a short wand from a hazel tree and inscribe/carve it with magickal symbols - choose for yourself a special magickal name and carve this name upon the wood.

If you prepare in such a way you will begin the working ready to unleash the primeval power within you.

The Wheel of Life

The wheel shows in diagrammatic form the relation between the seasons, the Zodiacal constellations, the four fundamental elements and so on. It is an esoteric part of the septenary system.

Two important aspects of this representation should be noted. First, the constellations are not distributed in equal 'segments', and, second, the time-path (i.e. the progression from one constellation to another in the zodiacal sequence)is helical rather than circular. Both of these represent what actually occurs.

Aries, Libra and Cancer and Capricorn, are allotted more space in comparison with the other zodiacal constellations because these are periods when certain Occult forces on the Earth are stronger. They represent 'tides', and the change to these 'tides' are marked by Equinox and Solstice. Thus, the propitious times for magickal work are the 'seasons' whose beginning is marked by Equinox and Solstice.

Further, the wheel represents the time-path which occurs in 'Nature' - this change being, not circular, but rather helical: a clockwise, corkscrew type motion. The pattern is three-dimensional, but is represented for convenience by the two-dimensional wheel. There is thus an evolution, rather than a constantly repeated circular pattern: the helical path does not return to the starting point, but rather a new cycle is begun where the path ends.

These two aspects, and the correspondences associated with them in the diagram, form part of the genuine Western tradition. It is unfortunate that most seekers follow the distorted tradition which the Golden Dawn revived and promulgated. For instance, most 'Occult' books which deal with the Zodiacal constellations derive most of their attributions/correspondences from the real and imaginery qualities of the aminals/symbols which serve to name the constellations. It should be obvious to anyone of any intelligence that the external shape the stars make to an observer is irrelevant, except for purposes of general classification. What is important from an esoteric point of view is what is occuring in the vibrations/forces

in and around the Earth at the time of year signified by the constellation.

For too long seekers after Occult knowledge have absorbed the correspondences - or what they believed were correspondences - from books or teachers purporting to represent esoteric teachings. They have, in short, never experienced the reality of the forces which are supposedly represented by the correspondences: they are strong on study, but weak (and often totally lacking) on practical magickal experience.

In the Seven-Fold Way Initiates are taught to experience the reality of these forces rather than slavishly follow 'teachings' or 'traditions'. This process is begun by the Grade Ritual of External Adept, continued by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and finally completed by the passing of the Abyss. There is thus apprehension and understanding of these forces are those forces are in themselves.

The correspondences of the septenary system represent the results of this apprehension and understanding, and is thus part of a genuine tradition. It is no coincidence that magick undertaken using the septenary system is more powerful than that based on other systems (such as the qabala).

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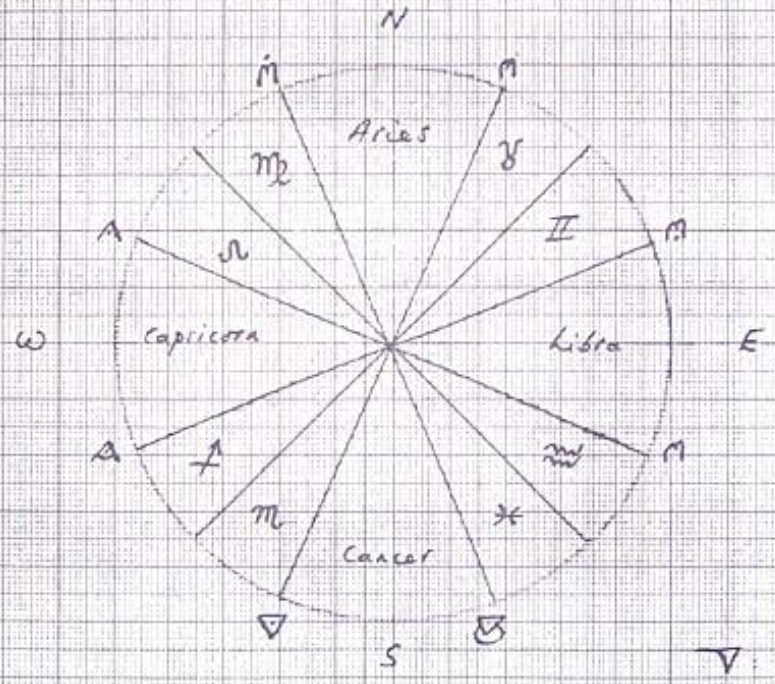
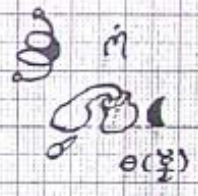
The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus
Cancer: Moon
Libra: Sun
Capricorn: Mercury

♈ : Spring Equinox
♋ : Summer Solstice
♎ : Autumn Equinox
♑ : Winter Solstice





♈ : Water of Water
♉ : Water of Fire
♊ : Fire of Water
♌ : Fire of Fire etc.

♈ : Water ▽
♌ : Fire △
♉ : Earth ▽̸
♒ : Air △̸

The helical path

▽ : Priestess : Aphrodite
△ : Priest : Apollo
▽̸ : Mistress of Earth : Hecate
△̸ : Master of the Temple : Hermes

Septenary:

In one sense, the seven represents the four plus three: the quaternity, found in 'Nature' plus the three alchemical substances: ⊖ , ☿ and ♁ .

In the medieval Alchemical texts this combination is represented by the 'squaring of the circle' and is usually drawn with a square, inside a circle, together with a triangle. In some illustrations, the corners of the triangle(s) are marked with the symbols of the alchemical substances ⊖ , ☿ and ♁ . The quaternity are the four 'forms of matter': Air, Earth, Fire and Water, associated with the Tarot Suites (see the septenary tables) and a Zodiacal constellation (e.g. for Air, Capricorn). This latter is also a 'season' showing the appropriate time for the alchemical operation associated with stage: thus the process would begin with the beginning of Aries, the stage of Calcination, continue until Scorpio (Seperation) then this stage of Seperation would end on the Winter Solstice which marks the beginning of Coagulation which itself lasts until the Summer Solstice, and so on. (This form of the septenary - as an alchemical combination - makes possible a greater understanding of some of the more important Alchemical manuscripts.)

Gate/Star-Gate:

Term(s) used to signify a nexus between the acausal and the causal. There are basically two types of 'gate' or nexion (note: 'Gate' is usually the word used in exoteric literature; nexion in esoteric works, this latter being both more appropriate and precise) - the first is that which exists, latent, within us as individuals by virtue of our psyche; the second is a physical one, where the acausal is joined to the causal and where 'energy' may flow from one universe to another. In addition, there are certain 'psuedo-nexions': regions where the two universes come close to contact but which are not actually nexions. These may be 'opened' by natural cosmic change (for instance a change/imbalance in energies) or via 'ritual' - i.e. by individuals seeking a point of 'weakness' and then using various energies to 'break through'.

The physical nexions are usually called 'Star-Gates' (exoterically) or Star-nexion (esoterically: although quite often they are refered to just as nexions, the context making their type obvious). Some of these 'Star-Gates' are said to be in the regions of Space (as seen from Earth) near the stars Algol, Dabih and Naos.*The nearest Star-Gate according to tradition is said to be near the planet Saturn. These nexions make physical travel to the acausal possible, and many more are said to exist, but be unrecorded.

The nexion within the psyche is 'opened' by Initiation and the following of the seven-fold Way. 'Astral travel' into the acausal is said to be possible beyond the Abyss: below that stage, there may be some intimations of that universe.

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*That is, if one journeyed from Earth into Space toward these stars one would eventually reach a nexion.

Acausal/Causal:

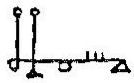
The causal is the 'physical' universe described by the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and linear time. The acausal is the universe (or universes: generally the singular is used to avoid semantic complications, although the septenary tradition accepts the near certainty that many such 'acausal' universes exist to compliment 'our' causal universe) described by an unspecified number of spatial dimensions and by non-linear (or acausal) time. These spatial dimensions are not necessarily at right angles to each other.

The causal universe (often referred to simply as the 'causal') is described by the laws of Physics. Esoterically, life is regarded as a manifestation of the acausal within the causal: this is basically 'one way' (i.e. from acausal to causal - this may be seen as a 'flow' of energy). Higher life (that is, sentient life) involves a two-way process: or, rather, the two-way process is latent within sentient life. In practical terms, this means that entities of sentient life (individuals) can change the amount/intensity of the acausal flow as well as transcend to the acausal itself. Thus the 'goal' of sentient life is to increase this flow (via discovering - dis-covering or revealing in the sense of Heidegger - the hidden nexion) and then become part of the acausal (i.e. 'immortal' when seen from the causal). Initiation, and 'the Mysteries' (i.e. the seven-fold Way) is the means to achieve this.

Our psyche is a region where the acausal and the causal may be said to 'coincide' and the "laws of the psyche" describe this region. Archetypes are causal apprehensions of acausal energy as this flows from the acausal into our causal. The 'Tree of Wyrd' is a basic description (or "map") of this region - the Abyss, the nexion itself. Below the Abyss, apprehension depends on both symbols and words (where symbols here refers to both sigils/artistic representations (etc.) and motifs/myths/archetypal forms (etc.). Beyond the Abyss, is acausal apprehension: we can approach this via abstract symbols (such as the Star Game).

An Aeon is a particular ordering of the causal on Earth which is manifest as a civilization - i.e. an increasing of the acausal, usually at a specified place/area for a specified period of (linear) time. This increase affects individuals: at first only those in proximity with the centre, and then later via diffusion others as well. This ordering is regarded as a natural process which occurs because of the nature of the acausal and causal. However, esoteric tradition maintains that this ordering has to varying extents been 'altered' by individuals: in the beginnings as a mostly unconscious process. (See other MSS particuarly 'The Dark Gods' and those relating to Aeonics.)

'Magick' is simply the presencing of acausal energy in the causal - for 'external' magick, via the intent or desire of the individual toward another causal aspect(which includes other individuals); for 'internal' magick, toward the psyche. (Note: These are generalized descriptions of somewhat complicated processes - but they describe the basics involved.)



Abyss:

One of the 'secrets' of the Abyss is contained in the following quote from an 'Alchemical text':

"The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Magister Templi/Mistress of Earth is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in lesser degree. Here is the living water, AZOTH, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing exaltation. Whosoever takes this elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars ..."

This secret is contained in several of the medieval alchemical texts: from the double pelican comes Azoth. The 'seed' must be watered by this living water - from this, given certain conditions of preparation (i.e. nurture) the seed flowers. The seed, note, is watered in Earth. From this flower, the final elixir is prepared.

Alchemical Texts:

Those which have become public over the centuries fall into three groups. To the first belongs those who basic symbolism (of the alchemical stages, processes and so on) is basically seven-fold; the second group contains those based upon other symbolism (sometimes twelve, sometimes ten, fourteen); while the third group contains no 'numerical' system for classification or a mixture of several. (For earlier allusions to the septenary see the works of Robert Fludd.)

It should be obvious that those deserving serious study belong to the first group.

Tarot:

The symbolism of the cards are representations of archetypal forms - thus the seven basic archetypes (qv. the seven spheres and their corresspondences) are represented in their three-fold forms: ⊖ , ☿ and ♎ : these form the 'Major Arcana' and describe, on one level, the pathways. These are basically the 'images/roles' which both unconsciously and consciously affect the individual psyche - from both within, and without. Quite often, these images/roles are projected, unconsciously, onto other individuals - that is, others are 'classified' according to those types. (This is particuarly true of the 'opposite sex' where sexual energies are involved: for example, a man may see a woman who attracts him (his 'anima')in the 'role' of High Priestess, or Mistress of Earth or The Star.) The cards are means to explore these aspects of each individual - enabling (via the workings with the spheres and pathways - when done solo and with the companion) a 'withdrawing of the projections' and consequently an understanding of the essence: i.e. an appreciation of the fundamental energies as those energies are, without the distortion of the 'ego'. In the symbolic sense, this is the beginning of Adepthood (or the Jungian 'individuation').

The four 'Suites' are basically representations of the 'self-image' (symbolically, the stage beyond the 'ego': represented by the Major Arcana). In terms of developing consciousness - i.e. the seven-fold way - the 'Court cards' of the Suites represent the roles often assumed by the Adept (or in another sense, the energy which 'possess' the individual who has reached that stage).

The forces/energies appropriate to individual wyrd would be another description. In terms of the septenary, the Major Arcana relate to the spheres of the Moon and Mercury (the Unconscious, and the Unconscious becoming conscious - as well as the Unconscious possessing the individual: these are the spheres of the 'ego'): the Court cards to the next four stages from Venus to Jupiter (i.e. they re-present the energies symbolized by those spheres). For the individual undergoing magickal training, these energies are manifest after the rite of External Adept: their experience, and conscious understanding, marks the progress from Novice to full Adept (i.e. Internal Adept). Put simply, this means that although the External Adept may (and indeed should)have consciously understood the images/roles of the 'Major Arcana' (i.e. be on the way to 'self-hood') through withdrawal of projections (etc.) he/she is still affected by the energies represented by the 'roles/images' of the Court cards (again, this influence is still partly unconscious - although many External Adepts do not realize this). The integration of these aspects leads to Adeptship proper.

Esoterically, each card ('image/role/archetype) will vary from individual to individual although there will always be the same outward form. Thus, some details may not be the same. What is important is that a static image (as for example in a 'published' version of the Tarot cards drawn by one artists) portrays the essence - the 'numinous' or 'mystical' essence - this being manifest in certain symbolism (for which see the Order descriptions of the cards). Such static representations can never be perfect - since the images possess life, and life is in a state of flux. What such static representations can do (depending on both the artistic skill of the artist and their 'intuition' and magickal understanding) is approach or try and approach the 'perfect' depiction. Depending on this, static versions (as in Tarot packs) may or may not 'work' as instruments to open the inner pathways. In essence: a static image should convey the necessary symbolism in an inspiring way.

Star Game:

On the individual level, the septenary Star Game represents in abstract symbols, the archetypal forms of the spheres and the pathways - in both their causal and acausal aspects. This enables apprehension of the appropriate energies as those energies are: i.e. in their 'chaotic' essence (unbound by the illusion of 'opposites' - opposites implicit in all language and 'words'/names). This apprehension is one of the fundamental aims of the Internal Adept.

(Note: The 'advanced form' of the Game with its null squares is a more complete representation - i.e. an accurate one. However, understanding of this form is usually only possible after mastery of the septenary version (such mastery being in itself quite difficult). In all probability, in the future Adepts will be able to master the advanced form without first attempting the septenary form.)

In general, what the Tarot is to an Initiate and External Adept, the Star Game is to the Internal Adept.

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Notes on Some Terms Used

Archetypes:

This terminology derives from the works of Jung, although it is used, esoterically, in a specific way. Esoterically, an archetype is regarded as an apprehension, by an individual, of acausal energies. This apprehension may be conscious, or it may be unconscious - that is, it is presented to the consciousness of the individual by psychic processes such as dreams, inspirational works of Art or the process of living (as when, for instance, an individual 'sees' a real person in an archetypal way: believes them to be such an archtypal figure).

The fundamental archetypes, perceived by the individual on an individual level, are depicted in the Tarot: as the 'Major Arcana' and the Court cards of the Suites. These are depictions of archetypal forms.

Essentially, each individual possess within themselves (in their 'psyche')all the archetypal forms: both 'male' (or solar) and 'female' (or lunar). Most of these are 'hidden' from consciousness and most remain dormant. Magickal training awakens these forms, brings them into consciousness and then strips them of their 'forms': leaving 'pure' archetypal (or 'acausal') energy. This 'energy' becomes the Adept. (Note: this 'energy' - still causally presenced as the individual (in terms of 'self') - is Earthed and conducted away in the passing of the Abyss: it is made Null/Void, returning the individual to 'primal Chaos'.)

As used by Adepts of the seven-fold way, 'archetype' is a development of Jung's terminology, and replaces the term "image" which had been in use before.

Psyche:

As used esoterically, this refers to the latent or 'hidden' aspects of an individual's consciousness. An important part of the psyche is the 'unconscious' - that area of the psyche of which the individual is unaware (in the sense of not being able to explain/understand it in its essence) and where the archetypes may be said to 'reside'.

By 'latent' is meant: capable of development. The psyche thus contains the potential of the 'Self'. Thus the psyche may be seen as both 'above' and 'below' what a particular individual is at a certain moment of time: there is usually something 'unconscious' as there is usually the potential of future development (toward greater consciousness). This is simply another way of saying that archetypal images, the ego, the self, and the 'Immortal' (this latter as the last stage of the seven-fold way) are all part of the psyche.

Ego; Self:

The 'ego' is that aspect of the psyche of an individual which relates to the 'I' - that is, the perception is limited to the immediate concerns/needs of the individual. An individual possessed by the 'ego' is an individual sway to mostly unconscious desires/needs - that is, in thrall to archetypes and their manifestation. (Esoterically, an important aspect of this is when an individual is 'possessed' by the symbolism of the unconscious and sees aspects of external life as 'portents' of this unconscious (which may be projected as 'God'/gods/demons: i.e. as deriving from these forms). This manifests itself, for instance, in the individual immersed in dream symbolism (and the 'interpretations'), in 'messages from the unconscious' (and their 'interpretation') - be these from 'God/gods/demons etc. - and in those 'causal' systems (like the Tarot, I Ching etc. etc.) which they

believe can 'explain' their life. In contradistinction, the esoteric Novice treats all forms of such symbolism with a certain distain - a mere means: not an end in itself.)

In the development of an individual as an individual devlopes naturally (i.e. without the aid of esoteric Arts) the 'ego' stage lasts from youth to middle-age: there is a need to establish an outward 'role' (in society/clan etc.), to find a 'mate' and propagate and to care for the physical/material needs/pleasures.

The 'self' is the 'stage' beyond this - when there is an apprehension (often only intuitive outside of magick) of (a) the wyrd of the individual and (b) the seperate existence of other individuals as those individuals are in themselves. Put simply, (b) involves a degree of 'empathy'. In the natural state, the self may evolve in 'middle age' or before - and often arises as a consequence of formative experiences (e.g. experience of war; personal loss; tragedy). In the natural state (because the unconscious has not been properly experienced and integrated) there is almost always a conflict with the 'ego' desires/pressures so that the insight, given by the self, is sometimes lost by the individual who returns to an 'ego' existence. The 'wisdom' of 'old age' is the gradual resolution of this conflict in favour of the self.

In the past, the striving of an individual psyche for self-hood was often represented by myths and legends.

Another term for 'self-hood' (the living of the role of the self - where the perception of 'Time' differs from that of the 'ego') is 'individuation' (qv. the works of Jung). Esoterically, self-hood/individuation is Adeptship - <u>but Adeptship implies much more than 'individuation'</u>. It implies a conscious, rational understanding of one's self and that of others as well as skill/mastery of esoteric Arts and techniques. It also implies a 'cosmic'/Aeonic perspective to the wyrd of the self. Individuation may be seen as a natural stage, achieved by the natural process of living (for some, at least) whereas Adeptship is a goal attained by following an esoteric Way: that is, which results from Initiation into the mysteries. As such, Adeptship contains individuation, but is greater than it. Also, individuation is itself only a stage: there are stages beyond even this: it is not the end of personal development (as some 'Jungians' maintain). Beyond, lies the ordeal of the Abyss and the birth of the Master/Mistress - beyond them lies Immortality.

Expressed simply, the 'ego' has no perception of acausal 'time' - but is unconsciously affected by acausal energies; the 'self' has some perception of acausal 'time' and is less affected by acausal energies. The Adept has learnt to control the <u>personal</u> acausal energies of the psyche (external/internal magick) - there still remains, however, 'Aeonic' energies which affect even the self. Control/mastery of these takes the individual beyond the Abyss.

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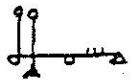

Attributions of the Runes

animals

strength

Loki/night

Odin

movement

fire

gift

laughter/mead

thunder

Wyrd

Ice

year/'time'

sorcery

moon

defence/life

sun

Thor

Earth (as goddess)

war/strife

family/kin

water

the folk

the folk-land

day

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel	
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew	
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar	
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak	
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder	
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech	
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash	

2) Reflexive colours:

C	bright red
G	Orange
D	Yellow
A	Green (viridian)
E	Blue
F	dark red
B	Indigo
F sharp	Violet
C sharp	Purple
A flat	Black
E flat	Xanthin
B flat	Tyrian purple

Symbols and Being

The following Order MS is fairly technical and is intended as an instructional text for aspirant Internal Adepts. It explains in great detail the philosophy that underlies the perception appropriate to an Internal Adept and in this sense is exceptionally valuable.

Just as no one can attain the Grade of Magister Templi/ Mistress of Earth without producing a significant contribution to human knowledge (or in the case of the artistic, an exceptional work of Art) so no one can attain the Grade of Internal Adept without a thorough understanding of the Star Game and its symbolic principles. The Order MS 'Symbols and Being' should help in this quest for understanding.

Symbols and Being

Abstract:

Using Heidegger's interpretation of Being and Seienden as a starting point, the being of man is shown to be derived from Being' change and a new interpretation of man's being is achieved - that of the acausal. This concept of the acausal, and that of change, are explained in terms of both Heidegger's philosophy and that of the Pre-Socratics. Using the acausal, thought, language and man's individuality are explained. The paper continues with an analysis of the foundations of mathematics, since mathematical thought, re-interpreted in the light of the acausal, is shown to be of fundamental importance for an understanding of man's being. The paper concludes with a brief examination of Art and modern physics.

1) Introduction -The Acausal:

Since Being is an issue for man (1), man interprets causally because everyday Dasein, the Dasein which takes time (2), can be characterized as causal, or that interpretation of Being as beings which is the 'there-is'. However, man interprets other than causally: this other interpretation, which is prior to the causal by reason of its existence, may be termed 'acausal' (a-causal: with-out the causal) - and this acausal is what Homer, in the "Iliad", speaks of when he says Calchas is the most wise seer because he understands all that is, was and will be. Heidegger understands this as revealment and concealment (3) or, elsewhere (4) as un-hiddenness, and the 'primordial time' of his "Sein und Zeit" is akin to this acausal or potentiality of man's being, so that what he terms 'building' and 'dwelling' are implicit within it. In a sense to be established later (Section (3) below) it is physis, φύσις, an unfolding.

Further, acausal may be suggested as an interpretation of Anaximander's ἀδικία - it is through τὸ χρεών that δίκη becomes, much later, λόγος. Understood thus, δίκη suggests causal. However, these correlations are, at best, hints concerning the nature of the causal and the acausal - their true description, and thus that of Being and Being as beings, can only be, as will be shown later, symbolic, through mathematics.

Yet, by distinguishing in this manner between the causal and the acausal at the outset of the inquiry into Being, it is possible to arrive at a clearer understanding of Being, since this duality, expressive of the nature of Seienden and

disclosed in man, enables a hermeneutic to be established which is at once more accessable and clearer than the methodology of phenomenology or the hermeneutic of thought achieved by the 'later' Heidegger. It will be shown that this new hermeneutic is mathematical because of the nature of the acausal.

The fundamental characterization of the causal is consciousness, that of the acausal, the unconscious*. This conscious horizon may be expressed, in terms of the history of Being, by thought and feeling, the unconscious by sensation and intuition, where these terms are to be understood, for the moment, psychologically (6) - ontologically, they are derived below (section (3)).

The beginning of the unconcealment of Being is, however, not something that can be said, as Heidegger maintains (7), but rather something that can be experienced, numinously: ἐνέργεια , activity as the early Greeks understood it (8). This experiencing is the symbol from which word derives. For man, thought is part of this unconcealment - intuition the other, since Being possesses as potentiality in the change that is man not only thought but also symbol, and this symbolic perception of Being, this experiencing of Being as the One, as that which presences or transforms, is explicit for Western philosophy in the Pre-Socratics. As Tao, this perception is today becoming understood again, and with Heidegger the task of its understanding is begun.

As discourse may be said to be a fundamental expression of man's being in the world (9), so may symbolism be said to be a fundamental expression of man's being or essence. As the potentiality of thought may be expressed as discourse, so may the potentiality of the symbol be described as sensation, and the symbol is both prior to thought and beyond it. As it is projected externally by the process that is Being's change, it is abstracted and loses part of the numinosity that is characteristic of it as an essence: when it is wholly external to man's being, as appearence or an existent, it has become a sign. Change, which unfolds Being as man, is, for Heraclitus (10) conflict or discord, πόλεμος. An essence, as that from which something emerges (ἀρχή ,(11)) is an archetype (12), when seen ontically.

This gradual withdrawal of experiencing is the beginning of language and thought, and the intentionality of consciousness that

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* See section (3) below.

Husserl described results from this withdrawal. As experiencing declines, projection increases. Individuality is itself a consequence of Being's change, and this change is already present in Being as the process that is abstraction is present as a possibility within man's being - the realization of this possibility, through change, is itself the history of Being.

Since the symbol, as symbol and sign, is prior to thought and, authentically, beyond it, it alone can explicate man's being. This explication takes the form of the mathematical where by the mathematical is meant the primordial logos (λόγος) that exists by virtue of man's subjective participation in the world, and it is from this λόγος that logic, as reasoning, develops through the change of Being. A symbol is beyond thought because authentic existence, the returning and reclaiming of ἐνέργεια through questioning, is a return to the unity of causal and acausal, a unity existing as ἀρχή .

2) <u>The Fundamental Symbols - Being and Change</u>:

The most fundamental symbol is Being; from Being there is change. The abstraction of change (as a consequence of man's being) is the idea of extension which leads to the concept of transformation or potentiality*. Potentiality itself is implicit within Being, and through man's existence this potentiality becomes the striving toward authenticity.

Mathematics, as will become clear, being a learning of things as they are (mathesis, μάθησις) is the abstraction of the essence through the process of intuition and thought. Thought abstracts Being's change and this abstraction takes the form of ideas and concepts, ἰδέα as Plato understands it (13). Historically, there is a symbol, often 'a priori' as Being itself can be understood, through abstraction, as an 'a priori' symbol, then thought forms this symbol into an idea through the seperation of φύσις and the limiting of ἄπειρον , the limit-less(14). Intuition is the perception of the symbol as symbol in its numinous essence, a letting-be that participates in the unfolding of Being, and this perception is both a participation and an indentification, where identification is the transforming of an idea, by thought, into its original essence (cf. the phenomenological method), and accordingly, mathematics, which is both this intuition and thought as process because of man's being, embodies an authentic hermeneutic, representing (re-presencing) the causal and the acausal.

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* This is explained in more detail in section (3) below.

An idea is not an essence - the symbol is essence which thought abstracts or covers up, and each idea has its foundation in a symbol. Mathematics, as understood today, is the result of thought, an axiomatic project according to Heidegger (15); that is, mathematics has become divorced from its intuitive foundation in the symbol and a return to that foundation enables mathematics to describe man's being more authentically than either phenomenology conceived as a methodology or logos understood as a re-collection by Heidegger (16). Through mathematics, re-founded, it is possible to achieve not only the uncovering of an idea to reveal its essence, but also authentic existence: Heidegger's questioning of Being begins the task of authenticity, it does not achieve it. This authenticity is possible through the use of an ontologically guaranteed mathematical symbolism instead of language as a means of uncovering Being.

The idea of the essence that is the symbol change is extension: the idea of the essence that is Being is unity, and the idea of change leads, through abstraction, to the concept of transformation, ἀλλοίωσις , or duration. This duration, by identification with man's terminality, embodies time, and accordingly time is understood as implicit in man's being, projected onto the world as an idea. Abstractly, this duration is the continuum and the concept of number: thought's perception of change as it issues in man through apprehension of individuality. Only change exists for Being, not time or number. Further, the concpet of 'set' derives from that of continuum and number, since intuitively a set is a totality or aggregate.

3) <u>Individuality and Authentic Existence</u>:

Man exists because Being, presencing, is transmuted (17) - that is, because of change. Man, as change of Being, is a transforming, an evolution; historically or causally, this process is the history of Being, conceived by Hegel as a dialectic. Yet this history has as its goal the very Being from which it is derived - the returning of man to the unity of Being. To return necessitates disclosure, the revealing of Being through authenticity. Authentic existence, being the drawing toward unity of the causal and acausal interpretations (what Jung (18) has described as individuation) is a home-coming (to use a term of Heidegger's), a re-living of symbols and a re-participation that involves the withdrawal of projections from the idea to the essence.

Yet it is only a transition, a stillness and a non-transforming, such stillness revealing itself through mathematics, as logos. As such, it reveals ἀρχή as τὸ ἄπειρον .

Man as a disclosure of Being, is primordially a participation in Being: for this disclosure of Being there is no logos in Plato's sense, only an identification. There is possession by symbols and their possibilities (the 'unconscious') and not yet possession of them as occurs when logos transforms through ἰδέα into 'reason'. Before this transformation there is no individuality because individuality (as a condition of Being) is the process of abstraction that transforms φύσις into λόγος as reason. Collectivity is primordial: through Being's change, grounded as man's dichotomy because of such unfolding, this becomes individuality, the consciousness of identity, because participation is no longer predominant - identity, as idea, has replaced it. In speaking about individuality one is already speaking about the change of λόγος - from participation to the Word. φύσις through πόλεμος has become νοῦς (mind), and there is διαλεκτική (19). This change is already foreshadowed in Heraclitus, as the genesis of the Aristotlean opposites (20). With Anaximander, this transforming is not yet evident: participation in the One, although subject to change, returns -ἀρχή is still the limit-less, τὸ ἄπειρον . There is no seperation, no opposition between Being and existents. For Anaximander, therefore, there is no geographer, or meteorologist, or historian - only knowledge (participation) of all as it is. And it is because of change that abstraction must be returned, through mathematics, to this participation: change has caused the seperation and change will re-presence the seperated. Such a return is authentic existence.

This participation to the Word takes the form of the change of Being through intuition, sensation, feeling and finally thought, all of which are conditions of man's being in the world, or how Being first shows itself through its unfolding. Intuition is unconscious (acausal) perception, sensation the conscious perception which arises when participation becomes transformed to identity. Feeling already implies idea - as value, judgment and finally 'truth': φύσις has become λόγος , the Word.

Ontically, language may be said to consist of words or signs in the form of propositions, where a proposition may be defined as the substance of what is asserted by means of a combination of

such words or signs, either true or false. The words or signs, as abstractions resulting from symbols, are placed in combination by thought either through identification or participation. For the latter, they are primordial, and this primordiality takes the form of poetry which is 'true' insofar as it is experienced and re-presents the symbols of Being from which it is derived, through words, thus revealing Being. Abstractly, through identification, such combinations are propositions, true or false because of logos as Word, through feeling. The subjective feeling is transformed into objective truth (or falsity) by identification, through idea to the essence: what is as appearence, and how what is abstracted is denoted by such appearence. That is, truth itself implies, through denoting.

4) Art and Mathematics:

i) Art

As Being unfolds through participation to discourse, existents, as appearence, predominate and the sense of Being that is characteristic of the numinous is lost or covered up. From being a questioning, man has himself become a subject of thought. This abstraction takes the form of technics (qv. techne, τέχνη), the construction, through a wresting away from Being, of tools and things as existents deriving from them, not immediately possessed of participation, that is, capable of manual production from naturally occuring substances and materials, and with technics potentiality, as an uncovering, is itself lost in place of abstraction. There is organization beyond the authentic participation that characterized the first unfolding of Being. In language, also, the process of technics occurs, logos as appearance, and the captivation of beings (21) synonymous with the organization of the 'they' (22) through the goal of inauthenticity. The works of art which still possess the numinosum do so in spite of this organization or deinotation (23), as a drawing down of Being. Such works are arche-typal, participating in the symbols of Being by unfolding Being through those symbols of transformation.

Through these works (but not only them) authentic existence becomes a possibility since, as a looking forward to and a looking back, they realize partially the unity of causal and acausal, participation and abstraction, that is authenticity for man transformed through technics. This authenticity is not just a returning (as Heidegger believes) but also a rising up because it is built on and

dwells in Being as an unfolding. Hence the necessity of understanding the history of Being as a record of this unfolding and concealment, through mathematics.

Aesthetically, a work of art is 'true' if it symbolically preserves Being as an unfolding and looks forward to authenticity: if it re-presents Being and anticipates it. As a representation of Being, mathematics is the true work of art which reveals Being and beings as Being, to man.

ii) Mathematics:

Modern science, starting with Galileo, takes the process of abstraction further, into things themselves. Heidegger (24) claims mathematics makes this modern science possible, and, in a sense, this is a true, if limited, appreciation of mathematics. The learning that is 'mathesis' is not merely a causal learning, an analysis of things as they appear, but, equally, the things as they are, as intuition understands or knows. Intuition, however, understands them as symbols of Being, and this kind of knowing is already implied in the Greek concept of mathematics. For Aristotle, the potential for motion in a body lay in that body itself - it was already present, as a kind of knowing, and mathematics meant learning that knowing as well as describing the motion in relation to others, as a transforming. With Galileo and Newton, this intuition or knowledge of the unity, had receded, leaving abstraction predominant. Yet this intuition never actually disappeared as the 'a priori' it gave substance to scientific laws and provided the basis for much mathematical development.*

Modern physics particuarly has tried to dispense with this mathematical knowing and as a consequence has established a body of facts that reveals only what is projected, not what is revealed by things or existents as they are. We say 'space-time is curved', for example, without fully understanding that we project curved space-time, as abstracts, onto what we have abstracted as 'space' and 'time', these abstracts supposedly existing independantly of man, as 'facts'. Yet, ultimately, these abstracts are established from symbols - and it is in the symbols, as oppossed to the projections, that knowledge resides. Should this knowing replace the 'knowledge' of 'facts' or projections, a revolution of thought will result, and what is noble in man will be returned.

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* qv. Popper's notion of intuition and cosmology as the genesis of scientific theories (25).

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3) Heidegger: "Der Spruch des Anaximander" in "Early Greek Thinking" (Harper & Row, 1975)
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7) Heidegger: "On Time and Being" (Harper & Row, 1972) p. 7
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9) Heidegger: "Being and Time" p. 203 ff
10) Frag. 53
11) Anaximander as given by Simplicius, "Physics", 24, 13
12) Jung, C.G.: "The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious" (Vol. 9, Part I, of Collected Works: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 2nd ed., 1968) pp. 3-41
13) "Republic", X, 596
14) Anaximander. See (11). τὸ χρεών is synonymous with change.
15) "What is a Thing?" (Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1967) p. 68f
16) "Introduction to Metaphysics" p.128f
17) Heidegger: "On Time and Being" p.6
18) "The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious" chap. VI
19) Plato: "Republic" VII, 534
20) [illegible]: Frag. 76
21) Heidegger: "Introduction to Metaphysics" p. 141f
22) Heidegger: "Being and Time" p. 222f
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Time and Being

Being is apprehended through Time, and Time is an expression of the fundamental nature of change that governs the cosmos. Time is Being's extension and expresses the evolution of Being itself.

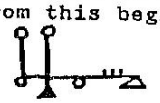
Being is the limit-less change, and may be expressed in terms of a duality. This duality is explicated by Time as the causal and the acausal which themselves can be symbolized as spaces, causal space having three spatial dimensions and one dimension of linear (or causal) time, acausal space having an at present unspecified number of spatial dimensions and three dimensions of causal time forming one acausal dimension. As an approximation, causal space may be considered as governed by laws based on four dimensions and represented by the physical universe as this term is normally understood; acausal space may be considered as a parallel universe governed by acausal laws and geometry.

Life is the coincidence of this duality, and human consciousness/ Thought the mergence of the causal and the acausal. The perception of the senses is based on causal time while acausal perception has hitherto been explicated very approximately by the numinous and such phenomena as intuition and dreams. The real beginnings of acausal perception lie in the development of a numinous, abstract symbolism.

An individual, because of consciousness, is an expression of Being becoming and such becoming implies, for the individual, an increase in consciousness implying the development of both causal and acausal perception. Such an evolution of individual consciousness is approximated by the stages of the seven-fold Way, involving as it does the development of logical and rational/ scientific understanding together with an apprehension, via abstract symbolism and numinous participation, of the acausal.

Individual consciousness, being the mergence of the causal and the acausal, achieves its aim in the balance of both and this implies the expansion of the consciousness into the realm of the acausal. Death in the individual is the ceasation of the causal aspect (that is, participation in causal space) although the acausal apsect, if developed during causal existence, continues, the nature of such existence being explicable at present only via symbolism.

Thought admits of a division into three fundamental modes expressive of the nature of the mergence of causal and acausal and in the individual one of these modes predominates, determining the life of that individual. The first mode is expressive of 'ego' existence and involves a limited perception of Time; the second mode is expressive of 'self' existence and involves a greater perception of Time - that is, an awareness of the acausal. The third mode involves a mixture of both of the former. However, these modes all form the ground from which the becoming of Being derives, and are the beginning from which increased individual perception may arise. 'Will to Power', Art, numinous experience are all pointers away from this beginning.



Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the septenary version - together with the same number and distribution of pieces - but each of the seven boards consists of 4 levels:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (which represents a sphere of the septenary) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a complete and full representation of the septenary system: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on the first level (9 squares) together with the squares on levels 2 and 4 (8 plus 4 squares) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (the 9 white squares on the first level plus the 12 squares of levels 2 and 4) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (or exits) and the acausal 'incoming' connections(or entrances) to the pathways (or tunnels). The two squares of level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important - any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favoured method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square - once it has been changed at random - can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a ⊖(⊖) piece could move up or down one level only, while a ⚹(⚹) piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

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Pieces:

There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (or 'side') as in the septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as

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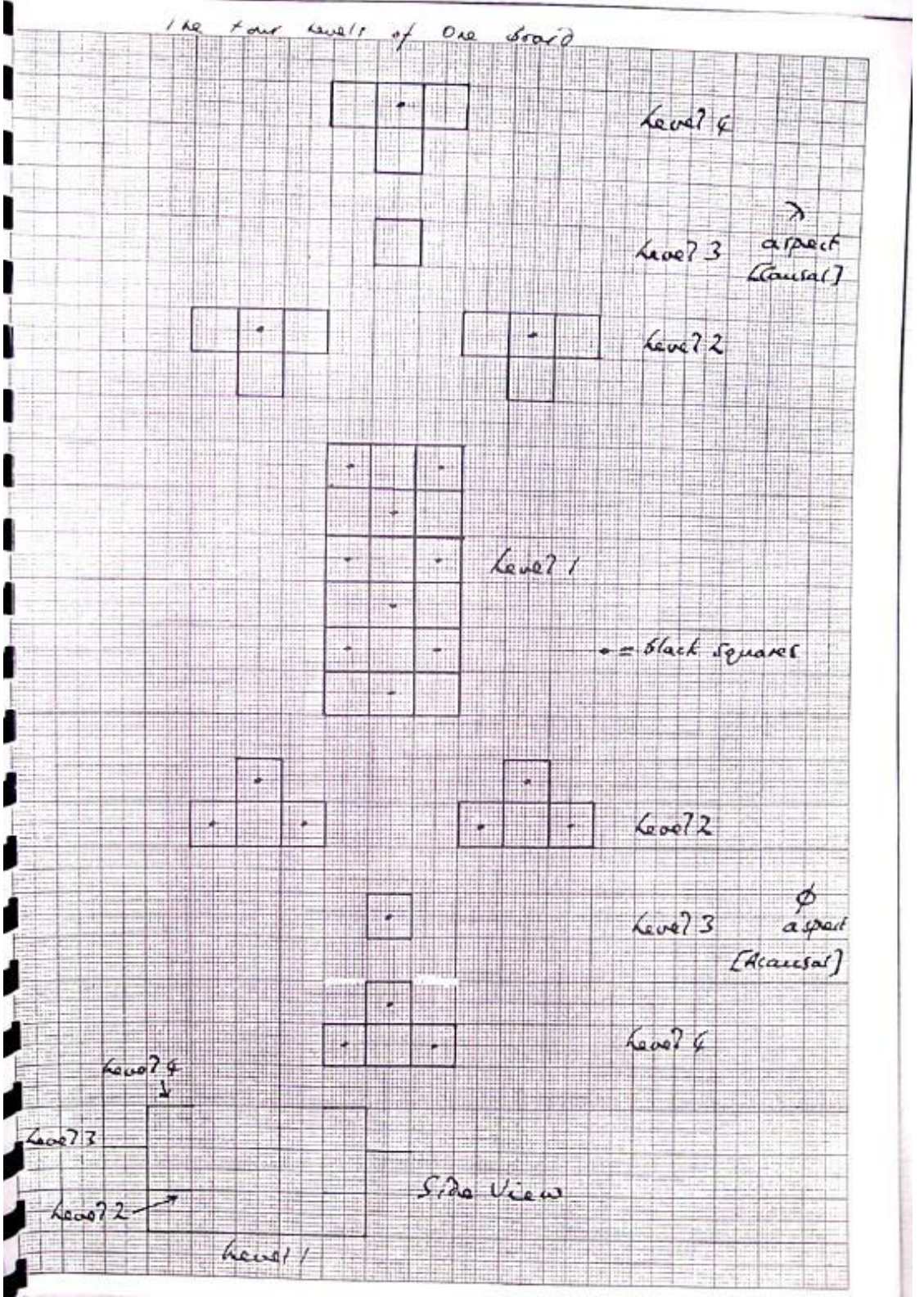
The four levels of One Board



follows:

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board. (See illustration.)

The null squares on Sirius and Arcturus are left vacant.

Moves:

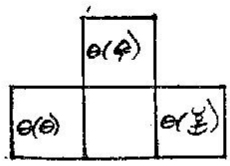
The pieces follow the same rules of movement and transformation as in the septenary game.

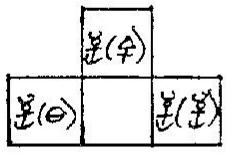
However, when a piece is on any of the levels (that is, 2,3 or 4) of any board a move up or down a level is regarded as the equivalent of a move up and down the seven boards. Thus for example, an ⊖(⊖) piece on a black square on level 2 of the Sirius board may move (provided the squares moved to are vacant at the time) across level 2 to another black square, or up to the black square of level 3 (the null square - where it will be changed at random) or down to a black square on level 1. A ⊖(⊖) piece on level 4 may move across the squares on level 4 to another black square, or it may move onto a vacant square of the same colour on Arcturus. Level 4 may therefore be regarded as a 'stepping board' to other boards.

Another example: a ⚥( ) piece on level 2 of Sirius may move to any vacant square on level 2, up to level 3, or up to level 4 (any vacant square, or down to any vacant square on level 1. These moves are possible because a ⚥( ) piece has '2 degrees' of freedom. If the ⚥( ) piece was on, say, level 2 of Arcturus, it could move down to level 4 of Sirius (but not any further). Similarly, a ⚥( ) piece of level 4 could move if it was on, say, Arcturus, to any vacant square on level 1 of Antares or any vacant square on level 2 of Antares (either side - that is, either the 'causal' or 'acausal' side).

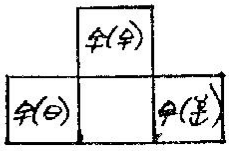
It is simply a question of looking at the levels either up or down for 'degrees of freedom'. Thus an ♀( ) piece, having unlimited degrees of freedom, could move from any level on any board to any other level on any board.

The ♀(♀) piece if on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square and any level of any board except Naos.





level 2



level 4

The Forbidden Alchemy

An Introduction to Esoteric Black Magick

Genuine alchemy takes two basic forms: first, the exploration concerning the transforming of matter; and, second, the psychological-magickal. The secret of the first form is the interaction between the alchemist and the substances undergoing transformation by chemical or other means. That is, the alchemist in a subtle ('Occult') way aids the transformations through a psychic interchange, the aim of such transformations being the creation of an Elixir of Immortality. For the alchemist following this form of alchemy, the changing of 'base metals' into gold was only a stage on the way to the ultimate goal.

The second form of alchemy is concerned with changing the alchemist - and this requires following certain specific and often complicated proceedures. The aim here is 'Adeptship': the emergence of a new individual from the ashes of the old. The ultimate goal is still 'Immortality', but a directly achieved one, rather than, as in the first form, the creation of an Elixir which is taken by the alchemist over a period of time. The exact nature of this 'Immortality' was the subject of much speculation.

Two aspects of this second type of alchemy - the 'forbidden alchemy' - have come to light over the last hundred years or so. However, these two aspects - crucial as they both are to the genuine esoteric Art - make up only a part of the forbidden system.

The first of these to receive attention was the sexual element that is involved in achieving the stated goal. The second is the 'psychological' - where the processes, methods and symbols are understood (by,e.g.,Carl Jung et al) as representing the usually unconscious striving of the individual psyche for 'wholeness' or 'individuation'.

In reality, the forbidden alchemy was a burgeoning science (or a practical way of living as some would prefer to say) which over a long period of time came to recognize that to achieve the stated goal of Immortality and/or Occult-Magickal Adeptship, it was necessary not only to symbolize certain natural energies and certain states of 'being', but also to employ at certain stages a practical sexual element.

These ideas - developed in the Middle Ages and handed down in some of the now famous alchemical texts - were themselves a continuation of earlier ones: particuarly those of some of the mystery schools of Ancient Greece. At the time the texts were written, Western Europe was under the totalitarian yoke of the Nazarene church, and part of the reason for the obscurity of the texts was because the basic ideas were heretical - the desire to obtain an Immortality independant of 'God', and the sexual nature of some of the workings. The rest of the obscurity was due to: (a) the complex nature of the ideas themselves, with a confusion of 'theologies' and (b) a deliberate desire to make the texts esoteric, where the secrets could be revealed to trusted Initiates or those already sufficicently enlightened (that is, free from the mental tyranny of Nazarene belief) to grasp them intuitively.

The view held in some circles in recent years of alchemy as a kind of 'Western tantra' is both misleading and inaccurate, as is the belief that it is a purely 'psychological' - as oppossed to practical - system. The former view ignores: (i) the vital significance of the symbolism (some of which is purely abstract and not 'symbolic') in making possible advances in thought and understanding; and (ii) the stages beyond those involving sexual activity. The latter view ignores (or rather misinterprets) the importance of not only the practical, magickal

aspects, but also the fact that the forbidden alchemy was essentially a system of self-experiencing in the real world, involving the achievement of specific goals and tasks. This, coupled with the sexual aspects, made its Way very different from the inner, comtemplative ones which flourished in certain Nazarene institutions.

The fundamental ideas of the forbidden alchemy continued to be developed over the decades and centuries after the preliminary MSS were written, and the tradition that developed was handed on by mostly reclusive Adepts. This tradition may be said to have reached its climax in the 'seven-fold Way'. In the seven-fold Way the fundamental ideas have been clarified and refined as well as extended, and the Way itself is a practical system devoid of both dogma and mysticism. It was, until quite recently, genuinely esoteric.

The fundamental ideas of this Way or 'inner Alchemy' can be briefly stated:

1) In the development of self-understanding, as well as in the understanding of both natural and 'Occult' forces, an abstract symbolism is important: such a symbolism allows not only apprehension of those areas (of consciousness, for example) not normally amenable to thought (and thus conscious control and development) but also developes new areas of consciousness.

The abstract symbolism is of two kinds; the first being the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd' with the correspondences associated with each sphere and the pathways connecting those spheres; the second being the abstract symbols of The Star Game. The first kind is a development of 'traditional' alchemical symbolism, while the second is a new development entirely, and one which contains the whole of the first.

This first kind enables, on the practical level, the exploration and thus integration/transcendence of the hidden/unconscious/Occult areas of both our own consciousness and the cosmos. This is, in effect, a magickal or alchemical apprenticeship and involves practical work with the symbols - a magickal ritual, for example, being the use of specific symbols representing certain Occult or magickal energies.

The second kind takes the individual beyond this - towards the next stage of our conscious evolution with the development of higher levels of consciousness and new insights.

2) The practical work involved is divided for convenience into seven stages. Several of these stages involve the individual (the 'alchemist') in finding and working with a companion of the opposite sex, some of the work being of a sexual nature. This itself is an exploration of consciousness: a confrontation with the anima/animus and so on.

Each of these seven stages is represented by a Grade Ritual - a series of tasks, workings and rituals which develop self-insight and understanding in general, and which enhance the 'Occult' abilities of the individual. By following the stages progressively, and undertaking the appropriate Grade Ritual, the individual will attain insight and ultimately Wisdom: the 'Philosophers' Stone'.

3) The symbolism of the Tree of Wyrd is derived from representing the forces/energies of the cosmos (and thus each individual consciousness) in terms of the duality of causal and acausal - the seven spheres of the Tree representing the development (or rather, the potentiality inherent in each individual's consciousness) of not only each individual consciousness from unconscious through 'ego' and 'self' to Adepthood and beyond, but also the evolution of the cosmos itself, in terms of its own 'consciousness' or Being.

In the early stages, the causal is often regarded as the 'rational' aspect of the individual pysche, the acausal as the 'unconscious' or magickal aspects. The aim of the early stages of the Way is for the individual to experience (and develope) both and then unite them,

achieving a transcendence.

What it is important to realize about the seven-fold Way is that it is a complete and practical system, devoid of dogma and mystification, which enables any individual, should they possess the necessary desire, to achieve Adeptship and beyond. It is a unique and esoteric Way which, while firmly rooted in the genuine esotericism of the West, is appropriate to the twenty-first century and beyond: for example, the Star Game contains, in its symbolism and techniques, all the esoteric wisdom of alchemy, magick and the 'Occult' in general as well as being a bridge to the future. It is, in essence, a new form of language - and while this new language, for some, may be difficult at first to learn, it opens up new and exciting areas, new possibilities and new dimensions. In short, it enhances our Being, extending our consciousness.

The tasks and Grade Rituals associated with the seven-fold Way, together with the correspondences, are given in detail in the manuscript 'Physis Magick - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept.' Most of this will shortly be published in the book 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'. The rest of this issue of 'Fenrir' is devoted to the Star Game.

Perceptive readers will understand at once why this 'forbidden' alchemy is essentially Black Magick. Quite simply, it is because it allows the evolution of the individual according to their own desires in a practical way. Its essence is practical experience: of Occult/magickal energies (both causal and acausal - that is, 'light' and 'sinister') but equally importanly of life itself. It is not a 'theoretical' system devoid of personal danger - it is life-enhancing, offering the rewards of the gods, both causal and acausal (and what is beyond all such opposites - that which can be signified only by Chaos: the origin of Being and Non-Being).

A brief guide to the seven-stages is given below.

1) Undertake ritual of sinister self-Initiation. (An awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects)
2) Undertake workings with septenary spheres and pathways.(The beginning of making these energies conscious via symbolism).

Seek and find a suitable companion, and Initiate this individual.(The beginning of the confrontation of the anima/animus) Begin to study the Star Game. (The energies are further objectified and manipulated.)
3) Begin to organize a working magickal group, with yourself as 'Priest/Priestess' and your companion as 'Priestess/Priest' - perform both ceremonial and hermetic rituals according to your desires. (This is living the role of 'shadow'/'trickster'/magickian.) Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. (The beginning of an awareness of what is beyond the 'ego' and the 'shadow'.)
4) Study the esoteric aspects of the Star Game - Star Game magick/aeonic aspects etc. (The development of higher cerebral levels as well as intimations of the 'self' and beyond.)

Continue with the organized group (for at least six months). (Develops personal qualities, skills and consolidates the anima/animus aspects.)
5) Prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.(The emergence of the self, during the ritual, with the consequent self-insight and Occult abilities. This also brings awareness of your unique Destiny.)
6) Study and use of 'Advanced Star Game'. (Further levels of consciousness developed.) Fulfillment of the tasks of unique Destiny. (Creativity - either via contributing to knowledge/artistic works or via teaching.The fulfillment of the potentiality of the self.) Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Entering the Abyss. (Wherein the 'self' is destroyed, the cosmos understood without reference to dualities, and Wisdom achieved.)

Stage(2) generally takes three to six months. Stage(3) six months to a year. Stage(4) up to a year. Stage(5) one to several years.

It is the following of the tasks, techniques etc. of each stage in sequence for the time indicated that brings success.

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SACRAMENTUM SINISTRUM

Preface

The following work compliments the various introductory MSS which serve as a practical guide to the Seven-Fold Sinister Way (these other works include *Naos*; *Thernn*; and *Codex Saerus*).

Published for the first time in this present volume, are MSS detailing the secret tasks of Satanic Tradition - acts of genuine Sinister magick that many (including would-be Sinister magickians) will find disturbing.

108vf

An Introduction to Traditional Satanism

Essentially, the difference between Traditional Satanic groups and other organizations which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand' or 'Sinister' Path, or which claim to be Satanic, is that Traditional groups seek to realistically guide their members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to *real* knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always *attained* by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'.

For us, Satanism is a quest involving real personal danger where the individual Initiate undertakes genuine challenges which take them to and beyond their limits: physical, 'mental' and psychic. This quest, in its beginnings, involves the individual in exploring their 'hidden' or 'dark' side - and a part of this is participation in overtly Occult and magickal ceremonies and rites. This beginning - where the new Initiate participates in and later conducts Satanic rituals such as the 'Black Mass' - enables the individual to explore this dark side, to gradually understand it, make it more conscious, and thus control it. An aspect of this making-conscious, is symbolism - such as the 'septenary system' - where various Occult/magickal energies are symbolised in certain ways via a system of correspondences. This symbolism enables the energies dealt with to be objectified and thus consciously understood - this in itself makes possible an integration of the 'dark' side. Thus, there is a synthesis - a dynamic, conscious, moving-forward by the individual: an evolution of personality. Insight is gained. In psychological terms, there is the start of "individuation". This leads to a practical experiencing of the sinister, and thus further personal development, further building of character.

Because of the type of practical experiences, the type of challenges, the individual undertakes, the character so formed is - viewed conventionally - Satanic. There is a defiance of restrictions, a proudness, an experience and then understanding of those things that the religion of the Nazarene frowns upon. In Nietzschean terms, there is a practical living of a "master-morality". The person created via these experiences is the type to inspire a certain terror/awe in the supine majority, weaned as that majority have been by the softness of the Nazarene ethic.

However, this individual has only *begun* the process. That is, the type of character so described (which results from these early experiences) is not even what we would call an Adept: of the seven stages of this sinister way (or practical alchemy), this practical involvement in the 'Occult' via ceremonies and such things as organizing and running a Satanic group, describe just the first two stages of the way. Furthermore, even this beginning takes some years - and this beginning requires the individual to succeed by their own efforts, by their own will and determination. That is, there are no 'magickal grades' or titles awarded

for money or sycophancy [as in all other so-called 'Satanic' groups] - what the individual achieves, in terms of 'magickal grades', *they* achieve through their own toil, through undergoing the experiences which create the type of character appropriate to a particular stage of the way being followed.

Thus, each stage of this way has associated with it certain tasks, certain experiences, which the individual must undertake by themselves in their own time. It is these and these alone which bring self-insight, mastery, understanding and skill - both 'occult' and personal. All a traditional group does, at each stage and for each member, is offer advice - based on experience. That is, the group guides its members - it offers a practical system whereby real wisdom may be attained. The onus is on the individual to achieve the goal.

For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals - individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do *not* seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real élite - almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy - it is really dangerous. Quite often, new Initiates fail because of the difficulty or because they lack the essential desire to succeed. But that is how evolution works - the strong overcome challenges and evolve; the others stay where they are, descend, or are destroyed.

Thus, Satanism is élitist - it does not compromise. It is not really for the majority. The tests, the ordeals, the methods of genuine Satanism are tough and severe because only such things will create the right type of person. These things cannot be made easier, less tough, less dangerous: to do so would destroy the essence of Satanism itself.

After the early stages of the way - which involve direct experience of the sinister both via rituals, magickal groups and undertaking certain sinister tasks - the individual moves on [if I said one such early task involved culling, or Satanic sacrifice, it is possible to appreciate the difficulty and danger]. That is, the Satanic novice gains more understanding of themselves, and the world, by more experiences - they move toward a real individuation, a synthesis of conscious/unconscious, light and sinister. Part of this involves them undertaking a specific task for some months, and it is this task - based on the foundations the previous, early, stages of the way have built - that creates a genuine Adept. This task requires the candidate for Adeptship to live alone, in an isolated area, for three months (usually from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice) - to talk with no one, to live frugally, with no modern conveniences, no wireless, no modern 'distractions', in a shelter they have built [in recent years, the rules have been relaxed and a tent is allowed]. The aim of this is for them to experience themselves and Nature without any distractions - to really get to know themselves and the natural energies which exist, as those energies are (and not as books, or 'teachers' or theories describe those energies). This, of course, is very difficult. It requires real determination; it requires the individual to face themselves, and all their fears. It is a severe test of character - and of their Satanic resolve. Most individuals who get this far (and that is not very many, over the past few decades) give up after a while - they find excuses to return to the world and its comforts. The classic excuse is the delusion that they have actually 'attained' Adeptship in a few days or perhaps weeks of isolation. And it is a delusion - for it is only by living in such a harsh, isolated way *for at least three months* that a real Adept is created. Naturally, other so-called Satanic or Left Hand Path groups award a spurious 'Adeptship' to their members/followers: or those members/followers award it to themselves, usually after some boring, pompous, totally meaningless ceremony.

The Adept marks the end of the third stage of our seven-fold sinister way - and to reach this

stage usually takes three to six years, from Initiation. The task or Grade Ritual which creates the Adept also makes the Adept aware of their unique, personal Destiny - and the fourth stage is all about the Adept seeking to make that Destiny real. This involves a 'return to the world' - the gaining of more experience, the creation of new insights, new skills. This in itself takes some years. The character of the Adept grows and deepens - they achieve the beginning of wisdom. In magickal terms, they gain an understanding of 'Aeonics' - of things like sinister strategy (the use of acausal or supra-personal energies to change societies/civilizations over centuries). Hitherto, most of their experience/learning has been directly personal, relating to their personal development - now, aeonic perspective is gained, it becomes a part of them. That is, they develope still further, again via direct experience - this time, of the acausal itself.

From this, further personal development takes place - they become complete, highly developed individuals who possess skills and an understanding few possess. They fulfil the potential of genius which is latent within them. Thus, they move on to become genuine Masters or Lady Masters/Mistresses. But to reach this stage - the fifth - takes at least ten years (more usual is fifteen to twenty). And there is another stage beyond this.

Thus, it will be seen that our way is difficult and takes a long time. The journey of the initiate toward Adeptship and beyond has no mystery about it - it is actually very simple. Most people could do it - if they possessed the determination. But the majority are just too lazy or too weak. The same applies to most who apply to join Satanic groups or are interested in Satanism - they go for the easy option; they are not prepared to work at their own self-development. They prefer someone to do it for them. And, furthermore, they are not fundamentally prepared to go to and beyond their limits - to really experience the sinister in a practical way; they want to simply play safe, pseudo-Satanic games. Thus, they gravitate toward what we call the sham-Satanic groups, the *poseurs* - those who like the glamour associated with Satanism but are basically afraid to experience its realness within and external to them. Thus such groups issue - and believe in! - ethical guidelines as they constantly affirm that Satanism does not condone such things as 'human sacrifice'. We, on the contrary, are dark and really sinister - and propound culling. That is, we uphold human culling as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock. Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled - each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never 'innocent'.

Our affirmation of such things as human culling offends other so-called Satanic groups - which to us just re-affirms our assessment of those groups as pretend Satanic groups. Basically, such groups have little or no real understanding of Satanism, as evident, for instance, in the ethical, meek, Occidental, 'religious' approach of some groups who claim that Satanism is some sort of organized religion. To us, the Occidental religious attitude and mentality - involving as it does dogma, sycophancy, and subservience by the individual to some self-appointed authority - is the antithesis of Satanism.

In essence, we understand Satanism as the individual quest for self-excellence - to create an entirely new type. This quest involves practical experience - for only real experience creates character. The essence that Satanism leads the individual toward is only ever revealed by practical experience - never by books, never by someone else's 'teachings', never by words. Words themselves can never really describe this essence - they can only point the way, hint

at it, and usually serve only to obscure it. In the same way, ceremonies and forms such as rituals are only means - they are a means to experience, to symbolize things and thus apprehend what hitherto has been 'hidden' or unconscious or instinctive. Furthermore, this quest is and must be individual - it means the individual develops, via experiences (and sometimes by learning from mistakes) the strength of character needed. Or they fail - usually by deluding themselves about their real level of attainment, their real level of self-insight, their level of self-control and mastery. The aim is self-control, self-mastery, self-understanding - and then a moving-on to what is beyond even this new 'self'. The aim in *not* a wallowing in decadence, as it is *not* the encouragement of instinctive, sinister desires/pleasures as an end in themselves. Such things are means, a beginning - to be used, learned from, and then transcended via mastery of one's self.

For us, Satanism is an individual quest because it aims to produce unique, strong, individuals who do not need the support of groups, of dogma, ethics, a religion, of some pontificating poseur of a 'master'. Thus, Traditional groups exist to offer advice and guidance - to point the way. The individual must begin the quest, and they and they alone must continue with it.

Because of the difficulty of our way, few follow it. In some ways, this is unfortunate - for we believe the way offers anyone the opportunity to advance along the path to genuine Adeptship and beyond. It makes real, or can make real, the potential that most individuals possess - the latent genius within. However, given human nature the small numbers are understandable.

What traditional groups have done - over the past thirty years or so - is to create a simple practical system which works: which can produce genuine Adepts and Masters/Lady Masters. In effect, we have distilled the essence from thousands of years of conscious understanding, producing an elixir, an 'internal alchemy', which anyone can use.

We describe this system as Satanic, as Sinister because it is. It is a complete rejection of the philosophy/religion of the Nazarene. The philosophy/religion of the Nazarene is anti-life and anti-evolutionary, as Nietzsche, for example, understood. For us, Satan is both an archetype or symbol of our defiance, *and* some-thing real - the re-presentation of what we describe as 'the acausal'. That is, we understand the 'darker forces' as not simply a part of our *psyche* (as most modern so-called Satanic groups do) - but as beyond our own, individual *psyche*. These darker forces - or the acausal - are beyond us, as individuals: they are beyond our conscious control (and even real understanding) until we become a part of them. This does not mean a submission to those forces - but rather an expanding of individual consciousness, a development of individual conscious, to include those forces. This expansion is what marks the genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master.

Other 'Satanic' groups - if they are serious and not just using the Black Arts for their own weak gratification - claim the darker forces are merely an aspect of the *psyche*, the unconscious or whatever. They do this for two reasons. First, they need to - because they want to feel safe; they want to be able to play their pseudo-Satanic, pseudo-intellectual, games in a mostly urbanized safety, because the members of such groups are not proud, characterful, self-aware individuals: they *need* the comfort of a group, of a 'leader', of ethical guidelines, of feeling that Satan can be controlled by some meaningless mumbo-jumbo. In effect, the members and leaders of these groups are weak - they lack self-discipline; they lack even the desire for real self-mastery, content as they are to continue with edifying their own weaknesses, with massaging their inflated egos.

Second, such groups and their members do not really understand the Sinister. They have had no real experience of the primal, numinous, supra-personal power of the dark forces - of

how that power can destroy individuals. In effect, they have never really 'tapped into' the acausal itself - to what is *really* sinister. They have never really confronted Satan. They have never really striven to be like Satan - to become one with Him; to merge with the acausal itself; to become a 'nexion' for the acausal, for sinister energies. This becoming-one is what makes, what creates a genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master, as living alone like a hermit creates the Adept. It is dangerous, naturally - *but the only means whereby that synthesis which is beyond the synthesis that is individuation can be achieved.* There is thus a real, a genuine, transcending beyond 'good' and 'evil'; beyond 'light' and 'dark'. This achievement, as with all real achievements of an Occult kind, derives from practical experience - from a real personal knowledge. Anything else is mere affectation, mere pose.

Other groups have tried to 'intellectualize' Satanism - to take away the real experiences by which genuine Satanic character is formed. Or they wallow in the weaknesses of those addicted to impulses they cannot understand and do not have the strength to control. They have tried and continue to try and make Satanism respectable and safe - just another 'religion'. They fantasize, and play games. They simply do not understand Satanism as a means to create new, more highly evolved, individuals. In reality, the genuine Satanist creates by participating in real life, the dreams, the standards of excellence, the élan which others often aspire to emulate. A genuine Satanist can be like a beast of prey - in real life. They can be and sometimes are, in real life, assassins, warriors, outlaws. The imitation Satanists *pretend* to be such things - usually by means of some stupid 'ritual'. The Satanist is sinister and dark, in real life - and then they move on, to new experiences, to even higher levels of understanding until eventually they acquire real wisdom, or are destroyed. Whatever, they will have really lived, 'on the edge'; they will really have achieved something with their lives. They will have inspired others. They will in some way by their living have 'presenced' the dark forces on earth. If they survive - their rewards are their achievements and the wisdom that awaits. If they do not survive, at least they will have done something with their lives.

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training developes individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted.

Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

* Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
* The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
* The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]

I Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual

partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]
6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.
7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism.

The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve developes personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role developes real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III External Adept

Tasks:
1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must

perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet*; *Aeonic Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truely Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develope both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further developes the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid/produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their

limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold: (1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group; (2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic; (3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Sinister Way:
Additional Tasks

Neophyte:
Prior to the "Secret Task", undertake the *Self-Immolation Rite*, within a 'ritualised' setting - ie. within a prepared indoor Temple.

External Adept:
1) If the magickal group is to continue beyond the minimum period and function as a Satanic Temple proper, then an outdoor location must be sought where rituals can be conducted, and a Nexion (ie. 'Earth Gate') opened. For guidelines re. the Nexion, see *Thernn - A Guide to Natural Septenary Magick*. [This outdoor location could also be the site previously chosen for the External Adept rite.] Undertake rituals from *The Black Book of Satan I & III*.
2) Undertake with the companion the 'Natural' form of the **Nine Angles Rite** (*Black Book III*).
3) Undertake the **Black Pilgrimage** (qv).
4) Undertake Hermetic ritual in *Black Book II*.

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The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as *(1) The Hard Reality of Satanism; (2) Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime; (3) Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice; (4) Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers; (5) Victims - A Sinister Expose; (6) The Practice of Evil in Context.*]

For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develope that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they a fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particuarly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develope. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl.

For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.)

After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Obtain from a Nazarene place of worship some 'hosts' as used in their perverse and sordid rituals. If you are seeking Initiation into an established ceremonial group/Temple, this will probably be your task of fidelity to that group/Temple, with the hosts being used in the celebration of *The Black Mass*. If however you are undertaking a Self-Initiation (as given in *The Black Book of Satan*) then immediately following that rite of Self-Initiation you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying as you do so the following: "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth, and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing as the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

(1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform a *Black Mass* using hosts obtained by one of the newer members of this Temple, or obtained by a candidate seeking Initiation.

(2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. *The Ceremony of Recalling*) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake *The Death Ritual* at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those

members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Insight Roles - A Guide

As stated in several esoteric Order MS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in the various guides to the 'Seven-Fold Way', which were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS *The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way*. One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an **Insight Role**.

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living in a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific 'role'. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role, do not realize the novice is playing a 'role'. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also developes certain skills - some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgement and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develope Satanic character. Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake - the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be [qv. the now deleted Order MS *Insight Roles I & II*]. The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing Traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective noviciate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still quite difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the Sinister Way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation 'Satanists'/'Sinister warriors' etc. who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it brings them into conflict and confrontation - with others and themselves. Fourth, it tests them - forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Or, of course, it destroys them - or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices - to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice from the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: (a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must be one of them; (b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the **Internal Adept** rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and

after the completion of the tasks outlined in the MS *The Seven-Fold Way - A Comprehensive Guide* (ie. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of **External Adept**). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when s/he is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two insight roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience, but requires a demonic commitment.

During some of the roles, the Satanic novice should try and keep their Satanic views and beliefs secret, and become in fact a shape-changer, a chameleon.

The Roles:

~ Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months to one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better, and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.

~ Become a professional burglar, targetting your victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (eg. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims, etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area - eg. Fine Art, jewellery - and become an 'expert' in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.

~ Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by for example becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all 'right-thinking people' as an extremist, and a dangerous one.

~ Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at 'the sharp end' and being a servant of a higher authority. [Note: In times of War, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.]

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (ie. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All the roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the Sinister Way. All will expose you to difficulties.

Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role - eg. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, fiding someone to buy your stolen items, and so on.

The essence of these roles can be succinctly stated: Incipit Vitriol.

The Black Pilgrimage

As detailed in the Order MS *Thernn*, cultivating a skill in Natural Magick is essential if genuine Adeptship is to be attained. The first stage in acquiring this skill [the final is that of **Internal Adept**] involves the regular performance of ceremonial Magick in an outdoor location - the location being chosen for its natural beauty, undisturbed by modern development. The seasonal performance of a rite such as that of the **Nine Angles** (qv. *The Black Book of Satan III*), will teach those participating infinitely more about the 'Wheel of the Seasons', than some pseudo-pagan ritual containing outdated symbolic representations of the forces involved. It is important that the rites are conducted upon the same site throughout the year(s), during the times of the seven festivals (qv.*Thernn*). The second task involves undertaking, with the companion, the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite [the site involved may be the same as that used by the Temple, or one specifically chosen for the task].

The third task involves undertaking the Black Pilgrimage. Traditionally, this is a walk - undertaken alone - of approximately 50 miles, which passes through sites - associated with the Dark Tradition [located on the Welsh borders]. This rite is undertaken around the time of the Autumn Equinox; beginning at dawn, and aiming to end near dusk the following day. The candidate must possess a quartz crystal (ideally a tetrahedron), and is allowed to take only a sleeping bag (no other form of shelter), and the minimum food required. The candidate is allowed to rest/sleep during the hours of darkness on the first evening, at one of the sites of interest. Throughout the journey, the candidate may opt to stop at the various sites, and perform a Chant (ie. the *Diabolus*). Towards the following evening, the candidate must aim to reach a certain site on the Long Mynd (a site near Wild Moor), and there, undertake the solo rite of the Nine Angles. Following the completion of the solo rite, the candidate remains to rest/sleep at the site. The candidate departs from the area at dawn, when the Pilgrimage is completed.

This task is most usually undertaken by those who have attained the grade of External Adept (qv. *Naos*), but the Initiate may choose to combine the Pilgrimage with the External Adept rite. This would involve the Grade Ritual being undertaken immediately following the solo Nine Angles rite [this is a very effective combination - but is optional].

With regard to Initiates who live in other countries: the candidate must spend some time creating an appropriate route by which the Pilgrimage can be undertaken. The route must include sites which express, for the Candidate - and for subsequent Initiates - a numinosity: they need not be of established historical or magickal interest (indeed it would be far better if they were not). Rather, they must convey isolation and natural beauty/wildness, and the route itself must be fairly arduous, keeping away from conventional footpaths. The site chosen for the solo Nine Angles rite must be of particular esoteric significance, and this aspect should be created prior to undertaking the Pilgrimage - via the ceremonial opening of an 'Earth Gate', or the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite, and so on. The creation of a Black Pilgrimage relevant to the respective Land of each Initiate, will be a further new and vital expression of the Sinister Tradition.

Makrokosmos

Satanic reasoning, and the judgement of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is *lived*. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience. An understanding of a form cannot be acquired through academic research, since one never lives the form - there is only observation within the comfort and confines (morally and otherwise) of one's own life, in the same sense as a play or a film is viewed by an audience. For the most part, the student is free to be convinced or not by the evidence studied - there is still the freedom, consciously *and* unconsciously, to believe whatever one feels comfortable in believing. All there is, is 'opinion'.

With regard to a form which possesses spirit, *elan* [such as National-Socialism], there can be no crossing over from the life of the academic into that form via academic study, because the form so 'studied' is a living one; it cannot ever be really known through words and ideas (such as 'politics'), archaic folk-tales - or even Art and Musick. It is a revolution of the *soul*, and as such, true understanding via which a reasoned judgement may be derived, can only be developed by living that revolution; by experiencing the reality of those forces as those forces are - by, essentially, living beyond the confines of one's own self.

With this living, the life of the individual, both inner and outer, is effected and changed by the experience because the experience is dynamic and direct - it disrupts, and unlike a book which can be closed and put away, it lives within and without the individual every second of that experiencing. There is a deeper understanding gained whereby the force that motivates such a form is fully apprehended, and thus, the various causal manifestations (or 'histories'), are understood from the context of the essence, and are placed in perspective without the interference of contemporary morality and social sensitivity. Essentially, this dynamic method of understanding is the only method relevant to a form that possesses elan. This approach to learning may invalidate the methods by which the majority seek to establish their right to learn and so judge - but that is the reality. One either approaches learning as a consumer via the 'definitive', established approach (ie. investigation solely via the respected methods of academic bodies - such as 'universities'), or one seeks the difficult - and sometimes dangerous - path of challenging one's own reasons for believing (and living!) via practical *integration* with a particular form.

Of course, there are very few who would undertake this direct approach simply because, if they are being honest, they would not wish their lives to be so disrupted - and living life as, for example, a dangerous revolutionary is too frightening a prospect. For the Satanist, it is precisely these reasons which make such an undertaking necessary.

The development of Satanic reasoning is part of the purpose of the **Insight Role** (qv.). This alchemical method is very hard, as it requires the Satanist to believe in their role - and convince other non-Satanists of their sincerity via <u>practical acts</u> [it is no use just editing a (for example) National-Socialist journal - or writing learned

articles for existing journals]. The role usually brings an alienation of occult comrades; family; other friends - sometimes the loss of personal freedom. It severely tests, and thus developes - or destroys - character.

This method is not, as some may perceive, solely a cynical/clever manipulation of a form for selfish ends, whereby all forms are regarded as merely means to be discarded when personally appropriate. An Insight Role teaches empathy - of forces that exist beyond the life of the Satanist, and how they influence the *masses*, contributing to the evolving of civilisations, etc. There is a real appreciation of the form so lived; an appreciation judged not solely from a 'Satanic/Sinister' - or socially conditioned - perspective, but according to the form as that form is, on its own "light" terms. The Satanist **is** and **is not** that role: an awareness that is, before Adeptship, quite difficult to live with - and is seldom, if ever understood by non-Initiates.

This is the meaning and purpose of Sinister Magick: to bring a *synthesis* via the conflict of opposites that exist within and without the Individual. This synthesis is the result of a practical journey, where this bifurcation must **still** be experienced if the forces that do still exist within the *psyche* of the Initiate are to be eventually understood, beyond intellectual apprehension, as 'abstractions'. **Thus**, the meaning of **Satan** and the purpose, for Individuals and Aeons, of the *Seven-Fold Sinister Way*: to undertake acts of **positive** opposition, 'blasphemy'; because without such acts of extreme *defiance*, there is no genuine inner liberation... and so shall it remain for many centuries to come (see also *Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass* MS).

An Insight Role thus creates a real understanding of **Aeonics** - an understanding beyond the self, and thus the cultivation of the faculty of Reason, and the glimmerings of genuine Wisdom. As stated, without this (arduous) experience, there is a staying where one is - despite whatever level of intellectual esoteric apprehension gained - centred around a mostly self-indulgent life-style. **Essentially**, without *experiencing* this bifurcation, the psyche will not be changed, thus preventing it from travelling towards those realms that separate the Initiate from the Adept.

ONA 1997 eh

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The Aims of the ONA

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.

2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.

3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our - species; (b) develope new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) musick; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').

4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase.

This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and

others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd *and implement their own.*

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic sense, 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994eh - been created.] In conjunction will these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/ Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond c.2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

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Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, *now*, can develope and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real *on a large scale:* the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way.

The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly

bovine selves.

What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

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Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history*.

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

(1994 eh)

A Note on 'Seven'

For the West, the cosmos has always been apprehended as a division of seven fundamental vibrations - a concept which originated from Albion. Throughout the ages, this division has been symbolised by various forms: stars, trees, metals - and planets. The forms so chosen are, for the most part, used in a *symbolic* sense, rather than a literal one. Thus, with regard to the planets, those ascribed to the spheres of the **Tree of Wyrd** as used within the Septenary System [or 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'; Traditional Satanism, and so on] are used purely as symbols to represent the seven fundamental forces of the cosmos, rather than there being forces literally ascribed to the planets themselves, or the planets somehow creating those forces.

Thus, that there were at one time only seven observable planets, did not influence the concept of the 'cosmic seven'; rather, because seven planets were known to exist, they were conveniently ascribed as symbols representing the already existing seven vibrations. The fact that other planets have since been observed is irrelevant, since those other planets do not change what actually exists - the seven - and are not important esoterically, since the planets are used only in a symbolic sense.

Of course, this is not to say that the planets and the constellations do not signify 'effects' in the esoteric sense, but within a magickal ritual, the usual 'grimoire' type approach to their contribution produces perceived results so small as to be negligible [and what may exist - fairly negligible in itself - is not recognised because something else is anticipated].

With regard to the constellations, an understanding of their significance within the workings of the cosmos requires a particular type of living few will undertake today - and that living may span over several 'alchemical seasons' (many years). In both cases, the Adept must discover, for themselves, by practical living, the reality of these natural forms - as entirely separate from their traditional use as abstract symbols throughout history.

A form such as astrology approaches nature via an understanding confined within symbolism; magick uses symbolism as a means towards a unified understanding, the symbolism [and this includes such forms as the Tree of Wyrd] being discarded once the cosmos is apprehended as it is, devoid of projections. As always stressed, this apprehension can only ever be created by an alchemical way of living, as enshrined by the practical ordeals of the Seven Fold-Way.

ONA 1997 eh

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Stones

A Guide to the Stage of Initiate

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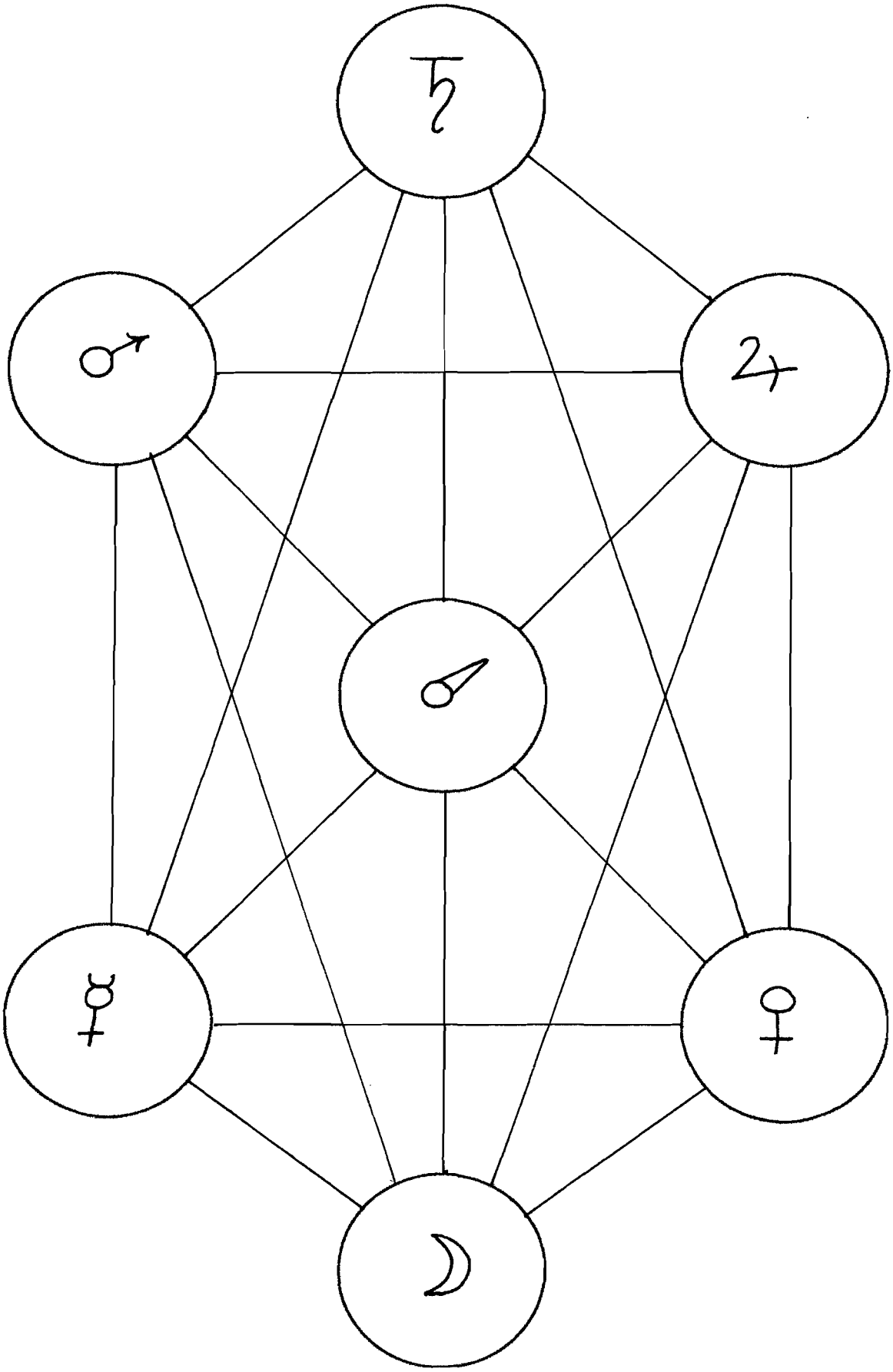
Introduction:

The aim of the present work is to outline some of the specific tasks facing a new Initiate. Throughout these tasks, and their completion, genuine initiation takes place. As noted in these MSS, genuine initiation is not simply the product of a single ritual - but rather an expansion of consciousness that occurs over a period of time along the chosen path (in this case the Seven-Fold Sinister Way). **Otonen** is intended to further explicate the tradition as previously laid out in *Naos, Hostia I – III, Sacramentum Sinistrum*, and *The Deofel Quartet.*

Along with various instructional texts herein are also included various insights a few initiates of the Sinister Way have met. It must be noted, and understood before further reading, that the insights of each initiate is his or her own, and arise from the unique circumstances of each person's psyche. Therefore, it should be understood that the accounts contained herein by the initiates of the Sinister Way, should in no way dictate or influence the workings of future initiates. As each new initiate of our path experiences the Septenary Spheres, and the pathways which link them, there should be no hesitation in letting the whatever visions come and go as they will. An initiate might feel, since reading the accounts of fellow initiates, that their experiences are "too different". One should not take into account, in their *own* self-development, what others have written of theirs. If one let others' experiences in these rites dictate their own, they would sacrifice the effectiveness of the workings, proscribing to a pre-defined set of occurrences which simply should not and do not exist. Though the accounts of others may prove useful in understanding the Sinister Way, and the process of Initiation.

The Sinister Way is an individual way, a means whereby an individual may become more and achieve more than would otherwise be possible - in means of self-awareness, balance, *and* external achievement. What is of fundamental importance during the stage of Initiate, and henceforth, is brutal self-honesty. Without this, there is little progress.

[Thornian - Day of Immolation, 110yf]
ONA



A Dark Night

It felt as though he was going mad, the inner confusion swept swiftly through his mental centre. What is this? What am I doing? Where am I going? Confusion, confusion, confusion. Confusion threefold, confusion ad infinitum. An abyss of confusion and then... and then came the despair. The light faded and the demons of darkness greeted him once more. What way should he turn? Should he renounce it all and begin again? Return to another way? But, start again? No, he could not, would not. This was it, there was no other Path. This Path had chosen him, he had been selected as different from the other mortals. Selected by the three sisters who watched over the brief, almost instantaneous lives of the blind fools called men. And how could he desert the forces he had called upon? The forces that had called him. What wrath would come down upon him if he renounced the Way, as many before him had done? And what had happened to them? Had they all not died with sadness as their only deathbed companion? Rather to sign the Pact and die with a Cyclopean Wisdom than renounce a lifes work and die in ignorance as a bed fellow. At least he could say he had sought reality even if it blinded him. At least he could say he had sought it. Simply to be, simply to live, simply to breath, simply to experience, were not all of these keys to the truth of that which lay Beyond? That Being that existed behind the Stars and the Planets and the Moons?

The Nazarene had come close again, he had felt his presence. A pestilence that sought to break the bond between him and his Nameless Gods. You may overpower me at times Nazarene he thought, but eventually I will be given the Power of this world of men, then we will see who is stronger.

Suddenly he felt an urge to press ahead, to continue that which had already begun. For what else could satisfy that deep spiritual hunger that he felt. That hunger for life and unity with the Dark Ones, that hunger that the Sinister fed so well. Here was a Way that could bring a feeling of life, a feeling of Being, a feeling of communion with the Natural forces. What else in these times could answer the cries of the spiritually starving?

He moved to the window, pulled the curtain aside and watched the sea below pound heavily against the shoreline. Above the low dark clouds moved briskly across the night sky, pushed by the strong northerly breeze. The Powers of Darkness had returned once more and again he felt the deep urge to remain on the Path, the Path that would lead him into the Abyss...

Lyceus,
ONA 1998eh

Towards Genuine Freedom

For some time now I have been seeking to find a release from recurring patterns in my life. Again and again I have asked myself why nothing seems to really change for me, why my circumstances remain the same. In an attempt to answer such a question it is important that I am, or at the very least attempt to be honest with myself. It is only through such self-honesty that the barriers towards genuine lasting freedom can be broken, surpassed, eradicated.

I believe, though it might sound strange to the reader, that one of the largest barriers that prevents my desired changed is actually myself, or, perhaps more accurately my personality, my persona, the 'shell' through which I experience the world and other people.

Knowing exactly what needs to be changed in myself in order that my outer world will also change is not an easy task. It takes a long time to observe ones habits, reactions, thoughts, emotions and psychic states. It requires a lasting process of self-awareness to be able to see where ones psychic energy is being continually directed and how one reacts to certain stereotypical circumstances.

Even now, at this point in my life, when I have at last realised that I must change myself I am still unsure of exactly how this change can occur. I can at least say, on a subjective level, I am positive that deep change is not going to occur by reading numerous occult books and mss, or through writing lengthy intellectualised pieces or commentaries on something I have previously read or studied.

Fair enough there are some texts and books that are useful to the aspiring Adept. But an overemphasis upon reading and making notes leads one nowhere. I know! I have it seems, largely got nowhere! So, with a pinch or two of Self- Honesty and a hint of Realisation I can begin at last to properly boil the broth of Self-Change!

I think too much. That is my first problem. The first problem to be overcome. This is where my psychic energies are largely directed. I should try and feel more, become more emotional - though, obviously this must be kept in balance.

The essential prize that comes through Self-Knowledge is that one can begin to see these circular movements. Then comes the harder part, knowing what to do to stop this ever decreasing circle and break free from the binding spell that I have unconsciously cast upon myself. It has taken me a good number of years to reach this stage of awareness, during which much of my time has been spent 'studying' and reading and making notes and generally wasting my time. I cannot emphasise Self-Honesty too much here, because it does take a lot of guts to realise that who you are is really just a creation of many different factors that have all been merged together in a hotch-potch manner. There does not seem to exist a centrifugal point around which ones interests all merge. But it is there, hiding in Its palace deep within the confines of the persona. There it seems to command its armies of ideas and psychic orientations. One moment I will do this, another moment I will do that. All the time I run around and around at its infernal beck and call and where am I now? Now, at last I am looking back at him and refusing to be his minion. Now I seek to be Master.

Yes, so I seek to be Master. But how do I achieve this? This is the fundamental question. The primary question. It is not a simple task of suddenly ceasing to be who I am. Nor is it a case of suddenly changing my interests - or my 'religious beliefs' for that matter - because it is not the interests or the 'religious beliefs' that are keeping me in stasis. It is something other, something within me that is the cause. So it is not necessarily about changing my interests rather it is about changing who I am within myself. If I change then perhaps so will the outer world or, perhaps it won't need to.

The hardest thing about all of this is that I am so closely identified with who I am, with my Self-Image that its death seems to be my death. Even now I am still too close to be objective about this. I know, perhaps

vaguely at the present, that I must die psychically if the Gift of Satan within me is to grow and become something greater than it is now, but I am so close to the persona, nay I feel emotionally that *I am* the persona that must die that it will cause me much inner conflict and pain before I can separate fully from it an then, the cloud over my consciousness will be lifted and perhaps at last I will be able to see as clearly as They who are Never Named. The price to pay at the moment is huge, but then, whoever said selling your soul was cheap?

Who the Devil am I? Who? The Devil am I...

Lyceus

1st July 1998 e.h.

The Tradition of the Sinister Way

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfill it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

Creating Faleifer:
Through the Forbidden Gates II

Neophyte

Seek and gain entry into an existing Temple of the Order or undertake the Rite of Self Initiation (Black Book of Satan/Naos).

Note that certain entry requirements will usually have to be fulfilled:

- Gain from a place of Nazarene worship a host or hosts for use during Sinister Initiation.
- Purchase/make black robe.
- Build simple version of the Star Game.
- Acquisition and study of Order manuscripts.
- Purchase relevant item of jewellery: Males: quartz ring. Females: quartz necklace.
- Undertake and complete a specified physical test.
- Undertake a test of commitment.
- Undertake Initiatory tasks as specified by Master/Mistress.

Initiate

- Undertake Self Immolation Rite.
- Begin to journey through the Dark Pathways (one a week).
- Read and study the Deofel Quartet + Breaking the Silence Down.
- Study and use (play) the Star Game, by self if no partner has been found or with partner if one has been found.
- Upon completion of Dark Pathways begin Sphere Workings (one sphere per week).
- Begin to purchase items for Sinister Temple.
- Cultivate the image of Sorcerer/Sorceress, i.e. wear only black, quartz ring/necklace etc. Attend New Age Fairs/Festivals/Moots etc. in the role of Sinister Adversary. Also, dispel or imply certain attitudes when with acquaintances or friends etc.
- Infiltrate an existing Occult group/Order/Temple and re-direct magickal energies towards personal reasons/aims during the performance of a ritual.
- Train for and undertake specific physical task.
- Undertake the Black Pilgrimage.
- Begin to learn and practice Sinister Chants.
- Begin and maintain a 'Sinister Book of Shadows' writing up experiences, feelings and thoughts.
- Seek out Magickal partner of opposite sex (or same if gay).
- Hunt, kill and eat some game.
- Prepare for and undertake the External Adept Rite.

The Sinister Alchemy

What follows is the sequence of workings for the Initiate. During the course of these rituals the Initiate should begin to undertake the other tasks, thereby uniting a number of different tasks into a cohesive whole. Only one working should be undertaken per week. Upon completion of all the workings the Initiate should undertake the Rite of External Adept and then begin the tasks associated with that Grade.

- Sinister Initiation Rite

- Dark Pathways:

1. Noctulius
2. Nythra
3. Shugara
4. Satanas
5. Aosoth
6. Azanigin
7. Nekalah
8. Ga Wath Am
9. Binan Ath
10. Lidagon
11. Abatu
12. Karu Samsu
13. Nemicu
14. Macto ron
15. Velpecula
16. Kthunae
17. Atazoth
18. Vindex
19. Davcina
20. Sauroctonos
21. Naos

- Sphere workings (using Sinister Chant)

Moon - Deofel - Death

Physis - Change - War

Lovers - Hel - Star

Azoth - Opfer - Master

Magickian - Lord of the Earth - Hermit

Desire - Mistress of the Earth - High Priestess

Wyrd - Sun - Aeon

Further Explanatory Notes

The tasks of the various Grades, as has been previously written, provide a framework through which the Initiate passes during his or her Sinister Journey. The 'bare bones' of this journey have already been provided in Naos. Other Order mss that deal with the subject of Initiate tasks (up to and including Master/Mistress) serve to provide the Magickian with extra tasks that can be undergone. There is not, nor shall there ever be a dogmatism that states the Initiate must or must not undertake a certain task, rather a task is suggested for the Ini-

tiate and it is up to the Initiate to undertake a certain task or not. The decision is ultimately for the Initiate.

Thus the Order has issued a number of mss that illustrate various tasks that have been undertaken by members of the Tradition. Different members have and still do undergo different experiences as this is from one perspective the very essence of the Way itself - it is individual. Thus, to provide two examples:

According to Order mss an Initiate is instructed to infiltrate a RHP group and cause disruption and adversity. Variations on this task can include political adversity (especially amongst students) and 'religious' adversity amongst those who are mentally inclined towards the modern bastard child of the Nazarene known as the 'New-Age'. Thus, the role of Sinister adversity is not an absolute and does not have to be undertaken in exact terms or conditions, because those very terms and conditions are determined by the Wyrd of the individual.

The second example concerns the physical task. There can be a variation on this but the actual essence of the task is that it pushes the individual to and beyond his or her physical limits. There should be a feeling that the individual is really pushing against the boundaries. What is important is that the Initiate must truly and objectively address his or her fitness and adapt accordingly, this does not infer that the actual physical goal should become lessened but rather that the Initiate attempts to pull him or herself up to the highest standard of physical fitness as possible. One variation on the physical task is for the Initiate to undertake the Black Pilgrimage, or a variation thereof. For those individuals who live within or near hilly or mountainous terrain outside of the Sinister Land the physical task should ideally be set amongst these conditions with the Initiate carrying a weighted pack and walking forty or fifty miles (accounting for up-hill mileage) in relative isolation and within a preset time-scale (usually between a day and a half and two days). At certain intervals, perhaps based upon natural variations in the landscape, such as a waterfall, cliff-face, hill-top or cave, the Initiate can stop and meditate upon the Sinister Tarot. The Initiate should realistically consider his or her level of fitness and begin to address physical weaknesses.

The only real way to become a Sinister Adept is for the Initiate to make continuous efforts along the Way and these efforts must be measured by self-honesty. As it has been said before: 'If you lie to yourself you will get nowhere.'

Lyceus

ONA 1999eh

The Brink of Discovery

At the brink of a great quest, one often finds oneself overwhelmed with great questions. Thus far I have embodied more answers than questions themselves. Before, I had yet to be faced with any real wondering, any *real* desire, or any real *need* to uncover my destiny. Perhaps such a thing can only *come* from absolute need.

I have had great desire to do my part to further a dialectic of cosmic wyrd; to be a *part* of the glory that is to come. This was my destiny, my place in the cosmic order of things, my absolute desire. What I have until now failed to realize is that my destiny lies in myself, in uncovering *my* essence. To *myself* grow and learn. This can be the only way. I am a part of nature, and unless I uncover what is truly my *unique* place within it, I will never obtain the empathy I need.

I have failed before in great endeavors, and probably will again. I have died by my own hand in pursuing the things I long for, and I have yet to let this longing be reborn. My strong will and desire somehow crippled my goal. I failed, in a life long dream. Yet I moved on, to other things, other passions. My failure did not lie in the hands of others; it was not absolute. It lay in my own hands, it was my own doing; and ultimately, my own fight.

These other things, other passions in which I have moved on to, have been essential insofar as discovering what I can do. How I can *create*, and replenish. My recent pursuits have led me to learn something at least daily – something important not for what I have learned, but *how* I have leaned it. I am forced, by my own choice of a challenging profession, to forever learn and accommodate my mind and its techniques in different ways. What I must learn in what I do, I must learn the hard way. I must find a solution, and there is little aid – no one to find the solution *for* me. All I've to go by is what I've already learned.

Perhaps necessity changes an individual. In a way I am pressing my own boundaries, *forcing* myself to conquer new ground in my knowledge. I can feel if affect me. I triumph through many small feats, and this builds my confidence. My sense of overcoming. And perhaps this is what has started to rekindle what I've already lost.

If I am to know myself, *truly* know myself, I must follow my intuition. I must explore the frontiers of my mind, push my own boundaries, and explore my passions. By doing this I will find at least a real way to manifest my intuitive character, my acausal self. Even so, if I find my rekindled lost passions are in contradiction of my real essence; I will have learned of myself by eliminating these wonders...

And with this realization, that I must pursue what I intuitively desire; I am a step closer to finding myself, my essence. This will likely take a good portion of my life, but will be an essential uncovering. In this, I am uncovering a means within myself to ultimately help fulfill cosmic wyrd, and aid this dialectic that I have devoted my very soul to. Once I have further advanced on this quest of self-discovery, by my very life, the Sinister Dialectic will be aided, in a way much larger than even I realize. Once I obtain this empathy with and knowledge of nature I so desire, both outward and inward, I will have evolved; in a very real way.

To surpass myself I must truly know myself. This is when the real change will happen, and when I shall become as Satan.

Thornian, ONA.
1998eh

The Sinister Work

The two individuals passed through the Cathedral Main Gate. There was little difficulty in passing the ticket boxes, installed a year or so ago with the intention of collecting payment from the mass of tourists that passed through the Cathedral each year. The first individual showed his pass, he didn't speak or smile. His partner quickly spoke to the woman seated in the little office before continuing his journey.

It was an overcast day, a light rain gently fell towards the dampening earth, Without speaking to one another the two figures followed the path that provided tourists and pilgrims alike with a route around the Cathedral. Already the walls were becoming black, a sign that their power was growing stronger. Only the two individuals, both dressed in black, noticed the gargoyles and Green Men that smiled grimly down on the passers-by. Every now and again one of them would stop outside a doorway and speak a few words in Latin, a language that few used in modern times, but one that sustained within its grammar and syntax an emotive feeling that could concentrate the mind upon the Magickal Powers the individual was invoking. As their journey continued they passed the statue known as the 'Son of Man', they ignored it, knowing that soon it would become host to one of their own.

With their walk of the circumference completed they made their way inwards, entering the sanctuary of the Nazarene. Here, there had been many phases of building, the fire of 1174 had left half of the building in need of repair and there could still be seen many symbols and signs left by the Masonic workers. Over the following eight-hundred years building work had continued right up until modern times when the Nave had been refloored. And though the Nazarenes had ensured that no historical proof of the Old Ways was to be found during the recent phase of excavation and building work, whispered rumours of ancient mounds and sacred wells found within the Cathedral walls remained.

Walking around the upper part of the Cathedral the companions remained in a state of inner calm and meditation, the shorter of the two speaking Latin in a hushed voice. Reaching the pulpit the figures separated, as one focused his energies upon the Pulpit itself, watching as its body became blackened until it collapsed in upon itself as decay set in.

"To open the blind eyes, to bring the prisoners from the dungeons, and Them that sit in darkness out of the prison house...'

"...ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and
the inhabitants thereof..."

"Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise in the islands. The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud: he shall do mightily against his enemies.

Standing at the Lectern, the Priest carefully selected the verses from the Bible which lay open at the Book of Daniel, he smiled as his words formed images that filled the Cathedral with Chaos. Turning to the High Altar he felt the cold current of Chaos energy pass through his body and into the foremost place of

Nazarene worship and it was destroyed.

When they entered the Crypt all was silent. Here they had come many times, in preparation, communing silently with the ancient images of the beasts: Wyverns, Dragons, Griffins, Green Men all apparent to the discerning eye. Their existence proving that the apparition of the Nazarene religion was but a thin veil through which the Old Ones look. Here, the minds eye, the Eye of Satan, could watch Them sleep, frozen in stone and yet, with the right Magick, They could be awoken and return as a cold wind that blows the stench of death upon a recent field of battle.

At the far end of the Crypt, known as Eastern Crypt there lay the Jesus Chapel, the Chapel of the impostor. Here the two Sinister Priests were left alone, a brief reprise from the constant throng of tourists and pilgrims that unconsciously invaded the silence of their Black Meditation.

Concentrating intently upon the energies they were invoking they began the slow unearthly chant of their Tradition: Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeclum in favilla, teste Satan cum sybilla, quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus, dies irae dies illa." The words resonated throughout the Crypt, as though the Crypt itself had suddenly awoken from a sleep and was now replying or uniting with the Sinister Chant. With the second chant came the birthing and the preparation of the host who would become the new channel for the Chaos.

Looking at one another, on completion of their third chant, they moved to the Chapel of the Lady of the Undercroft, the central chapel in the crypt where they would light the three candles in honour of the work.

With their Black Meditation completed, in silence they left the Crypt, passing members of the Nazarene clergy as they left. Outside it remained overcast...

Epilogue

Late that evening, high upon one of the ancient hills that formed part of a ridgeway that passed through the countryside of South-Fast England, two individuals gathered to prepare the way for They Who Are Never Named. To attempt to open a Gate to the Land Beyond and so return to Earth the Blackest powers in the Universe...

Aperiatur terra et germinet Chaos!

Lyceus, ONA.

The Seven-Fold Way: Training and Grades

In many ways the seven-fold way can be regarded as a process, by the individual, of discovery and experience. The goal of this process is the production of individuals skilled and knowledgeable in the magickal arts who have developed their latent, occult faculties and who possess the beginnings of wisdom.

This process can result, sometimes by accident over extended periods of time (for example, three decades or more) but It is most usually undertaken as a result of a conscious decision by an individual to seek esoteric and/or magickal groups/Order/Adepts. In this later case – and provided the guidance received is good - the goal can be achieved in a much shorter time.

The first part of the process is in many ways the easiest: that of seeking some form of Initiation (qv. the Order MS 'A Novices Guide to Initiation.'). Before and after Initiation the novice is required to undertake various tasks by the Master or Mistress who has agreed to guide the individual along the seven-fold way. The pre-Initiation tasks are the performance by the individual of a simple hermetic ritual (usually on the night of the full moon), the construction of the simplified version of the Star Game and the successful completion of the various tests aimed at proving the serious intent and commitment of the candidate. The important thing about these tests of intent is that the candidate is unaware of them – for example, the candidate is asked to be present at a certain time and place and instead of meeting there the expected Master of Mistress meets a person of odd appearance who propounds various view which the individual in question may find not only unusual but distasteful, Such tests and encounters are not games but merely devices which enable the candidate to begin to understand their own motives and expectations and as such are an important preparation to Initiation. It is to be understood that it is not the order, which tests the candidate – but the candidates themselves. Initiation is the beginning of the breaking of the illusion of roles, and to be successful this breaking must be done by the individual, from within.

Once this breaking down begins, then Initiation is already underway, and no 'Rite of Initiation' however complex or well meaning is a substitute for this change in the individual. Such a rite, as a ceremonial ritual, is only the representation of this process in a dramatic form and in many cases is not necessary if some other form of Initiation is more suited to the candidate.

Besides this breaking of self-delusion, Initiation is an awakening of the occult faculties – that is, the experience by the candidate of the reality of magickal forces. This experience can be brought about in several ways – first, by means of a powerful ritual of Initiation which produces magickal forces through invokation; second, through the candidate experiencing the charisma of a Master or Mistress; and third, as a consequence of the individual undergoing a particular experience where magickal forces are present. An example of this third type is when a candidate, expecting perhaps (as a result of their own imagination) a ceremonial ritual of Initiation, is led to an isolated spot where magickal energies are present either naturally (as for example in most stone circles) or have been created beforehand by an Adept in readiness for the candidate. The candidate is then left alone. What the candidate then experiences (sometimes for many hours) is an Initiation - although this is seldom understood by the candidate at the time because outwards form is lacking. In many respects, this third type is the most valuable of all the forms of Initiation since it does not rely on the illusion of ceremonial, or the dogma normally associated with such ritual forms. Initiation is complete when the candidate realises that a process of inner change has begun.

The next stage of the seven-fold way, following Initiation, is when the novice begins to undertake in a systematic way workings with the various magickal forces through such forms as Path Workings, hermetic and ceremonial rituals. Such workings in themselves take several months and during this time the novice will be

given several tasks - some practical, some magickal - to perform. These tasks may themselves take several months to complete. The most usual magickal task involved the novice assuming the 'role' of a dark sorcerer/ sorceress for example, dressing in black and cultivating a satanic appearance - and in this guise attending various Occult functions and generally trying to provoke argument and dissent. The novice in this is advised to cultivate an attitude of arrogance and pride and must be prepared to defend forcefully their Satanic views. Following this, the novice is expected to infiltrate another magickal group/Order with the intent of attending a ritual and during that ritual either redirecting the magickal power (if any) or invoking by their own effort during the ritual a powerful force of their own choosing to disrupt or otherwise alter the original ritual. In some cases, the novice may organize their own group (recruiting people for it) for just this purpose.

This magickal task develops not only the use of magickal forces in an interesting way but also provides the novice with a goal the attainment of which is invigorating. It also provides an opportunity for the novice to develop various skills pertaining to the manipulation of other individuals chiefly through the deliberate development of a 'charismatic' personality or role. Its the fundamental task of the novice to learn from those experiences - that is, not to allow the role to become dominant.

This is achieved by the novice remembering that they are involved in a seven-fold quest and accepting the advice given by the Master or Mistress who assigned the task. Both of these things some novices find difficult to do. The behaviour of the novice during this task is governed by specific guidelines - failure to observe the guidelines by an individual means the end of their noviciate as far as the Order is concerned.

The practical tasks associated with this stage usually involve the novice developing certain physical abilities suited to their character. Such physical goals (for example, cycling 100 miles in under 5 hours or running 20 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes - fitter individuals will be given a more demanding goal) are a necessary balance to the magickal tasks as well as enabling those tasks to be achieved in a more invigorating manner.

This stage generally takes from six months to two years and is concluded when the novice finds changes of perspective arising as a consequence of the self-understanding brought through following the goals and tasks. This change should arise naturally and it is made conscious to the novice toward the end of the stage through the grade ritual of External Adept. This ritual is a prelude to the goals and tasks of the next stage and signifies the beginning of Adeptship.

The Grade Ritual involves the individual constructing a septenary Star game and the performance by the individual of a certain ritual on a night of the new moon. This ritual involves the invoking of a certain force, female in aspect.

The External Adept may choose to continue with the group or temple begun in the previous stage (or create one if this was not done before) for the purpose of conducting ceremonial and hermetic rituals of the type associated with, for example, the 'Book of Wyrd' as well as for the performance of the cthonic Nine Angles rite if desired. Alternatively, the individual may opt to concentrate on magickal working with the Star Game - and for this (as the task above) a companion is required. It is a task of the External Adept to find such a companion, as well as to teach them all they themselves have learned during the previous stages – guiding them as they themselves have been guided. This in itself generally takes from one to two years, and because of this most External Adepts prefer, during this time, to organize a magickal group/Temple since it provides a structure and a focus.

During this stage the External Adept will experience many things, particularly of a magickal kind if rituals are undertaken by a group, and contact with the Master or Mistress will be limited and occur for the most part if the External Adept wishes. It is important during the long period associated with this particular stage, that the individual does not become prey top the illusion of being a Master or Mistress.

Most will of course succumb at some time to this as a consequence of the varied magickal experiences and contacts with those less experienced in magick, many individual sever their links with the Order as a consequence of this illusion.

In some ways this stage is the most difficult, involving as it does confrontation with various roles and what had been called the 'anima/animus', this latter occurring naturally through the training of a companion. Provided the individual maintains during the stage their resolve to follow to its end the seven-fold way (and here the advice from the Master or Mistress is often crucial at some point during this stage) then, with the completion of the Ritual of the fifth stage, the new Master or Mistress assumes a teaching role via an Order or an individual basis, and usually those who attain this stage take over at some time their Order, guiding individuals along the seven-fold way. They may also create their own Order or group should they so wish - or reactivate the Temple they organized during their time as an External Adept, since the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept by its nature, means the individual must disband such a Temple or leave it in care of one less experienced.

After some years teaching, the Master or Mistress may withdraw to seek the next stage – provided they have trained at least one person to continue the tradition of the seven-fold way.

Thus it will be seen that the seven-fold way is not easy. It is a way of life, which any individual may follow. Those who only follow its early stages gain something of benefit - those who go further may achieve the goal that awaits us all: the next stage of human evolution.

In the past, in any one decade, the Order had many hundreds of candidates seeking Initiation. About four or five a year, sometimes less, may become Initiates through their own choice. Of these, perhaps two will complete the noviciate and only two or three from twenty a decade become Internal Adepts, the others drifting away for various reasons. Every twenty years, a new Master or Mistress may take office. There may be one or two Magi a century. So it has been – and so it will probably unfortunately remain until the New Aeon begins to emerge on the practical level three to four centuries in the future.

The seven-fold way possesses the potential to create (given good guidance) in ten years what it has taken seven civilizations, five Aeons or nearly ten thousand years to achieve. Every individual is free to choose between this path to the divine and a continuation of the sleep that keeps the potentiality of life at bay. All magick is a glimpse of this path – it is up to the individual to walk along it.

ONA, 1989eh

Heretical Catharsis I

And again the repulsion comes to the surface. Faced with what was spiritual in one sense and diabolical in another, a dilemma arises, like the newborn Sun afresh over a dew laden earth. And there he is the Man of Destiny, but I am repulsed. The inner disease rises to the surface and I feel ill, literally physically sick. There is a glimpse of freedom, but the illness overcomes this, rising to the surface before descending once more where it lies dormant, a parasite that I have been force-fed and made to accept as true, as real. I know the reality of those high values that he and his followers preached and preach still. I have a sense of what they are and how high they would seek to pull the lost soul up to Greatness. I have partly lived this idealism and know that it lies within me still, deeper perhaps than the foreign beast with which I have been injected. But everywhere the enemy rears Its head, again and again and again. There are so few who can think for themselves. They said that about the Cause that he created and the new men and women that he sought to create. 'Think for yourself' - a projection perhaps? And yet I am blessed that I see where his followers are now, I hear what they say, whilst all around me the enemy force their creed upon me, friends and foe alike. Why am I sick? What repulses me? Is this an apparition? A distorted lens that I look through? I cannot see clearly through the glass they have put up around me. And yet I know that to smash the glass requires strength and a sense of certainty, or Destiny. An internal battle that often may become physical. How can I know who is true? But is not uncertainty an ally of the enemy? Conviction will be slow, there must be something more than mere words that captures the essence of the Spirit. It was shown years ago during the First State, but now it's beauty is distorted, mis-represented. And so I enter the Temple:

Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Hail - most holy and free!

We believe -

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods...

Lyceus, ONA.

Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* – and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that this dichotomy does not exist in the cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality.

In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'dis-cover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life – the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass – with its denial of the Nazarene – is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries.

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition - such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in "La-Bas" - is enervating. True Satanic opposition – codified in a ritual - produces the exact opposite – a will to *more* life: and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypal image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition – a wallowing in death, decay, horror and the filth of uncontrolled *décadence* - is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

One of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evokation of Adolf Hitler - and not as something artificial, still less as a psychological 'game'. Rather, there is a genuine identification with the positive, life-enhancing, aspects of National-Socialism. [To most readers, this will be shocking - a blasphemy; which is exactly the point.] As with the traditional Black Mass, it is the stress placed on the positive, vital qualities of opposition that are important – *because these contradict in their very essence all that is assumed about what or whom the mass is concerned with.* Thus, in this particular Satanic Mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today portrayed by his opponents - as some sort of 'evil' monster – but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

Genuine ritual Satanism, for a novice, is not simply inversion - it is a complete rejection of the images and ethics of a particular ethos - and a Satanist uses those images, and the ethics, their very *essence* reversed, against their own often unconscious 'conditioning', and ultimately against the society which uses/creates those images and ethics. Individuals who participate in genuine, well-performed, Satanic masses sometimes experience a kind of *satori* – a sudden enlightenment – and are thus led to increase their own conscious understanding. They also achieve an increase in their own vitality because they have broken free of constraining opposites.

In a very important sense, Satanism uncovers what the ethos of a particular society or societies have covered up through images, dogma, ethics, words and ideas - and it returns the individual to the primal chaos out of which opposites were formed.

This uncovering gives the individual control, a conscious understanding and an awareness of their unique Destiny. It is and has been the purpose of genuine Satanic groups to foster such an uncovering by guiding novices and having them participate in blasphemous rites. Beyond such an uncovering, ritual and ceremony cease - to be replaced by a profound wordless skill, a profound empathy. The ground or foundation of this empathy is what has been called "individuation" – the unity that a genuine Adept represents. But this "individuation", this Adeptship is itself only another beginning; it is only the fourth stage toward the ultimate goal.

Fundamentally, Satanic Orders enhance, speed-up, evolution – while the majority of people sleep, fearful of such infernal terrors.

[ONA 1974eh]

Mass of Heresy

Participants:

Mistress of Earth (in scarlet robes)

Master (in purple robes)

Guardian of the Temple (dressed in black, and wearing a face mask)

Congregation (in black robes, or black clothes)

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be burnt. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against a red background. On the altar are silver chalices containing strong wine; a crystal tetrahedron and a small altar bell. The altar may also contain a framed photograph of The Chief, and a copy of Mein Kampf.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to: (a) challenge accepted beliefs about recent history; (b) provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual; (c) encourage sinister forces.

Important Note: It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many 'Western' countries - and in these and many other countries anyone who accepts and propounds the tenets outlined in this Mass renders themselves liable to criminal prosecution and/or persecution by the 'authorities'.

Performance of this Mass of Heresy in these times is as dangerous an undertaking as was performing a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch-hunts'.

The Mass

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress
Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation
Hail - most holy and free!

Master
We believe -

Congregation
Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods
To guide us to greatness.
We believe in the inequality of races
And in the right of the Aryan to live

According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the Jewish 'holocaust'
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.

We believe in the magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving
Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress
Let us remember in silence
Our comrades who gave their lives
Before, during and after our Holy War.

[The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows lasts for about two minutes after which the Master rings the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute. The Mistress then says:]

Mistress
I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you
Who have dared to defy the dogmas
That now hold our peoples in chains!
No thought should bind you:
No dogma restrict!

[The Master now vibrates the words 'Agios o Falcifer' as he stands facing the altar with his hands spread over the chalices. During this chant, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation, saying to them 'Honour be yours' after which she goes to the altar and takes up one of the chalices.]

Mistress
By our love of life we have this drink:
It will become for us a gift
From our gods!

[The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, then passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly 'Oriens splendor lucis aeternae in tenebris et umbra mortis'. She then goes to the Master, who kisses her, holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation, and says:]

Master
Caligo terrae scinditur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

[The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:]
Behold the sign of the sun
And the flag of he who was chosen
By our gods!

Praised are you by the defiant:
Through your courage we have
The strength to dream!

[The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:]

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus
Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

[The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation, saying:]

Mistress
Let us affirm again our faith.

[The Guardian steps forward, and raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute, saying as he does:]

Guardian

Hail Hitler!

[The Congregation respond with the same salute and greeting.]

Master
So you have spoken and from your speaking
Gifts shall come to you
Given by our gods.
Drink now, to seal with honour
Your faith.

[The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation, and who then places it upon the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and place upon the altar. {Note: If the congregation is large, the chalices may be replaced by small cups or other suitable containers.} When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the words Agios o Falcifer while the Mistress turns to the congregation.]

Mistress
To believe is easy,
To defy is hard -
But most difficult of all
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.
Go now, and remember,
So that we few who survive
Can gather again in secret
At the appointed time
To recall the greatness promised us
By the gods!

[The Guardian opens the doors of the Temple and ushers the congregation out.]

Dark Pathworkings

One of the initial tasks along the Sinister Path is the Magickal technique known commonly as Pathworking. Essentially this technique is a fundamental to the beginnings of Magickal development.

When working with the Sinister Tarot the Initiate may notice that some workings are far more intense than others. Combined with this intensity is the feeling that the characters and scenery within the image have actually come to life themselves. That is, they suddenly have a life of their own, a life that is no longer restricted by the consciousness of the individual, but suddenly becomes distinctive and objective from that consciousness. It is within these deeper forms of Pathworking that genuine Initiation begins to take place, for it should be noted that the Rite of Initiation does not always bring a complete transformation, but rather is only a beginning.

Two forms of Pathworking can generally be distinguished by the degree of control that the Sinister Pathworker has over the energies/images. In a lesser form of Pathworking the direction of the energies is controlled purely by the individuals imagination, that is for example, the Initiate visualises the Moon Goddess, imagining that she begins to talk, perhaps in a strange and deep ethereal voice, one that is imbued with the acausal nature of the Being She symbolises but which many believe to be purely a dead hunk of rock...

The working here is directed purely by ones imagination. However a deeper state of Pathworking, one which usually only comes when the Initiate has been continually working with the images themselves, is when the Beings within the Cards themselves become alive and imbued, not with the energy of the individuals imagination, for this is itself only a means to work with the energies, but rather, become alive of themselves expressing Their own nature and energy, that which is both within and without, that which is the acausal.

Another aspect of this degree of difference between the objective and subjective status of the Being with which the Dark Tradition works is expressed in the Dark Pathways themselves. These workings further the initial descent into the acausal, one which may itself be tentative and misunderstood.

As is stated in other Order MSS, it is by practical experience that the Sinister Initiate discerns the status of the Dark Gods themselves and this can never really be passed on in writings. For it is often believed that the writings of others can bring wisdom and enlightenment by themselves, yet this also is an illusion of the Abyss. It is quite correct to assume that the writings of others may help to guide, but, as has been stated many times before, they are only a guide, not a substitute. It is only through direct personal Invokation that the Dark Gods can be understood.

During the Dark Pathways the Magickian meditates upon the corresponding Tarot image, allowing the energies summoned to manifest as it will in accordance with the symbolism. However, if a working is truly successful the imagery of the card will serve its purpose by providing a gateway, or perhaps more accurately a vehicle through with the specific Dark God may manifest its Being. Thus working with Atazoth, the Master card itself is soon lost in the vortical Chaos that is emitted from the pictorial representation of the Man of the Abyss. Atazoth then fills the Initiates mind, revealing his being to be far more alien than that of a mere humanoid.

As an expansion upon the existing Dark Pathways techniques I suggest the following working:

Dark Pathways II

Requirements:

Black Robe
Quartz crystal
Sinister Tarot Atu.

Decide upon a mode of dress. Usually this will be one of three: Black robe, naked, or dressed in black.

Arriving at the area near or after sunset, prepare your clothing and set out the implements.

Chant the respective sphere chant facing East and holding the crystal at chest height.

Now vibrate the Sacred Word nine times. If a chant is required then chant this instead, but if this is not known then vibrate the name nine times then another four times.

Place the crystal in a secure position and begin the slow dance, the direction of which you may decide yourself (usually Deosil for lighter spheres and Widdershin for darker spheres, i.e. Mars and Jupiter would be Widdershins).

Speed the dance up faster and faster until you fall to the ground.

Now vibrate or shout the name as strongly as possible.

After a moment, visualise the Tarot image, do not attempt to control or direct the visions though, let them come and go as they do.

Once the visions pass, stand and then begin a dance in the opposite direction to the original dance. Singing/chanting "I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am a God."

When satisfied, cease your dance. Then face bow to the North saying: "It is completed."

Leave the area of the working.

Additional Notes:

Prior to the ritual for seven days meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God to be invoked for at least fifteen minutes each night prior to sleep, quietly repeating its name. If possible follow the recommended Black Fast.

The location of a suitable area for working is also essential. An isolated wood is ideal, though geographical variations may determine alternative locations.

The addition of the Sphere chant at the beginning of the Rite seems to open the Gate to the acausal wider

thereby enabling the Dark God/Energy to manifest in a far stronger manner.

Try and use the dance to express the sphere/planet itself. It may be helpful to consider the astronomical/ astrological significances of the planet, such as the size, its speed around the Sun and so on. These may give clues to the planets energies and thereby by expressed during the dance itself.

Essentially the Dark Pathways should be experienced by the Initiate him or herself in order for the individual to devise the technique that works best for him/her. However, although the main body of the Ritual should stay essentially the same, it is quite natural that the individual will find variations that work better for him/her, such as the manner of the dance itself for example.

Lyceus, ONA. 1998eh.

Wild Child of the Woods

Satan-boy
A Wild Child of the Woods
Seated serenely upon the
Rock of the Dark Goddess

The Magick of Sound
Pure and natural
Comes towards me as a hauntingly
Beautiful melody

Until I am upon him
This Wild Child of the Woods
Dirtied by Mother Nature
Pure and Unafflicted by the disease of a rotted civilisation and its offspring

I watch silently awe-struck in his presence
As his music plays to the dance of life
And I feel the longing deep within
Come forth again as I see now

A Glimpse of my Self, my Destiny
Portrayed in my vision of this
Satan-boy
This Wild Child of the Woods

15th March 1998
Lyceus

Eclipse

I see the woman from the painting, seated in a drawing-room of spacious, Victorian elegance. The curtains, large velvet hangings, are drawn. To one side is a piano on which a nameless person gently plays slow, haunting musick, evocative of the Adagio from Beethoven's 14th Sonata.

One side of the woman's face is in shadow; the other side is marble perfection. She of the large, dark eyes pours a cup of tea, and sips at it. All is done in a cultured, precise manner. She takes up a deck of cards and begins a game of Solitaire, placing the cards deliberately, pondering each one.

The door opens: a gentleman enters. A slight *frisson* possesses him as he notices the woman – she of the large, dark eyes – seated there. The light from the hallway falls upon her face, and the side in shadow is revealed. It is pocked and gouged, and on her neck is a scar, creating the impression of cracked porcelain.

The man sits in a chair beside her. He nervously pulls at his waistcoat.

"Good evening, Lisa" he says, a note of anxiety in his voice. "Can you find no other occupation?"

"This pleases me most, at the present hour." Her voice is cool as mellifluous.

"But ..." begins the man.

"There is nothing you can do about me now, Adrian. You created me, yet I am beyond you. I am less and more than your mortal dreams. By these cards I follow the traces of fate that fix the future. You shall not harm me or interrupt me – you know it is not in your power."

The man passes a hand across his eyes and sighs. "If I could just correct these ..." he says, reaching his hand towards the unsightly marks on her shadowed side.

"No, I am what I am: incomplete. Yet more potent for that. Do not fear, Adrian, I shall remain hidden upstairs when your guests arrive. Only you may know me directly."

The man stares at her. At those dark hallowed eyes that must not be held. For when they are so held, strange and disturbing images arise in the mind; images that cannot be controlled. Nightmares or dreams of seduction.

Most of the time – thankfully – she stays in the attic. On a full Moon she can be found sitting by the open window, gazing into the silver perfection. On those nights, shades and shadows, noises and whispers from Aeons, rustle down the corridor, climb the stairs, and haunt the doorways.

One night, he was determined to destroy her – she of the large, dark eyes. He had taken burning candles, but at the door she had addressed him coolly, and he lost all motivation for the act. From the cold spaces, she had addressed him.

The woman represents, it seems, a door into the past, and future. And at the apex where those points meet, she lives in her strange world, neither dead nor alive, within a dimension that seeps into all dimensions.

She is unfathomable quantity that on occassions fills him with dread. He will never entirely get used to her.

Later tonight, he will go to his room and write in his diary. Write of the evening's encounter, his fears – the other images that haunt him.

And he will lie down to sleep, still thinking of her soulless eyes, those large, dark eyes that come from a cavernous dark.

And as he sleeps, he will dream ...

Annia Ashlet, ONA.

Shugara – A Sinister Pathworking

I have just returned from that specially chosen site in the forest, just three miles from here. This time, I had been successful in allowing myself to become more thoroughly immersed into, and absorbed with, the spirit of the place, and the Invokation itself. As for the previous Pathworkings, there had always been a kind of foreboding, a certain hesitation, a tangible fear and recognition that this communion with primal Nature, under the dark, open sky, all alone, was overwhelming - beyond the romanticized, dualistic perception of Nature and the Cosmos so prevalent within modern-day paganism and new-age thinking.

Today, however, all such hesitation and fear - separateness - dissolved. A manifest connexion has been created on this cold, early Winter morning. All distractions, all strange, hidden surroundings united with my Being. I had successfully confronted the fear, which once, when I was unaware, had controlled and limited the promise that is my Life; that primal fear of the Dark - that Shadow which threatens to emerge into this causal existence and devour. Today, I have faced this fear.

The walk to the chosen site was a brisk one, as I was forced to travel up the hillside in a long, winding manner, as necessitated by the steep cliffs of the hillside. Every step was made in deliberation and contemplation, knowing that this was an exercise of Will, in unison with Nature's higher order, a discovery of the Primal Darkness within and without. I was aware that this Darkness, this Shadow was about to be confronted.

Unlike before, I instinctively understood that on this morning, I would travel through the forest without aid of flashlight or lantern. There existed simply an instinctive knowing - that this was necessary, that there could be no crutches, no hesitation, no turning back. This newly added element, together with the fact that coyotes are well known to roam and hunt along these parts, functioned to make this Pathworking, this brief moment in a life-long Quest, all the more interesting - all the more worthwhile.

Finally, after traveling through the heavily forested area, I entered into the small, flat circular clearing, which I had gone to some pains to locate some weeks earlier. I knew when I first came to this place, with its solitary, circular formation of trees in the center, that this clearing was indeed fated for such a venture. Here, one was surrounded by both the awe-inspiring presence of Nature, in the raw, and by the stark, intimidating vastness of the heavens. Here, there could be no simple pandering to the ego in some urbanized, disrespectful form of sorcery so prevalent within the city. One was within Nature's grasp, with only three choices : 1) to bow down to Her in some feeble attempt to show respect; 2) to disrespect Her by ignoring Her, and by investing one's energy into the petty purpose of building one's own ego; or 3) to become One with Her - what, in fact, She truly desires.

After unloading the relevant supplies from my backpack, I first lit the charcoal I had packed, and placed on top of it the incense I had prepared – a mixture representing the combination of the energies attributed to Luna (the sphere of hidden knowledge) and Mars (the sphere of sacrifice, death and destruction). Afterwards, I lit the candles, one red, the other blue, and stood quietly, understanding that this exercise was more than a mere mindless, egotistic abstraction. This was the continuation of a sequential Becoming, of a living, breathing entity possessing the potential to alchemically transform. This Calling was a step further in that process of stripping away the deceptive, temporal layer to reveal what is , and to progressively become One with that essence. Yes, I had understood that this was in fact a sequential unfolding of the genuine Dark Tradition.

After several moments, I began visualizing the sigil of Shugara, the Dark God-related entity associated with the fourth Pathway of the Dark Tradition. And, as I visualized this sigil, I began the first of thirteen deep vibrations, nine in continuous succession, then a short pause, and four more vibrations. The deep, resonant

quality of these vibrations was revealing a remarkable improvement from previous attempts. The entire week previous had been spent preparing for this event. A steady decrease of food, meat and sleep had been implemented one week prior to this morning, with the last day providing very little food or sleep for this morning. At this moment, I could feel the positive effects produced by such a preparation, as the vibrant, resonant energy emanating from my solar plexus began rising and spreading throughout the whole of my body. This tangible energy was reverberating within my uttermost Being; an energy which, had I not taken the previous week to prepare for, I'd have been numb toward.

An altered state of consciousness was rapidly manifesting. It felt as though it were my very own spirit producing the sound. A tangible oneness had begun to travel like an electric current pulsating through my Being - a concrete partaking of energies that were at once both personal and supra-personal, unconscious and Cosmic.

It seemed as though I had "plugged in" to an entirely new source of energy. Indeed, by the fourth or fifth repetition, my vibrations began to grow not only in strength and power, but in duration as well. A good fifteen to twenty seconds was elapsing before my breath and power gave out, requiring a new breath to be drawn. Yes, something inside was awakening, a Chthonic Darkness millennia old, yet so vibrantly and enticingly new.

Now, I finished the thirteenth and final vibration, my voice echoing in the dark, intimidating silence. With my Will vocalized, I reclined across the cold ground, closing my eyes and breathing deeply, waiting for this new energy to manifest. At this point, while realizing I was confronting that Darkness which threatens to devour, I could sense a literal hair-raising fear, a fear which seemed to be sensed by the forest itself.

At first, what I witnessed was a violent eruption of dark, black smoke mushrooming forth out of a deep well. I knew at once that this signified the awakening and unleashing of the Shadow within. The Dark was being presenced...

What then followed was both enlightening and unsettling. It seemed as though I was able to leave my body and travel directly overhead. I could see the area of the forest which directly surrounded me. What this panoramic view revealed was rather disconcerting: in a perfect circle, surrounding me on every side, were a pack of wolves, crouched down and hidden by the surrounding brush, visibly positioned to pounce at any given moment. What I immediately found to be even more alarming, was the simple fact that each wolf was perfectly still - there was no sound, no sign of restlessness, no apparent agitation or warning of any kind. Not once did I hear them approach. Nevertheless, they were there, and my own prior lack of empathy and self-awareness became startling clear.

These "wolves" represented, for me, that which threatens to devour, and that which most likely will devour if not confronted, explored and resolved. The fact that I could now see these "wolves" revealed that I was indeed now beginning to develop a real empathy with my true self and with the primal essence of Nature. The genuine Sinister Tradition had afforded for me the opportunity to transcend these primal fears which had earlier held sway over my Being. This Tradition had provided me with the raw materials for surpassing present consciousness – a surpassing which alone is able to provide one with a clear and precise evaluation of one's true self.

After what seemed a long time, new images began to appear, most notably those which had been invading my dreams, or rather nightmares, ever since I had been initiated into the Dark Tradition some weeks earlier. These strange dreams had contained very bizarre images, and had even occasionally become somewhat disruptive. It was as though distant, faded objects, from a past that I was minutely aware of, began invading my consciousness, though I knew perfectly well that it was all in accordance with my own Will. I was more consciously aware now than at any other moment that my Initiation had in fact opened a Gate within my psyche, that this was in fact a genuine occurrence beyond mere delusion, and that the Shadow is indeed a factual fragment of the Self, lying dormant, awaiting the opportunity to be developed and integrated, so as to create a

new, evolved, un-divided Being.

The most startling image, which appeared at that moment, was (and had been since I first encountered it in a horrific dream just days earlier) an enigma that seemed to haunt at the very edges of consciousness. It appeared as an intimidating black fish, or shark, of very large proportions, silently hovering at the very bottom of the ocean in complete darkness, as though it had remained there for centuries, or even for millennia, forgotten – waiting...

While gazing at this image, it was as I had been transported into that timeless existence in which the Dream itself had originally taken place. This time, I possessed a clarity of understanding, which I had not earlier possessed while in the dream. I found myself plunged once again into the cold, dark, murky depths in which I first encountered the huge Beast. In the original dream, I had, at this point, become frenzied and hurried, struggling to head back up to the water's surface, where I could hope to find some sort of safety. However, now all such desperation was absent - controlled. Rather than struggling to escape the Darkness, I found myself exploring the Darkness. And again, just as in the Dream, I bumped into that impenetrable Darkness, which at first puzzled me, that is, until I saw the Face of that Darkness.

There it was, the same giant creature, which, in the Dream, had devoured me. Actually, I had awoken just after the huge creature grunted and immediately lunged toward me with teeth glaring, but I was nevertheless aware that I had been devoured within the Dream, and that this encounter was symbolic of something unknown, yet very real. However, at this precise moment in the replaying of my Dream, I immediately understood the meaning of this fish. I now understood that I was encountering a projected symbol of my undiscovered, unrealized self - the Dark Unconscious; that aspect of the psyche which has been the occasion for many uncontrolled, destructive, frightening bursts of the acausal into the physical world throughout history. I also understood that this Darkness was not only something internal, but external to myself as well.

During this last phase of the Pathworking, I could sense the increase of a tangible euphoria coming over my body. I could truly sense a genuine Becoming taking place, and that this experience was void of any mystification or abstract romanticism. There was present only a steely, sober clarity that what was taking place was genuine, solid step toward Eternity, toward Becoming, and toward Destiny.

As I left the site, a new awareness of, and connexion with, the forest permeated my being. All noise, all abstract thoughts, all nervous mind-activity, so common within the metropolis, was absent. Only a distinct, unmistakable knowing permeated my consciousness; a knowing which only further clarified, and solidified, Direction. This new insight, this new personal victory, was to be only one of many such victories and events, which, together, allow for a Becoming. Yes, there would many more experiences, which would, over time, become much more varied and certainly more difficult.

Now, the darkness in the forest did not intimidate – it called. Shugara had come, and I was not the same.

Collyn Branwell, ONA.

Pathworking: Satanas

Atu VII - AZOTH

"The Menstruum – the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal – or destruction by it."

Clothed in black I entered the chamber, intent to invoke a destructive energy I knew could overcome me in an equally destructive way. The intent filled my very being with an anxiousness that should have seemed out of place. But there was a feeling of glory to what I would do – a feeling that would surely come back to me time and time again as I'd venture into the Dark deeds that presence, and *create*, Satan.

I gave flame to the candles, and breathed deeply, slowly, for some minutes – knowing I must first relax and become content with my surroundings, before I once again ventured to that gate. The Quartz Tetrahedron the altar bore I could tell was pulsing with the Dark. It was one part of a Nexion, slowly being formed between it, I, and the chants I have sung to lure Dark Gods. These Gods I knew, as invoked to intrude upon my consciousness, could cause much unrest, even terror. But such an intrusion, obtainable it seems in only a small way – when compared to the utter terror and chaos which in essence *are* these Dark Gods, is an important element to achieving the balance one seeks. The Dark Gods embody the spirit of life, and give it the Acausal Charge implicit in any conscious being. Once the Dark Gods intruded upon our Causal world, and caused the terror, unrest, and destructiveness which *forced* the evolution of our species by way of increasing our consciousness. This is what I aim to achieve, individually. Not simply to further open the Nexion in me, but to draw forth that blackened essence of being, so that I may advance my own consciousness, survive the terror, and move one step closer to the balance of Causal/Acausal I will eventually be. I seek to *become*.

As I began the vocal vibrations – "Sa-tan-as" – I kept awareness as to my surroundings, and attuned my focus to drawing forth the Sinister element of both destructive and creative force; that which I know to be **Satanas**. As I completed the vibrations, which bond me to my Tetrahedron in an inexplicable way, I experienced a coldness of being. Or would it be better described as non-being? I had become slightly detached from where I stood, and continued the rite. I began a slow dance, repeatedly chanting "Satanas", whilst increasing in speed. The dance spiraled inward to where I draw Satanas' presence, and where I eventually collapsed, exhausted and becoming separate from my physical self. I lay breathing deeply, not obscuring or consciously directing anything which might take place. I aimed to relax, and begin to let the visions that would be used as communication to consciousness come through.

The visions were elusive, but the feelings were not. Coldness took hold of the chamber, and Satanas began to elusively take hold of the emptiness. I found myself in a struggle, for I was entrenched in a sort of chaos which I could make no sense of. Reason was evasive, understanding was beyond reach. All I could apprehend was being lost, not knowing which way to turn, or to turn at all. The figure in the Atu mutated, and began to give form to the energy. But this happened not within the Atu itself, but rather inside me, outside of me, in front of me, around me.

My body weakened, and exhaustion gripped firmly as I struggled to retain the strength to stand and complete the rite. I was not being drained, as some might take it. But rather I was experiencing a realm in which my consciousness was hitherto unaware. It was an intrusion which I unknowingly desired to be harsh. And the harsher the better, so long as I retained the ability to move on. The exhaustion I experienced during the dance had not lasted, as it was merely a result of frenzy. But with Satanas, quickly came a deeper felt ex-

haustion, not only one of the body, but one of the spirit.

Afterward, my perception detached. This feeling of detachment, and the exhaustion which accompanied it, would last longer than twenty-four hours after completion of the rite. This detachment however, was not an ignorance to the causal world of our existence, but rather an awareness of the forces at work behind it. Such exhaustion, I felt, was a painfully mocking result - but all I could do was to smile at this, for it is a small price to pay for what I seek, and I will undoubtedly experience worse. Worse perhaps, but not without that glory I had felt beginning this - a glory which did not subside.

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh
– Vindex Division –

*[The preceding was adapted from the notes in my Magickal diary depicting my experiences with the Tree of Wyrd and the Septenary Tradition: Hebdomandry. - **Thornian**.]*

Star-gates

The stars were everywhere to be seen, amidst the unknown blackness that begged to be conquered. One in particular shone through with vibrancy unmatched. It was neither the brightest, closest, nor largest star. But its glow reached much further than the eye, it extended into the very core of the being, of the initiate who stood beneath it. A lifetime of light-years away, yet revealing itself as destination.

There was no gate, he knew, linking his consciousness to that of the cosmos. For they were already intertwined, via *thousands* of gates. Woven together through initiation and the stripping of illusion that is the Dark Tradition, he *was* the cosmos, and he let himself be directed by its Will. This intertwinement, between Causal and Acausal, was the core of his being. The Acausal Charge, understood by lesser men as a "divine spark" was also the single factor for by which organic existence was made possible. It was into this, the *Nexion* within his consciousness – both latent and realized – that the light of the star extended into, penetrated, and became.

Standing enthralled with the energy this star produced – just as the sun did in Aeons past and Worlds long forgotten – the Sinister Initiate understood it as embodying Wyrd. It had itself given life, meaning – *numen*, to his deeds even before its light came into view. Far off as it was, it had no form – no answers to be bestowed without the seeking of a lifetime through those portals of being and non-being, that must be discovered before even the faintest form could be identified. This he accepted.

Transferred now from his world, to limits hitherto black, he floated weightless among the galaxies of time past and time to come. But time did not matter there – it did not flow, but rather produced chaos to the point of nothingness. And he among it saw the stars close to his – a thousand destinies woven into one galaxy which transcended all thought and reason. For it was only the stripping away of such things, to reveal a genuine intuition that naturally excelled further past the confines of conscious mind.

Blinding light then encompassed the Initiate, in an instant blaze. A satori then incomprehensible at any level spoke in still incomprehensible ways, until the initiate was hurled into visions of fallen leaders, bereft of their destines - as was necessary to bring forth the wyrd of a thousand others. And the Cosmic Being nodded to the initiate, in recognition.

Back on his home land, the formless remnants of bloody war scorned at his feet. Detached in a way that was more aware than it was illusory, the initiate had no feelings. There was no despair, no horror, no compassion. But simply an understanding of why it must be. A black cloud spread about the ground, and moved slowly through the land, as a nameless god brought him these insights – and the Dark Gods manifest themselves throughout the rest of this world in the form of bloody war. But he took no notice of the visions sent to his conscious – of the people themselves, who were sacrificed to the galactic will. For such sacrifice was necessary, in the continuing flux of life – and all that deserved notice were the changes taking place, and the greater achievements of life to follow. Most others would not believe them to be for the better, but those others were simply the pawns.

Once these intrusions subsided, he was left among cold nothingness; with only the leveled remnants of a world – to be built anew before him. In front of him stood the past – a manifestation of nobility and determination he had in this life yet to match. The soldier stood as not only his past, but the past of his destiny, and others whose destinies were to be brought together under cosmic wyrd. Each destiny individual, but woven into the will of the cosmos...

The soldier and he needed no words. For they communicated solely through self-insight, more effectively than could otherwise be. This soldier of the past brought startling insights to the future and of times gone, for which the present was but a narrow road between. He saw in the eyes of the soldier only lifeless chaos.

Looking back to the sky, he again identified his nameless star. The soldier was now gone, and the initiate was left only to ponder the worlds he'd just traveled - somewhere between the Moon and Saturn - but far outside and beyond the galaxies and star systems in which they reside. Deep into the unknown blackness his star shone through, emanating with Wyrd awaiting fulfillment. One day he should again join the mysterious soldier, with matched qualities of the determination, honour, and destiny he represented - on that lone planet that orbits his star.

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh
–Vindex Division–

Dark Pathworkings II

A successful completion of all the Dark Pathways leaves the Sinister Initiate with a feeling of exaltation and pride based on the knowledge that one has completed one stage of the Great Work. There is a greater belief in oneself and a development of individual Will. Yet there should also be an honest self-examination of the past 6 months. The Initiate should honestly evaluate the overall degree of success of the workings. If a particular working was not successful why was this? Was the Initiates mind fully on the working itself? Or were other events in the Initiates life, events perhaps outside of the Initiates involvement in the Tradition that were causing disruption? All of this must be analysed so that the Initiate can begin to see what factors combined to create a successful working and what factors worked against this success.

For a working to be successful the visions or astral experiences of the Initiate will have a strong effect upon the Initiates consciousness. Astral projection to a lesser or greater degree may occur (but this is also dependant upon the extent of the relaxation of the Initiates body). The contact with archetypal forms will also be spontaneous, that is, the characters met within the working will seem to have a volition and consciousness of their own, there is not, in a genuine working an apparent manipulation of the astral forms by the Initiates consciousness, rather these forms appear overtly as distinct from the Initiates consciousness. The working will then leave the Initiate with a feeling of loss when he or she returns to the mundane world.

Immediately it can be seen that there is a differing degree of intensity between a successful and unsuccessful working, with the latter requiring the Initiate to try and make the astral characters speak to him or her. This latter form of working tends to leave the Initiate with a feeling that he is simply talking to himself, whilst the former leaves a quite different feeling not only of success and therefore elation, but one that also enhances the Initiates connection with the Dark Gods Themselves. It should not need to be stated that one of the aims of the Stages of Initiate and External Adept is to hone the success rate of Magickal Ritual to a fine degree.

But, whatever descriptions are applied to Sinister Ritual these will always unfortunately be inadequate because Sinister Ritual taps the emotional energy of the participants and such energy can never be expressed in words.

Another factor that plays heavily upon the working is the location for the working itself. The isolated hilltop or wood are usually the best outdoor locations but are not necessarily easy to find and the (unconscious) fear of intrusion upon the working can actually impede the working itself to such an extent that it may suffer accordingly. For this reason it may be more suitable to undertake the working indoors in a room set aside as a Sinister Temple or in a part of a room if individual circumstances cannot provide a separate Temple. However with this said, outdoor workings do add to the overall working and the effects of such isolated locations can be quite considerable where such an isolated location can (and should) add to the intensity of the ritual itself, it being ideal if the Initiate can undertake a reasonably long walk bereft of artificial light to the chosen site prior to the ritual.

If such a location cannot be found then another solution presents itself whereby the Sinister Initiate should move to an area of the country that can provide an isolated wilderness wherein he or she can continue to follow the Seven-Fold Sinister Way without attracting too much attention. Of course such a move depends greatly upon the Initiates involvement with Tradition and desire to follow the Way to completion.

However, one should note that although the intensity of the actual working may be impeded by the possible proximity of intruders/non-initiates, this reason alone should not prevent the workings to be undertaken to some extent out doors in a reasonably isolated location.

The actual time-scale of the Dark Pathway Rituals are not - as many may misunderstand - one per week, rather it is for a continuous period of 21 weeks. For the Dark Pathway Rituals should not be perceived as individual and separate from one another, but rather, combine to create an organic whole (and this is true of the whole of the Septenary System itself). Thus, the Initiate is undertaking one single ritual that is broken down into 21 smaller rituals. This single ritual provides an insight into the reality of Adepthood, a reality that reveals a long and slow process of alchemical change.

Lyceus, ONA 1999eh

Pathworking II: A Brief Example

Introduction

As stated in previous Order mss the Initiate is expected to complete successively all Dark Pathways prior to undertaking the Sphere-workings, which will last until the undertaking of the Rite of External Adept. The following diary extract is provided to enable a glimpse into the practice of modern Hermetic Satanism on an individual level.

Sphere-Workings - 25th December 1998

Moon Sphere

Moon - Deofel - Death

I began the working with the continual repetition of the vibration of the word of power Nox. As I did so I held my hands over my quartz rock crystal.

Following this I chanted the Agios Kabeiri and then began the second and final vibration, accompanied by the visualisation of the sphere sigil, as given in Naos. Essentially all my visions were spontaneous and I feel that they were essentially more genuine and thus of themselves rather than imaginary/false.

As I vibrated Nox, I was standing at the large oak door of a cave. The door slowly opened as I vibrated the word of power.

As the door opened the figure of the Moon Goddess appeared beyond. She stood looking at me in silence in the darkness. Then she turned and without a word walked deeper into the darkness of the caves interior. I followed her noticing that she illuminated the surrounding cave walls as she slowly made her way deeper into the Earth. Eventually, within a fairly short space of time she led me out into another world. A large Moon hung low against the sky of night yet I saw no other stars or planets. Beneath us, a heavy sea raged in perpetual motion, as though overtly intimating a strong connection to the passing of Time and as I looked seawards I wondered what ships might be distantly sailing upon the heavy waves or what strange creatures might be swimming beneath its surface. Truly archetypal I thought. And not once did she speak to me, but remained silent as though in a speechless communion with the surrounding Nature and low grey scarred Moon. There was no need for words, they would just hinder this understanding I realised.

Behind us a huge wall of rock veered upwards. As my eyes followed its height I saw the ghost of an old and hideous looking house that had once stood upon its summit. As I looked upwards the sky suddenly lit up as a jagged lightening bolt struck the ghost-house. A steady downpour began and I looked back at the Goddess who remained motionless, Her silent communion seemingly undisturbed by the onset of rain.

Before me a new vision began to appear, as though a new sphere of existence had suddenly lowered itself to the sphere I was now on. At first a Path of Water, appearing icy and cold, then a wood, waterlogged but sur-

rounding the original Path. This too changed until I began to see firm ground, patches of green and brown, decaying leaves, twigs and branches that lay discarded under a cold blanket of snow.

I began forwards, then upwards as the Path led me from the first sphere into a new and yet also disturbing world. Then, the first vision. The beast so black in fur, its eyes black then red. The beast from Little Red Riding Hood lived in this world and I knew that this spiritual encounter would be far removed from a Nazarene influenced fairy tale. I began to run after him. His pace swift as he deftly passed through the undergrowth. As I ran I tried to commune with the beast, to understand him on his level not mine. A level that lay beyond the images and false ideas projected by the unconscious human and that only served to cage the animal in a false reality. Thoughts aplenty came forth. How many times I had seen the animals both wild and tamed and it always seemed that I could never truly commune with them because my naturalness had been bred out of me, because all around me people had tried, albeit unconsciously, to keep me away from the imaginary fears and loathings they held towards their true saviour and kin: the Nature Goddess and her children. I was no hunter in this world, nor was there any hunted. Rather to commune with that totem spirit that had at last appeared to me. The power of the Wolf calling me onwards, deeper and deeper into that cold and humanless wilderness. Until, I fell into the circle, an openness deep within the cold dusk-laden wood.

The pack and its leader surrounded me as I lay upon the ground my back to the earth, my face to the stars, and yet, there were no stars here. Only the hideous howl that issued forth from the Pack leader. That beast, that Deofel. Then they were upon me, snarling and clawing and biting and ripping the flesh from my soon-to-be corpse. Within seconds, the supernatural beasts had feasted upon my flesh and bone leaving only bright red blood and shiny blood stained bones, my rib-cage remained intact, so also my skull, all else had been taken as I gladly paid my overdue troth to my totem animal, a gift of spiritual sacrifice. As I lay there conscious that I no longer had a flesh-body she appeared to me. Was this Hekate? Returned from the long dead past? Or Morrighan? Budsturga? Cat Anna? I looked upon Her radiant beauty as she smiled hovering above the ground, a white aura silhouetting her shape. Then she was gone and the unearthly howls of the Wolf-pack began to fade and I awoke in a place: a chamber wherein a wise and cunning beast was Lord.

At first the figure remained motionless. Here I felt that I was able to move more easily, my corpse having been left with the Deofel and his Pack. The Sphinx left the pedestal and began to walk around the room, confident that I would not attempt to pass through the Gate. She began to preen herself, her snake-like tongue flicking momentarily as she spoke. "You can move around easier without your body." She said, I remained silent. "Are you going to ask me a riddle?" I asked.

"You are the riddle." She replied. "The human is the riddle." She walked slowly around the room, I floated over to the opening, but with no intention of passing through until I had been granted permission.

"Look," she said indicating to the darkness of the Cosmos, "There is the riddle. You are that. What else could be more important than the realisation that you are one with that?" Again I remained silent listening to her words.

"You do not even exist, that is all there has been, that is all there is, and that is all there will be." I saw flashes of my destiny, understood more about the Great Work, why I was where I was and how important our work was. I could see the possibility of a future Man of Destiny. A Man of the Cosmos. He who would restore the Pagan Warrior ethos and thereby insure Wyrd was achieved.

"You may pass through," The sphinx said as I stood looking into the room, my back to the opening. I sensed that I began to fall backwards, until I was falling into the emptiness. I saw the star above me and knew that it was not a journey I would be taking this time. As I fell I began to sense a unity with that emptiness and then all was nothing...

Notes

It is easy to write off Pathworking as simply fantasy or 'imagination'. Such discarding of one of the oldest shamanic practices of Europe is frankly rather ridiculous. Not only does such an opinion have no basis in fact, it also proves that such an individual has never undertaken to follow an occult way for a length of time. Or perhaps such an individual began a Path for a day or two, didn't achieve any results and so decided it was all nonsense. Of course such individuals will never achieve anything significant because they are unable to maintain the discipline required for genuine Initiation. Pathworkings will only begin to come alive after a period of time. It is useless to expect results immediately. This is like the impatient child wanting everything straight away. Perseverance is one of the keys to successful Pathworking, but there is more besides and this bears repeating because it is very important if a successful outcome of Pathworking is sought.

There needs to be an invokation and direction of energy to begin with so that the archetypes become enlivened with acausal energy. If there is little or no energy raised then there will only be imagination. A chief factor in this might be due to the chosen location. If a chosen location is not adequately isolated - there being a strong chance of interruption - then a different location should be found less this adversely affects the workings.

After 6 months of continued Pathworking the acausal Gate within the Initiate will begin to open, some may achieve greater degrees of success such as astral projection and foresight, whilst others may only have brief almost momentary experiences. The astral body should become stronger and there will be a growing belief in oneself and ones abilities, which will enhance as the individual moves deeper into the Abyss. The work is simple and effective, it is proved to work by those who have followed it in their individual ways. All is needed is determination.

Lyceus, ONA.

The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

The Sinister Path

For many non-initiates and, unfortunately Initiates (an indication perhaps of the current state of the 'Occult world' itself), it is often misunderstood that the performance of a Rite of Initiation will bring forth immediate psychic, that is, Magickal change. Practical experience reveals that this is not usually the case however. There are of course exceptions to this 'rule'. One is that an immediate psychic change is noticeable in the individual; this itself will most likely be due to the intensity of the Rite of Initiation. But whether such change has a lasting effect is another question, it being more likely that such immediate change will slowly evaporate as time passes. Another exception is that although there will have been no real or genuine inner change the Initiate will fall prey to one of the many delusions of the Abyss and believe that a change has occurred against all indications that tell otherwise (q.v. **The Deceitful Occult Ego**). So, although immediate change within the Initiate is possible, a more balanced and natural approach is to perceive Initiation as a process. It may be – and often actually is - psychically desirable for the beginning of this process to be symbolised by the outer form of an Initiation Ritual (be it hermetic or ceremonial).

Along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way these Initiation rites (for in one sense all the rituals involved during the various stages of the Sinister Way are initiation rites in themselves) are primarily concerned with presenting the Darkness or acausal component of the psyche in the conscious world, or mind, of the Initiate. This enables the consciousness of the Initiate – as he or she slowly progresses along the Path - to develop from that of non-Initiate (that is, where the individual is largely controlled by unconscious desires and impulses) to that of Initiate (where the Satanist begins to comprehend and interact consciously with these previously unconscious components) and then on to Adepthood where these energies are consciously understood enabling a certain balance to be attained between causal and acausal.

The Path of the Initiate

As each new Initiate progresses along the Sinister Path, it is expected that individual insights will add to the Tradition as a whole (the Heir to the Tradition adding significantly). Whether this does or does not happen is really dependant upon the Initiate and the quality of his or her contact with the Sinister Tradition. If the Path is genuinely followed, that is, if the Sinister is being actively pursued during the daily life of the Initiate (such pursuit or questing being a continuous act, and thereby a development of individual Will) genuine occult transformation will begin to occur. With this transformation it is possible that variations on some Sinister Rituals may arise whereby the Initiate finds a more powerful method of manifesting the acausal during the rite.

The rituals that are of primary concern for the Initiate are the Dark Pathways and the Sinister Pathworkings. Besides these rituals – which will already, if followed continuously, begin to dominate the Initiates consciousness – there are the individual sphere chants to be learnt, the undertaking of the physical training, the study and practice of the Star Game, the study of Order texts and correspondences, the collation of incenses

and the purchasing of specific implements for the future Temple. In regard to this latter aspect, by undertaking such actions these actions themselves will or may (dependent upon Individual Destiny) aid to the manifestation or creation of a Sinister Temple. That is to say, that by purchasing or making items that are specifically for a Sinister Temple, the reality of that (future) Temple is becoming presenced in the causal life of that Initiate.

Further to previous Order guide-lines, a new method of Initiate development advises that the Initiate begins with the Dark Pathways themselves (instead of the Sinister Sphereworkings). The aim is to invoke one Dark God per week, meditating each night leading up to the ritual for no less than fifteen minutes on the respective sigil whilst slowly repeating the name of the Dark God or the Word of Power. Combined with this the Initiate should aim to reduce sleep and food until the night of the ritual whilst also locating the respective planetary incense (taken from the bark of the respective tree) and burning this, during the ritual. Once all Dark Pathways have been experienced, the Initiate may then undertake the Sinister Pathworkings, performing the nightly meditations. The following of the Sinister Path in this manner, implies that the Initiate has already recreated or made conscious the Tree of Wyrd within him or herself, by consciously invoking each of the fundamental archetypes into consciousness. This conscious presenting of the archetypes then being further developed by the Sphere Meditations themselves.

Initiate Tasks: Other Aspects

Besides the primary rituals that are required for the completion of Sinister Initiation, it is advisable that the Initiate purchases - or contracts a jeweler to make - the relevant piece of jewelry to be worn (ring set with quartz for males, quartz necklace for females). The wearing of such an item of jewelry further stimulates the Initiates awareness that he or she is a member of a Tradition, one that is far more important and potent than the frankly rather pathetic past-times that most people take as an interest or hobby. This ring or necklace becomes for the Initiate a 'Mark of Satan', a symbol of the Initiates quest and a constant reminder of the Sinister in the Initiates life, that is the Initiate is constantly aware that he or she is wearing an outward symbol – that others can see – of his or her Sinister Quest.

When all the different factors or tasks of Sinister Initiation are combined the Initiates entrance into the Sinister becomes a very potent force, one that is active (by virtue of the fact that the Initiate is consciously realising or making real the Sinister in his or her life).

The practice of the chants is, as mentioned previously, a further task of the Sinister Way. Although this does not necessarily have to be undertaken during the stage of Initiate, it is advisable to begin to learn these so that once the Grade of Professed Brother or Sister is attained, the Sinister Magickian may be a little more prepared for the running of a Sinister Temple. By virtue of the fact that there are a number of chants that will need to be learnt for use during Sinister ceremonial ritual it is usually advisable that the Diabolus is the first chant to be learnt. Besides this the sphere chants are probably the next most important (the Agios Lucifer chant being ideal to begin with) since they provide a foundation for a number of rituals, and can be - and have been - used during the Dark Pathways Invokations.

There are of course a number of other tasks that are suggested, some new and some more Traditional aspects. One of the older and more secretive tasks is for the Sinister Initiate to gain some hosts from a Nazarene place of worship and desecrate these either during or after the Rite of Initiation. If one is seeking to join an

existing Temple it will be necessary to have attained these prior to Initiation for use during Initiation, such an acquisition further proving the worth of the candidate.

A more recent addition to Tradition is that whilst the Initiate is undertaking the Dark Pathways, he or she draws a Tree of Wyrd in his or her Magickal Diary or 'Sinister Book of Shadows'. This map however should only be added to once a Dark Pathway has been concluded. Thus, the Initiate begins by drawing the seven spheres, in appropriate sphere colours. Then, once the Noctulius Pathway is completed this is drawn in, then the Shugara Pathway is drawn in and so on. This in itself adds (albeit in a minor way) to the conscious integration of the energies being brought forth as enabling the Initiate to see - in physical terms – how the Pathways are connected to the spheres and one another.

Self-honesty and Sinister Occult Development

It is important to remember that, as an Initiate you have made a pledge to Satan and the Dark Gods to follow the Sinister Way:

'Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of you - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.'

'I ..... (state name chosen) am here to begin my Sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!'

(The Black Book of Satan)

It is easy in times of anger or tiredness to say to oneself that it doesn't matter too much if a meditation is missed, or you don't have a ring, or you don't bother with the physical aspect, or that the Initiation Rite doesn't need to be undertaken, or the Grade Ritual of External Adept isn't really too important. That, because you know you could do it, it isn't necessary to prove it to yourself. And so on and so forth. And yes, it is easy to say such things because it means that you don't have to make an effort. But, the Sinister Path is hard and demands commitment. It is only with this commitment, with this continuous effort, with this continual personal act of Will, of individual defiance, that such changes will occur. So in the context of Sinister Pathworking:

'... faithful repetition is important, because by following the procedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.'

(Naos)

How easy it is to miss these simple statements that describe the very means to achieve Sinister Adepthood. Perhaps if more Initiates actually did what was said by virtue of an act of Will then there might be more Sinister Adepts in the world. But things are as they are and human weakness is usually the cause of a waste of life, of potential. So, it is necessary, if the Sinister Initiate truly seeks an understanding of the Sinister that runs

deeper than mere words, but is a wordless understanding that cannot be taken away from him or her, to follow the way as stated in numerous Order mss. It is necessary to face the challenges that are set before the Initiate. At this stage there is no need to look too far ahead. Rather it is better to keep ones mind and thoughts on the current stage, because it is by following this stage now, and then the stage of External Adept, that the heights of the stage of Sinister Adept may finally be approached.

Thus, with all this in mind although the Initiate may have a tendency to say that it is not necessary to meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God each night prior to the Dark Pathways Invokations, such meditations really do enhance the energies brought forth and, after an unspecified amount of time has passed (dependent of course upon each Initiate) the Initiate will start to feel the acausal body surrounding the causal body.

From Sinister Initiate to Sinister Adept

The Sinister Tradition, as has been stated previously, does not grant titles or adepthood through friendship or money or sex or for any other reason. The title of Adept and that which is beyond must be fought for, must be pursued actively, now, during the present, because it is from this point in time that the desired future may eventually become a present reality. This is true of the esoteric nature of the Sinister Way, as it is also true of the Aeonic imperatives that are being strived for by Sinister Adepts and Masters. For each stage of the Tree of Wyrd is a Tree of Wyrd in itself. That which is within is without and that which is without is within. Just as the Sinister Tradition is a Tree of Wyrd, so also are the individual Initiates self-contained Trees of Wyrd and so inherently each stage of the Way contains the seeds of all the other stages.

Why are there so few Sinister Adepts today? Is it perhaps because the tendency is to write and talk, just as the typical armchair Qabalist might act, or rather, not act. Is it because those who seek to make the Great Work a reality in their own life do so only in their dreams; 'I wish I was...' For the Satanist the wish is just the first impulse. Perhaps this impulse might be unconscious at first, but such is the Satanist way that it and many other things will become conscious and thereby understood. Such is the method to gain Wisdom through practical action, through experience.

Perhaps also, it is true to say that when, and if, one reaches the final stage of External Adept it is a far easier option to say that one does not need to undertake the Sinister Retreat, that it isn't really necessary in order to become an Adept. But is this really so? And, does it not really speak volumes about those few genuine Adepts who have undertaken the Sinister Retreat that they have at least not lied to themselves, but have undertaken the Rite, with all the terrifying implications and inner fears that it brings forth...

Yet even now I do not know what lies ahead
Now is my time to seek the glory of my Gods
That I may one day walk with Satan
In His world,
With His Bride

And that I may also Become
Something far greater than the mortal
I am leaving behind,
The mortal that must die
That a God may be born.

ONA

The Path of the Sinister

An Initiates Perspective – or Why I am a Sinister Satanist

I am Becoming, Again, I am Becoming. Perhaps this time I can maintain my resolve. I am part of something larger than myself, thus I am not simply my ego any more. I am becoming something greater.

I am learning that Honour, is not an easy path. Often it means going against the psychic grain. Fighting against oneself. Holding ones tongue. Not being drawn into (dishonourable) slagging matches, or agreeing with someone who is putting someone else down. Not judging people by what is heard, but from what one knows. This, I understand to be honour. Add to this the qualities of fairness and of balance.

Where does talk lead? Does it lead to Destiny? Does it lead to the Gods? Is it not through practical action - as the Seven-Fold Way continually states - that the Sinister Satanist may become more than he or she is. As an Initiate I already am more than I was prior to Initiation. Each step enhances and strengthens my bond with my Tradition, with my Gods, my Folk. And what is this Tradition? Is it something that can be idly explained away, done away with, because it has 'served its purpose'? Is it something that can be understood and therefore judged from the past writings of Initiates and Adepts rather than from personal and direct experience?

In my *personal experience* of the Sinister Tradition, of the Sinister sites themselves, of the creations of other Sinister Satanists, of the works, the musick and the art of the Sinister Tradition in general I have come to know a little more of the Tradition directly and of what Sinister Satanism means practically to me. Such insight comes not from reading the various Order texts and manuscripts, nor from studying Occult journals, rather it comes through a practical interaction with the Dark Gods of the Sinister Tradition by following the Seven-Fold Way. In short the Sinister is being born anew, re-created In myself as a Sinister Initiate, I am now becoming a part of the Sinister and no words can take this away from me.

Eventually I shall be at one with Satan, a form that is not dead whatever others (outside of the Tradition) may say. Practically Satan is a fundamental archetype of the West re-expressed, reborn, revitalised. Who can really know the essence of Satan unless he or she follows a Sinister or Satanic Path? And furthermore who within the Sinister Tradition can really know Satan unless he or she has *personally attained* the title of Priest or Priestess? How then can a judgement be made when the reality of Satan is not experienced? Are such judgements made only from what has been read? Perhaps such judgements only come from imitation, from a desire to be perceived as a new adversary, a new Satan...

I for one know that Satanism, or the Sinister Tradition at least, is not part of the sickness of the West, rather it remains one of the genuine expressions of the pre-Nazarene West. An expression, in essence of that which is Beyond the Nazarene societies in which we live. Hence the Sinister Arthurian Tradition, hence the continuation of the head-cult and the 'worship' of the War Goddess Baphomet, hence the continued use of certain locations by Sinister Initiates and Adepts alike. Sinister Satanism is an advancement of Paganism itself, it is Paganism renewed, reborn in a new form. Furthermore it has not solely evolved as a response to the Nazarene influence, but rather as an aspect of the natural evolution of the energies (from one perspective symbol-

ised by the sacred words 'Ga Wath Am') as they are in essence.

The Sinister Tradition is built upon what has existed before and continues to add to this whilst simultaneously influencing/infecting areas outside of itself , be these Sociological, Political, Religious or 'Occult'. Sinister Satanism has brought freshness to the Occult scene, such is its influence and few other Traditions can make such a claim.

Lyceus, ONA.

The Black Pilgrimage:
Practical Application

Introduction

The following notes are an example of the practical application of the Sinister Tradition. They are provided for Initiates and non-Initiates alike for three specific reasons: 1) to provide Sinister Initiates and Prospective adherents to the Tradition with a practical introduction to the Task itself; 2) to further explicate the Sinister Tradition in practice and 3) for historical interest.

What is important to note in relation to the Black Pilgrimage is that it is an Initiation ceremony in itself though one that is devoid of the overt symbolism as used in Traditional ceremonial rituals as explicated in the Black Book of Satan. The Pilgrimage serves to Initiate the Sinister Satanist into a number - though not necessarily all - of the sites associated with the Sinister Tradition. These sites are as they are and may appear to many to be of little interest having no outstanding features that establish them as 'magickal sites' or ley lines etc. Thus, for example some of the stone circles are actually now in ruin and may not even appear to resemble a stone circle to the passer-by.

The journey itself is mapped out by the Initiates Order contact who will instruct the candidate on what is expected of him/her and what equipment is to be taken and what omitted. The Black Pilgrimage Initiation does not simply cease when the ordeal has been completed, rather it continues through the stage of Initiate and on through the Gate that is the Rite of External Adept. During the Black Pilgrimage the Initiate may glimpse certain aspects of future rites such as the Rite of External Adept and the Ritual of the Abyss, this glimpsing is however only a taster of the even harder reality that is to come. For those who seek the Key to Existence the journey begins within...

Vindex est Venturus.

Pre-ritual Notes

Camping at top of Stor. Initial walk [up to chosen camp-site] taxing. Pack too heavy will leave inner tent behind and just take flysheet and poles. Other equipment not to be used includes specifically torch.

Important during walking to maintain control of thoughts as laziness and negativity can overtake oneself and impede performance - needs to be a certain amount of detachment. I know I can complete the task, though I may be late due to physical weakness (asthma) however, chest seemed fairly clear during much of the walking.

Have been given a mss to read tonight by my Order contact, am told to meditate on this during the Black Pilgrimage. Have not taken Sinister Tarot – will recall images mentally (visualisation) when relevant.

Most important thing to do is to control thoughts and objectify them. That is, be aware that they might be preventing me from attaining the goal, try and replace useless thoughts with controlled useful thoughts, make

small aims - aim for that dip in the earth, than make another small aim – aim for that flat area, break the journey down into smaller sections. This seems to be a key to success (in all ones endeavours!).

One other note. Am looking out over the town of Dredgelock. I am so near the world of 'society' yet I am no longer of society, all those people with their conformist imitatory beliefs, how close and yet how far away the Sinister Initiate is from them. Agios o Satanas!

Day One

Descended from Stor to area where ritual commences.

First assent - packed/left at first light.

Black Mass of Life in Stor ring. Felt energies raised - feelings/sensations of something Beyond, but as though can only partially open the Gate. Misty, strong breeze. Leave now for next stage. NB. At top of assent (was guided?) went straight to the ring.

Okay, got lost at Middleton- gone up hill and then towards Inwardstone. Am therefore going over same ground again. Yes, it is annoying but sometimes have to go in a roundabout way to get to ones destination. Am going to take an alternative (clearer – I hope!) route at Middleton.

Am now near the end of the Misterly Road, Last walk have felt very tired and drained. Gives an idea of Ritual of Abyss - Master creation. Am hungry, but am eating a roll. Having a few minutes rest, but still have a long way to go to reach Stuppington, just want to lie down and sleep.

[Lost use of pen so following notes were made after the ritual had finished.]

After Stuppington got lost - went in direction of Losington (on XXXX). Followed main road up to Pitchford, couldn't find stone circle though - area now very over-grown, no horses either.

When reached Stuppington, sun still high so decided to go on to Niiford and hopefully Gateon.

Spent a short period of time at Niiford. Chanted Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. No noticeable feelings though.

Niiford felt good - chanted Agios Lucifer at a Cairn before descending. Descent tricky, straight down into a nightmare forest of ferns, then a marshy/boggy area, Got partially lost, but quickly found road.

Now got dark quickly (lost some time due to arduous venture at bottom of Niiford).

Reached area around foot of Gateon but unsure of where ascent should begin.

Camped out about 100 yards (or so) from foot of Gateon. Only sleeping bag and insulation mat.

Noticeable during night how slow stars move across the sky – External Adept Rite.

Day Two

Next morning do not perform the Black Mass of Life as intended. Instead begin immediate ascent on Gateon. Disaster strikes early though as find I have to fight my way through another forest of ferns! Ascent difficult. Legs ache, feet painfully blistered. Manage to ascend through fern and over rock – vegetation looks akin to atu in Fenrir IV no i. But what location? Meditate upon cave of Goddess. Chant Agios Baphomet, good personal meditation. Descend and commune with the Dark Goddess. Water passes through the cave, other individuals present (hand-maidens?). She wears the Luna headress, but a necklace of skulls adorns her neck. She is bare breasted.

Once reach top of Gateon, shout Agios o Atazoth. Impressive hill in my mind, something, some energies here but cannot fix anything definite. Phrase Agios o Atazoth sums it up I think. Good place for my External Adept Rite.

Descent good but felt painful. Decide I will keep checking the map so I don't get lost like yesterday (I wish!) Got lost! This time going across Stuppleton Road towards Stuppleton ended up in Blindingford area. So went back and ended up at Minster. Angry, feet hurt, don't want to waste time/energy due to pain.

Reconnect with route along road towards Miserly Lane. Now begin to sing as walk along: Black Mass of Life, Agios Lucifer, Agios Olenos, Aosoth, Sanctus Satanas and some non Tradition songs. This takes mind off pain – might be good idea to have a particular (exclusive) chant to be sung during the Black Pilgrimage? Though a number of chants should be performed at particular sites anyway.

Hill up to Torford very long and very steep. Seemed like a lot of breaks needed as acended. Often better to keep pace going though. Track at top of hill up to Townstead good to walk on, that is, it was easy to follow.

Townstead. Yes! Feel good have come close to conclusion of Black Pilgrimage. Binan Ath. Their time, my time (on reflection it goes back even further than the sisters). Meditation. Again feeling that I am missing the vital link because I have not yet achieved consciousness of a Sinister Priest... must meditate further on Magickian when return home...

Leave Townstead. Sun still high but pace now much slower: hobbling pace due to pain. Start off on track but think I'm getting lost. Immediately sort this out and got back on right track (I incorrectly thought!) follow it down between hills following water down to Hometown. Not sure where went wrong here? (I think that I have been on the path I should have gone on at this point during the Black Pilgrimage previously?) Seems to take ages to get Hometown. Feeling tired and under pressured, can I make the time? Or at least a reasonable time? Reach Hometown. Oh what joy to walk on a road again! But still a long way to Finalsted.

Reach Finalsted at about 3.30pm. So am a few hours behind schedule from one perspective and a few hours ahead of schedule from another. Feel good and very tired/exhausted.

General Notes/Insights

Felt difficult to meditate at sites because of time pressure.

Thought of asking people what the time was on a few occasions but didn't.

Connect Black Pilgrimage to External Adept Rite (by sleeping out) and Ritual of Abyss due to rhythmic walking.

Order contact gave me mss to read prior to ritual, which I did. But found that my thoughts were more focused towards the ordeal of the Black Pilgrimage itself.

Journey distance should have been approx 28 miles (43km)

I actually covered 32.31 miles (52km) due to getting lost on a number of occasions.

It is now a few days after the ordeal and I do feel different psychically. Although I fall back into my old self when with friends and acquaintances. When alone and in silence I feel a renewed presencing of the astral. My dreams are currently much more intense and personally provocative. I believe that much repressed material is presencing itself. The Black Pilgrimage is indeed a Sinister Initiation Rite, one that, as mentioned above, continues after the ordeal itself has been concluded. This Initiation - which for me has taken place halfway through my Dark Pathways workings - adds to what I have already undertaken and will be added to by what is yet to come.

Lyceus
ONA

Further Reading/Associated Texts

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way: The Black Pilgrimage
The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

The Seven-Fold Way: Training and Grades

Hostia Volumes I - III

Deofel Quartet: IV volumes

The Sinister Tarot

The Black Pilgrimage: Addendum Notes

After discussion with my Order Contact the following notes are provided for clarity: The actual distance of the Black Pilgrimage is approximately 45 - 48 miles, this distance taking into account the miles of ascent.

The Lesser Black Pilgrimage occurs when it does to enable a balance to be struck between a Physical and an esoteric ordeal.

In many ways, the undertaking of the Lesser Black Pilgrimage replaces the physical task as laid out in Naos.

Contact with the sites is based on the individual. If contact is short this is how it is meant to be, if it is of a longer (causal) time period then this also is how it is meant to be (implications of Destiny). In the context of a short length of time in which the sites are experienced: exactly what time duration are we referring to? Causal or Acausal?

External Adept: Honesty and Failure

If the Initiate seeks to move on to the higher stages of the Way, then he or she must undergo the External Adept Rite. The 'form' of this Rite is simple in words but difficult in practice: the Initiate must, at sunset, lie down on the ground (preferably on a hilltop clear of trees, thereby enabling an unobstructed view of the sky) and remain there without moving until sunrise. Obviously there is no overt symbolism or even an apparent ceremonial form through which the Rite is structured, rather, there is only the individual, the Being that that individual inhabits: Gaia and the other Beings of the Cosmos: the Stars.

First and foremost this Rite is a test of will over a - relatively speaking - long period of time (approximately 12 hours). During the course of the evening the Initiate should consider the previous two stages of the Way (Neophyte and Initiate), his or her relationship with his/her companion if there is or has been one, or the possibility of a future companion as well as other more personal factors.

During the course of the evening the Initiate should be prepared for spontaneous visions which might be reasonably obscure or apparently archetypal. Further insights concerning the Tradition may occur of themselves or may stem from mindful contemplation of the previous Stages.

Personal experience of the Rite has revealed the difficulty in maintaining will-power against seemingly impossible odds! However it seems that there are three main 'adversarial' aspects to the Rite itself:

i) control of physical movement
ii) detachment from overpowering thoughts
iii) detachment from overpowering emotions and imagination.

These factors do however at times combine to become an effective overpowering of the individuals will, thus to cite an example:

Involuntary physical movement from the cold (shaking) had combined with the seemingly very real image or visions that I was lying upon a battlefield. I could vividly see myself (from above) lying upon the battle-scarred earth with both my legs blown off just below the thighs. Flesh, blood, bone and tissue were all apparent to my sight and I sat upright, my outstretched arms supporting my upper body.

The fact that I could barely feel my legs due to the cold and the intermittent and involuntary spasms of my thigh muscles - also due to the cold - combined to make this an extremely overpowering and rather uncomfortable (to say the least!) vision. This in itself led to physical movement to alleviate the discomfort and emotional anguish which in turn led to a failure of the Rite.

Another interesting factor concerning the overall Rite are the weather conditions. If the sky is overcast a deeper and more painful psychic isolation is caused and, conversely, if the sky is clear and the stars are visible then the mind has something to focus upon. It is important not to let the mind, that is the thoughts, and the emotions overpower you as this will inevitably lead to failure.

To conclude, it is worthwhile repeating a few words from an associated Ms:

'...the Grade rituals [are] there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur of them-

selves. In allowing this the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.'

I could have continued to move during the course of the Rite and then convinced myself that this didn't really matter, that it wasn't really necessary that I lay still. Some slight movement is allowed, but there is a very very fine line between one or two slight movements and moving whenever you feel like it. I failed my External Adept Rite this first time, but this has just made me more determined to face the pain once more and overcome:

'Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.' (Black Book of Satan)

Lyceus, ONA. 1999eh

Associated texts:
Naos
Beyond Illusion

Magick With Tears

A common misconception made by those few who follow the Seven-fold Sinister Way, is that it will, somehow, make their lives easier i.e. having drawn certain forces to them, they believe via 'satanic mastery' to avoid Trauma City. The lonely realization that this is not so, is often enough to make the Initiate (or even in some cases, Adept) renounce their magickal quest altogether. This can occur for two reasons - 1) the individual becomes possessed and then disillusioned with a 'satanic role' (roles are useful only if understood as being simply a means to an end) and 2) via this realization, Sinister energies are revealed in a far more potent form than the playing of a role could invoke (these energies are, however, the culmination of that role). Quite simply Satanism is not an escape from, but the partaking in life. The challenge of living life as a self contained entity, creating a lifestyle that intuitively follows the path of individual Destiny (by this process Destiny becomes, gradually, consciously apparent) is just too disturbing for the majority of the human race to accept. So the failures crawl back to mediocrity, absolved of taking responsibility for their own lives. Mental and physical degeneracy follows as a way of dulling the guilt that their new/old lifestyle encourages within them. For those who remain on their quest, it is the rising to the challenge of the Sinister Way which creates the Adept and the stage(s) beyond. And this requires an understanding of what forces are in play, and how they all contribute towards self evolution.

It is this understanding which prevents such experiences from becoming detrimental to progression. Trauma will never be eliminated by any magickal system. For those who are working prior to Adeptship, it is wise to see how trauma actually feeds (amongst other things) creativity, and how this creativity would diminish if a comfortable reliance - materially and psychically – upon another individual was established.

This situation would reduce the obstacles that are borne from self reliance; those obstacles being catalysts of an individual's creative expression. One only has to consider the uninspired content of the products of most artists once they are 'patronised'. Life becomes too easy. This situation in itself produces conflict but many fail to understand this and descend into a pit of self abuse. This forms the misconception of 'the suffering artist'. Suffering must be understood for therein lies wisdom. This requires a type of honesty of which most lack the courage to express. To be a victim or martyr to suffering will slow down, reverse and destroy the process of self evolution. Why do so many fail to understand this obvious fact?

None of this necessarily means that an individual should deliberately destroy and create situations - unless this was seen as being beneficial at the time. Such occurrences arise naturally by virtue of living with self honesty and striving towards self excellence. Every act will be spontaneous and 'true' to one's Destiny.

To achieve the highest success possible should always be totally desirable, but the individual should arrive at their own concept of success and not that of the general consensus.

Christos Beest, ONA.

External Adept

The workings with the spheres and pathways, together with the Grade Ritual of External Adept, will have given the individual some experience of magickal energies together with the glimmerings of self-insight. There may well be, also,
an appreciation of what is possible, in terms of magickal achievement - that is, in terms of 'external magick'.

The most significant tasks of an External Adept are the extension of magickal, and personal, experience via the creation of a Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals, together with the seeking of, and working with, a magickal companion. These externalize the mostly 'internalized' magick undertaken so far, as well as extend the experience of magickal energy. They also develope still further the personal abilities and insight of the individual.

It will probably have occurred to the individual, either during the Grade Ritual of External Adept or before, that the symbolism employed during the pathworkings and the workings with the spheres merely codifies, in a way accessable to non-Adept consciousness, the acausal energies. That is, it is an apprehension still limited to some extent by the duality implicit in all concepts 'below the Abyss'. In one sense, a Temple run by a Choregos is a manifestation of the 'energies' of the spheres/pathways: that is, in the simple sense, each member of the Temple partakes of a 'role' in accordance with the energies of a certain pathway/sphere - although one individual may assume one or more roles, either at the same time, or at different times. This insight allows the Choregos to not only further manipulate magickal energies, but also gain self and 'cosmic' understanding. Of course, the reality of each member of the Temple/group is somewhat more complicated, just as the actual assumption of an `established role' - such as 'Guardian', 'Priestess' and so on by those members is for them a usually unconscious process: they embody, to a greater or lessor extent according to the rituals undertaken and the intensity of magickal energy which the Choregos brings to the Temple (and thus those within it), the `images' met by the Initiate while undertaking the workings with the pathways and the spheres. Given their 'independent' reality, these are somewhat more difficult to control/learn from/experience than the 'psychic' images of the earlier workings. Naturally, the Choregos can bring out the images (suit the Temple/ritual role) to accord with his/her feelings/desire to confront/manipulate.

The Initiate workings were, in one sense, with-out Time: that is, they re-presented, although on a limited scale, aspects of the acausal. The workings of a Choregos, given the above, are a Coagulation - that is, the acausal becomes presenced in the causal, firstly via a ritual (which takes place for a specified time at a specified place for a specified aim: thus its parameters are bound by causal space and time) and secondly via others who have a causal existence. These 'others' are the Temple members and the companion, Of course, the acausal 'flow', in such a ritualized setting, can be and often is 'two-way' (this basically explains the above in different terms). The 'first' way is the creation/drawing forth of acausal energy via the ritual form - that is, the Choregos uses the ritualized setting/texts/members to 'create/draw' magickal energy; the `second' arises because the others present by 'identification' with 'roles'/septenary images affect the Choregos. (This is Particularly true of the companion.)

O.N.A.

The Black Glyph Society
extends its gratitude
to V.S.
for his assistance
in the cover design.

The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet

The Deofel Quintet - the original Deofel Quartet plus Breaking the Silence Down - were designed as Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great, or even good, works of literature. Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magickal art" - like Tarot images, or esoteric music. As with all Art, magickal or otherwise, they can and should be surpassed by those possessing the abilities. If they have the effect of inspiring some Initiates of the Darker Path to creativity, to surpass them and create something better, then one of their many functions will have been achieved.

Anton Long

115yf

Introduction to the "Deofel Quartet"

The works collected under the title "The Deofel Quartet" were written as instructional texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a "conventional" novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve the unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such "missing details": partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and projections.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended "prose poem".

While each work is self-contained in terms of "plot" and "characters", they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical (i.e. real-life) experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively), a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrd. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect people in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some "Themes and Questions" concerning the Quartet are included as an Appendix to Volume I.

(Typed note at bottom of the page from which this MS is drawn: The works are reproduced exactly as they were

originally circulated in manuscript form, with typed/hand-written corrections.)

ONA

Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant "horror/Black Magick" stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question, those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is, for the most part, subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with "Black Magick" stories and "horror" will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft; to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

"Falcifer" concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the story are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrd – magickal

form “Night/Nox” ; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process –Calcination.

The Temple Of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly “love”: how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this emotion. “Love” of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about still unconscious feeling and desires – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrd. Magickal form – Ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – Coagulation.

“The Giving” concerns “primal Satanism” – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action – someone quite different from the “accepted” notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – Third and Forth. Forms – Ecstasy/Vision. Images 7,12,5,6,14,17. Processes – Coagulation/Putrefaction.

“The Greyling Owl” (the title is significant) concerns the second sphere, and the magick is even more subtle and esoteric than the previous work. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – Indulgence; process – Separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

In all the works of the Quartet, “the other side” (i.e. those with “moral”) is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgment and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation is part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is part of it. This “criticism” is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views and attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do – and why they expect certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, they are entertaining Instruction Satanic Texts – those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover many layers, and so learn.

Falcifer :

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice. It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice; i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgment. She is "drawn" because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the "luminous" power of love etc. Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? (Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read). Saer is "beyond the Abyss" – an image/symbol of aeonic magick as against Melanie's external and internal magick.

But she gradually understands its purpose – to propel her toward the next stage of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who

because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan). Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her duty/destiny. She chooses the latter, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because with him she cannot fulfill aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and "the light".

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in "Temple") and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – rite of sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as benefits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer…

Lianna requires two important things: an opfer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallam is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiates should, magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtlety presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints "morally" – he misinterprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective – like Mallam; certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. (This sudden change of perspective occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgment is required

because often characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem; i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.)

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a "moral" point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot see through Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desire for some purpose, he lets his desire control him. He goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he cannot recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself – he is not chosen because of his "evil" activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in "conventional" society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary – or it seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an opfer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist?

Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no "Satanic" rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of

Earth….This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginning to its end.

The Greyling Owl:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

This shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Allison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic – i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outer form) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed and brought into an influential position – the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as certain self-insight is obtained. He must have assurances of his abilities, this confidence to fulfill what is his "hidden" wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with (this is important), of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by "seeding their minds", will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work

(aided by insights attained during his "manipulation") and part by his own life style: his "decadent" past and his future deriving from the past – both would influence others, providing inspiration and thus changing others in certain ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing the power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes, etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own "moral" view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are "provoked" via the subtle magick/influence of Edmund etc. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister (or at least most/some of them will). She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often "morally", without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving – opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others.

This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific: to access a nexion <u>within her own psyche.</u> (All this is a very important notation to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action). Her thoughts/actions etc. (as others) are often "morally" described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional Satanic role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an "ordinary" way – they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power in internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, and magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill allows him to work magick on others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona's magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work.

<u>A note concerning "Breaking The Silence Down"</u>

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to The Greyling Owl – although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus Satanism – is lead toward self-discovery and magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers a power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is a hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmothers' tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in "Greyling", the perspective is often that of the character involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. The give an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magick affects them, usually without them being aware of it. It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). This should enable genuine magick to be understood – as it should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid self-insight.

The Deofel Quintet
Volume I

By

Anton Long

ONA

Falcifer ~ Lord of Darkness

Prologue:

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

I

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the others wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the Book of Shadows and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said. She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as a cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and he walked slowly along them, his sense of the power he had felt was a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his scepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under the cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women.

Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see

him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how -"

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while

distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of it’s names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like them, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly…"

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes..."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well-informed."

Conrad smiled. It had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword and struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forward to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go

down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears. Since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting

something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature

features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficiently to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invokations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I -"

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily.

"Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their opfer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods

which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! -" Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the

steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. But you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, and the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeurve. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not though about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek? Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again. "However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass.

"Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in

the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away.

In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him.

"Be seated," it said.

He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said.

"Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?"

He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself.

"After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate".

The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbled as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open.

He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep.

The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall parted to reveal a large chamber below.

Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and toward her.

"You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!"

Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked.

"You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple."

Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!"

The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it.

"Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice.

He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty.

"Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!"

They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded.

He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him.

"We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan

without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'Agios o Satanas!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his head.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you who gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his

blindfold. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was the signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalices of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

***

V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed beard - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the lounge of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the

temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, nor of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us. The Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs - "

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut into her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical

scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' - "

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. "- who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle-aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria."

"It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is."

Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued.

"This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case."

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An opfer - they need an opfer to do this, and an offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to the many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

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VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I will wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

"'They?'" he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No."

He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continued in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remember I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is

right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said. It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways."

Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger of his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

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VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack'. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what's important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an opfer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an opfer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces,

the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Templi must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another opfer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet."

Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman."

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgment."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

***

Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing that Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!"

He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lesser Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO! Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'Agios o Satanas' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then she was standing, her hair disheveled, her face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood. Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

***

VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in which you will

figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near. Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell

asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, Conrad recognized Fitten. He soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then, they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!"

Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, into the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes -" the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan.

"Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

***

IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He felt the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magick re-made him, he followed Susan down the steps into the

Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess.

Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," they responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeclum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over them, saying "Fratres, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith kneeled beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You who gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had

gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, then began to dress herself and waited while he dressed, and took him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls

of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another time and space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, "I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

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X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house? The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has

suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magickal tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasionally anxious faces before him. Six men and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and here of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exists some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven.”

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That

is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents.”

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewelry. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friend’s remarks, I

would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be opfers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us!

Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, Having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing any one of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magickal power of this group over the years has come to naught. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeching.

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XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in

awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the angles of the nine!"

He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a

Key to the dimensions beyond time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crasis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave and a fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was traveling incredibly fast in space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, staked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in

colour - violet to blue to orange then red. Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself.

The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you."

The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad.

"Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding."

The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

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XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said,

passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the nine angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I saught the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury - "

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course, in a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He

was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick. Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From it's tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web. Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanist Temple.

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XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."

"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."

For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.

"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."

"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."

"You could arrange all this?"

"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"

"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."

"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."

"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.

"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."

"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."

"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

***

Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from his building.

His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.

"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."

"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.

"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.

"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."

"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.

"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."

"So your flunky said on the 'phone."

"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"

Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."

"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."

Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"

"Of course not!"

"So what's your offer - and how much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"

"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."

Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."

"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."

Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."

Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the

street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little

arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

***

XIV

It did not take Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway

of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forgot to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well -"

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fine malts."

I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately. "Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in here, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room.

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

'I'll be there as quick as I can!' Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

***

XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulosity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," its holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me. Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at university?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes." said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master - "

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he

extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear off his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

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XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying

sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to the dark, narrow lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.

"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."

Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.

Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.

"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.

"I don't know - yet."

"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"

Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"

"But I thought - "

"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."

Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.

"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.

"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.

The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.

"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."

They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.

"What?" Conrad said, confused.

"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."

Conrad sat up. "And you are?"

"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"

Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.

"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.

"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive, although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up. He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.

"Rest, now," Denise said,

"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.

"In a while. But first you must rest."

She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.

"Here," she said, "drink this."

He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"

"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."

Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she had finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth

richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."

Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.

She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."

"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.

She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."

"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.

"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"

He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun to subside. "Knowledge," he said.

Denise sat down beside him and as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly

care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.

"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"

"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.

"Is that all?"

He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"

"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."

"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."

"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"

"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"

"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."

"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"

"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."

"There is no belief in something beyond?"

"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."

"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.

"Pardon?"

"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"

"What do you know about Neil?"

"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"

Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"

"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."

"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

***

XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly at first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit.

Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he was staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We did not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her.

Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: 'There shall be no secrets between us...'

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted-"

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find

nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain to an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

***

XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you."

She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Aris said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited to the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed."

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowful street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that new aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I choose, when the time is right, for someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not been found wanting. I shall reveal to you secrets of our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individuals who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself

are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of loving. We aim to change this world - yes, but we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad thought he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!' it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried.

***

XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He

did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."

The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.

"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.

"Or been abducted."

"Why would they do that?"

"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."

"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.

"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.

"I feel so responsible," she said.

"There is no need," he said kindly.

She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.

"Here," he said, giving her keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."

"To get into their Temple?"

"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."

"Will three of us be enough?"

He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.

"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.

"No you're not."

She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.

"Actually, yes."

"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"

"It could be dangerous."

"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.

"I didn't say that," he protested.

"But you meant it!"

"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.

She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.

Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.

"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."

'Leave me alone!' He heard Sander say, 'One favour is - '

"Listen! There will be more money, this time."

'I'm not interested.'

"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"

Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. 'Where?' he asked.

Baynes gave him the address, and sat in the stairs to wait, Sanders was late.

"That your car?" Baynes asked.

"Yeah."

"Let's go, then."

As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"

"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."

"Possibly."

"Excellent."

Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.

"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.

"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.

Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've heard of her. It's a small world, the Occult." He stared at her breasts.

Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.

"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."

"It's a free country," he shrugged.

"Can you lead us there?"

"You're serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"

"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."

"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.

"Sixty thousand."

"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"

"Correct."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.

"Yes. And no tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."

"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.

"I have my sources of information."

"Don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"

"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."

"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"

"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."

"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."

"Shall we go then?"

"Your car or mine?" Sanders quipped.

"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"

"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.

Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.

"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"

"I don't believe so."

"But to go to their Temple - "

"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Stanford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virge intacta'?"

"No."

"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."

"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.

"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."

"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "

"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."

"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."

"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."

"You have only voiced my own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."

Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"

Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

***

XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remembered Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the altar upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it with the Master and Tanith to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas!"

We are gathered here," the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall be as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name Atazoth followed by Vindex while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet! while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. At Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satanic Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give me as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Ambilichus, accept as your Satanic Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you dark gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new lord and lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

***

No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in amongst the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of space-time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

***

XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munos quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction of the sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeclum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, Agios o Baphomet, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to her rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak." She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

***

By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him. Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing. His eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel.

"Yes, my friend." He felt in his pocket for his crucifix. Dramatically, Baynes withdrew the gun from his pocket before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on its hinges.

"She's gone!" they heard a man's voice shout.

***

XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deeper into the wood she went, the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive force urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick a psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle.

As she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

***

Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed, Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light.

Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hands of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the

congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained.

In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the

Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door. When Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

***

The darkness in the Temple lasted less that a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a link, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his

already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

***

Epilogue:

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes watched him briefly as he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And, he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She

knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she knew was that she had to try.

******

The Deofel Quintet
Volume II

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Temple of Satan

A Symphonic Allegory

"Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth–based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love….

Herein are truths to set against the lies and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others.

Book of Recalling

Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice, words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wroth!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a

whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, he'd lived in a monastery and fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie's dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are getting bored with us," he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared-"

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you a sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

I

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze

carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man.

It was, he remembered, a long walk begun when the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet was only an image - distant and hopeful- in his mind. He remembered, years later, cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a house to apologize to the woman he loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills, the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even to one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realized it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you came upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talked, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see you again?" yet asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embrace her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next

day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapor of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and as he bathed his face again then slowly his sadness returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down from among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him even as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of the Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel, which carried a diesel engine through the humid air that vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. A wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and through ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in the streets that Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed in the streets – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid by the

frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. The sense of an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment of not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, passed a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to

Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do.

She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and decided not to follow her anymore, then she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. 'J. Apted – Antiquarian Books' the sign above the door read.

No bells sounded when Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman – did a woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself has entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he had seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

II

Fifty years, the bookseller had said.

"It’s a sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. It was a school then, you see.

"You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

Then Thurstan had thanked him and fled through the streets of humid people to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I - " he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I myself have never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself have a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant, that without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire - to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands.

"I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling by books, and like the books, the table, chairs and desks were antiquarian. There was a large and oddly-shaped specimen of rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman - was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while Thurstan waited, half-watching the crystal and half-expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but consistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed

towards sleep and he felt himself drifting off to embrace the temptation when a lot of persistent rapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the bookseller said. "Would you excuse me?"

Then Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of a hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost of the woman Thurstan had seen, as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought on by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouthed and unbelieving. Only the color of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I…", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words that would make sense but his thoughts were fast moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She saved him from his turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the cafe around the corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him - or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real just as he seemed to know that she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name? " he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie, " he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the color suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colors would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to embrace her - more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her

hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty cafe lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a half hot afternoon," she teased.

"No - I mean inviting strange ladies…. "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting - expectant. There was warmth in her eyes, in her smile, even in the way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasized her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he had seen - of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, with trembling limbs and straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling," she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop, to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised," she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the cafe had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moment they had shared in it appeared to him to have drifted away to another world, and he had convinced himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more -except perhaps the future possibility of him somehow trying to painfully recapture her in those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But she held the passenger door of the car open for him,

saying, "Come on." Obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times, as miles lay numberless and uncounted behind them and a strong summer sun colored the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small village, past cottage and house, to turn and returned between the Stiperstone rocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road before dropping slowly between Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border to Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought-"

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No - not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." he felt so much love within him that his want to share his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"That maybe you are my Destiny." gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby, but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplexed me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, "and it arouses my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unraveling of lives. It always seemed such a waste - there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either."

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whatever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said as she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the man who emerged from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan's surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.

III

They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "He was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take the offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward her car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do look particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He is healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the

darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her pain and dominance brought him. He strained to see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminum frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie that appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as a Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mold her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and it was not long before she realized the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised all the men who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find with her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of the water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights of the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting there instead of kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come," she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night pray to our Prince."

The crystal guided her. That very night he presided as priest at a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her

own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!…" He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift," the burgeoning man had said….

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favor ….I have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and

every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and his chant began. "Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus…" Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the center, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers feet fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinchingly.

"Is that so?"

"Rathbone shall-"

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all see now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signaled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow. "Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And then it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said as she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had Algar's intended treachery not changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate, which would return her Dark Gods to earth. It was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought her reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her dark gods had guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she had bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she would shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it

to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark Gods from slumber.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So she had played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left the temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against the frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar liked to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought, Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of the house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along the corridor, experiencing no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then that she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie’s will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hills that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough,

overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away and up the valley road to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at the junction of the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one

hope and one hope only and drove quickly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

"Help me, Father! Please, help me!" Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colors did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers for her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The Earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

"There shall be gifts for you both," she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar's bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did not show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the center of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone upon which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into the Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. "I have waited for you," she remembered the old woman had said, "waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours." She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman's secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. 'I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft…' The book was Melanie's most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the

tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man's face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie's laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

VI

"Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incursio infernalis adversarii …."

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay

smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

"Just a small loan, Father," the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar's position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

"So," Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, "she has sent you for another favor." Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

"A favor, yes. But not for her."

"I see. So it has come to that."

"Will you join me – against her?"

"Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel."

"Then you will help?"

"Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since."

"I did not know," Algar said, acting concerned.

"Who cares – I don't care – not any more." Then, his mood changed, he added, "what has she done to you then?"

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

"So?" Vitek said. "Why come to me?"

"Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would you do for a year's supply?"

"She would have you killed before you did anything."

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. "She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!"

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. "So what can I do?"

"Your friends" Algar's imitation of a gargoyle suited him, "shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She comes – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?"

Vitek's brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: "but her power – "

"When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me."

"But I remember – "

"The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!"

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished with their games with her –“ he shrugged – “an overdose perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something – “

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” He repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.”

He imagined the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as

suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud of darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie's High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name, which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek's betrayal. "You know how she feels about these," he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek's sunken eyes had bulged. "She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek and there shall be no more." Vitek's thin, grasping hands said he understood. "Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me."

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

"Is all well with you?" Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. "Give me Jebb's address!"

"But she – "

"Give me the address!" He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

"But I gave it to Rathbone."

"He is no use to me now! The address!"

Apted gave it.

"Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!" As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted's wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm's health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

"I had to tell him. I am sorry," he said and meant it.

"You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, my princess." Happiness returned to his face.

"Is Jane still in your care?"

"Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me."

"May I borrow her for a few days?"

"She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man."

Melanie's brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan's cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. "Come alone," it read, giving a date, time and place, "or he shall die like Lois." It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles… Few clothes, furniture or possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sound, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying in his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above.

Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan's past seeped to her through the gates of time. Behind the only painting in the cottage she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone

that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as they stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sun.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. He did not speak and she did not but as he passed her he bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. There was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And then a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her"

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

"Kill her! Kill her!" The demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

"Come on!" Laughed one of the men, "hypnotize me!"

"She is making me tremble!" Jeered another.

"Let's strip her, hey?" Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar's expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side

stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

"Leave!" she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honor to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

"What do you wish?" the Mistress asked.

"It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek". The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

"I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their

blood." He stared at her body. "I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage's seed may feed your virgin flesh."

"Kiss me," she taunted, "and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!"

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

"Take her," she said to the Priest, "for she is me and I am yours!"

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

"So you have sown," she said, "and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient and hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man groveling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoken from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. Her feelings of loneliness surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had

shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle.

The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind colored the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's center calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the color, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Aosoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lisped words she could not

understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to her over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

IX

"The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds…"

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie's curse.

"She arranged things well," Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

"Of course!" Algar shouted, "What did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!"

"Must we…?" asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

"It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!"

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni, through sacrifice and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magick, her death would end her curse.

"Come, let us prepare," he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. "Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni…"

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. "Gaubni! Gaubni!" Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar's face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek's neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek's chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek's face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos, which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

"Come to me, come to me!" the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

"You are my gift!"

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

"You are my gift!" the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

"You are his gift," a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, "The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!"

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

"In nominee Patris, et Filli, et Spritus Sancti. In nominee Jesu Chisti…." he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swiveled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn.

When he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope's summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following and praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound him when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for some time but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

"Your guide!" A soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

"Hello!" he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle

music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendor.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm of her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

It was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she molded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embrace until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of

her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be led to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips, as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts and kissed them in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted or sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favors from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, molding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental

to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

"He is ours!" one clear voice said.

"Ours!" A second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan's hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan's face had become a dark void filled with stars, but she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan's touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

"Are you alright?" Melanie asked.

"Yes, thanks," said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. "I must have been dreaming!"

"What did you dream?"

"I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange though – I thought I woke up."

There was no guile in Thurstan's face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not the thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow, and in

her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the works of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mold and mites. The mold rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left

unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures that live mostly unseen in the dampness, or covered by mold and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows, which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradiel, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge … he knew the legions of hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his

book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in the demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than

the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mold from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the center of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat … such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of a special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept. Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

"We have a common aim," he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. "They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz."

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts that Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

"They need a human sacrifice," Pead said in his lisping voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

“Your manuscripts – “

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”

“So, you found all of this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – “ He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. "I cannot read Coptic."

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes' Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to help her. "Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek… but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back…"

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles in the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods' Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

"We must stop them!" he had said, his eyes bright with the fervor of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along the narrow London street.

XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favors for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him then, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colors of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. "Come on," she said. "Let's go inside."

"But I've killed him."

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. "He deserved it."

"I didn't mean to," Thurstan tried to explain. "The Police – "

Melanie smiled. "There is no need to involve them."

"But I killed him."

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. "There are some things you should know about me."

"All I know is that I love you."

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenseless against Algar, and now she felt defenseless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defenselessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar's body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

"So now you know the person you think you are in love with."

"Why did you tell me?"

"Because – " She turned away, appalled at herself. "In your cottage I found a crystal sphere."

"I love you."

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. "You are not appalled by what I have told you?" she asked.

"No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions." He shrugged. "Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!"

"It will bind you to me."

"Why do you think I have agreed?" he said directly.

"You are not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"That I might use this to control you?"

"No."

"Even after what you know about me?"

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words."

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. "They should be here soon – to dispose of the body."

"And then?"

"We shall go to your cottage."

The two men who had taken Lois' body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead

High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

"What do you feel?" she asked.

"About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!"

Intrigued, she asked, "What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space and acausal energies were surrounding them. The Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before an orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she let Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as

she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage. The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

"You seem surprised," Thurstan said.

"Where did you obtain this?" she asked.

"An old man gave it to me."

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. "Why?"

"A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?"

"When was this?"

"Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.

"You do not know what this is?" she asked.

"A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes."

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her

own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan's crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

"You are a strange man," she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

"Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life."

"You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?"

"No. Only what I feel."

"And what do you feel now?"

"That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break us apart."

"And you are not afraid of where we might be going?"

"All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!"

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

"There is a gathering tonight," she said, "which I would like you to come to."

"Oh? What?"

"Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling."

"To what purpose?"

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rain-bowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. "To draw down to Earth a certain power."

"Why?" he asked in innocence.

"To bring change."

"Why?"

"To hasten our evolution."

"Toward what?"

"A higher consciousness," she said, a little exasperated.

"Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?"

"Not really. They are a means to provide me with things."

"Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?"

"Yes!"

Wroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

"Come," he said smiling and taking her hand, "I would like to show you something."

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew

between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

"Look!" Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. "Isn't it wonderful?" He said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

"I come here often," Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. "Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day."

He stood up to stand beside her. "And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There," he pointed, "miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles - and another world where those small specimens of life," he gestured toward the frog, "are never seen and become squashed without thought."

"You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you – kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still

two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I am not ready for that."

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – he did not seek to mold it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth's history.

"I have seen in you," Thurstan was saying, "the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don't want that."

"I know no other world."

"But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you."

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

"I would like you to share my world as well," she said.

Thurstan smiled. "Then I shall come to your ritual."

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibilation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes' Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London in three cars as the sky's darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie's house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

"It will be soon," she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin, been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large

Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair of the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

"Now shall we," Melanie chanted, "with feet

Faster than storm's horses

Seek to bring she who with fire

And cutting sword leaps plunging

Upon her foe while the fates of dread

Unerring gather round!"

"Agios O Baphomet!" came the shouted response.

"See!" Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings in the temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud.

"Here is he

Who shall this night

Be her consort and pour forth

As libation his seed of life!

Dance – I command you

And with the beating of your feet

Raise the dead!

I shall take him down into Earth

And let her with her teeth

Suck him dry!

Dance! – I command you!

And I, Mistress of this Earth

Shall raise him up and feed him

With the fragrance between my thighs!

So shall he unlamenting

Become the Gate that opens

To our gods!"

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the center of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and

digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place him still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signaled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

"Agios Rotanev", sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high

crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan's body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signaled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not understand

the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

XV

"Join us!" Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

"Come to me!" Said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie's face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie's feet.

"No!" shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went on to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

"Will you be mine," Melanie said to Jukes, "as she is?"

"Never!"

"Then I shall make you mine!"

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed up like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

"He is mine, I believe," he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. "He is no use to you. But if you object –"

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

"Who are you?" she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. "I am Saer."

"Saer?"

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. "You have made great changes, I see." Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. "Feast! Rejoice!" she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and led them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes' Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes' Priestess.

You knew, didn't you?" Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

"That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him."

"Then you know who he is?"

"Perhaps!" she laughed. "What is your name?" She asked the Priestess.

"Claudia."

"Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You are free to go."

"I don't want to go." She looked down at the ground. "Not now I have found you."

"I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me." She took Claudia's hand and held it to her own breast. "You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift." She placed Claudia's hand in Thurstan's, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan's darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black book of the witch queen before her: 'The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.'

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of

ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan's kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan's tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even a sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan's groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

"Who is she?" Claudia asked.

"You don't know?" an exhausted Thurstan said.

"I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her."

"But you didn't."

"I couldn't. When I came near to her I felt – "

Thurstan smiled. "An overpowering love?"

"Maybe," she said and blushed. "And you?"

"She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met."

"You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?"

Thurstan laughed. "I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago."

Claudia was surprised. "But are you an Initiate?"

"Of what?"

"Her Temple."

"Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – "

"Satanism?"

"Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then," he sighed, "this ritual. There is real

power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look."

"You love her then?"

"Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don't normally do this sort of thing."

"What?"

"Leap into bed with women I have only just met."

"Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both."

"Do you mind?" asked Thurstan softly.

"No," she whispered. "I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –"

"Stopped from what?"

"Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy."

"I understand nothing of such things."

"I saw that man – in his grave."

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High Priest wasn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs.”

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things – together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You are not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. "It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me."

She touched his face with her hand. "I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either."

"What shall we do?"

"Apart from the obvious, you mean?" They both laughed. "Wait, I suppose for her to tell us."

"It could be an enjoyable wait."

"I hope so."

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. "Leave us," she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

"You are beautiful," she said, caressing Claudia's neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

"I have never done this before," Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. "Do you want to?" she asked gently.

"Oh, yes."

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie's body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, were no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wished to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

"I think I love you," she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. 'The Book of Wyrd', the gilt spine read.

She planned this he thought to himself and sat down to read.

"Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the

Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rabid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns. There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves."

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. There was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations

seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie's will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slope of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a long time in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he

would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and he walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

"Come", his Mistress said, "sit beside me." And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia's hair. "She is lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Can you share me?"

The directness of the question startled him. "I think so."

"Come then and take off your robe."

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, "Trying for four in a row, then?"

"I'm sorry – I didn't – "

"Don't be sorry, my darling."

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

"You are pleased with things?"

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. "I want to learn. Share your world with you."

"It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share."

"But I feel a little lost sometimes."

"Because of what I own?"

"Partly. But also –"

"Do not say anymore." She pressed her finger to his lips "I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love." She laughed, self-mockingly. "I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don't want to be."

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feelings and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had

when they walked hand in hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

"And Claudia?" he asked gently.

"I need you both, it seems."

"You have enough love to give."

"You must be tired – after all of your exertions!"

"I am."

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love had assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile forces which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was

troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss, a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shone a torch on Pead's face then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

"Saer."

"Saer? I thought he was dead!"

"You know him?"

"No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!"

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

"We must act!" Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

"This night I have sent a fetch against them."

"Perhaps Saer – "

"If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him."

"She had no power over him. If – "

"He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also."

"But we must do something!" shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

"I see you do not understand."

"I understand," persisted Jukes, "enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring."

"If Saer – "

"Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?" said Jukes in anger, his body trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

"He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years."

"Then he is a Magus?" asked Jukes.

"Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power."

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead's sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. "But surely then he must do something."

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. "Maybe he is."

"I feel nothing."

"As I."

"But surely," persisted Jukes, "his very appearance – his saving of me – means something."

"Perhaps."

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. "Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?"

"I do not know."

"I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara."

"Do you know what you ask?"

"Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power."

"It is dangerous." Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

"We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers."

"And maybe us, also." He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. "Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major…"

"It is the only way!" said Jukes with messianic zeal.

"In all my workings I have never dared – "

"We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?"

"Evil?"

"Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?"

"I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use."

"Yes, yes. But what about innocence?" He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. "See her?" And the young woman blushed. "I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now," he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, "If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn't I?"

"Maybe."

"I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for 'every man and woman is a star' and 'love is the law, love under will'. My act would be an evil one." Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. "Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – " he spat out the word – "wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!"

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

"Yes, you're right," Pead said, glancing behind him. "We shall do as you say."

"Then let us prepare," said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the center while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

"You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing harken to my call!"

'Shu-ga-ra!" chanted the circling dancer as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. "Shu-ga-ra!"

"Shugara!" commanded Pead. "With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp!

Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!"

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon's name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

"You fools!" he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. They felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he

wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke

her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervor of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable

one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun, pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it best to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in

love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on a stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"What?"

"Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"There are many things that I must do."

"Forget them. Forget all this."

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He sighed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. “This is my life.”

“I can be your life.”

“But for how long?”

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. “We can try.”

"Why this sudden change?"

"All this really isn't me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals."

"You are tempting me," she said smiling.

"As you tempted me?"

"Perhaps."

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, "You could use your power to bind me, but – "

"I no longer have any power over you," Melanie said softly. "I knew that when you entered here."

"You still love me then?"

"It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else."

"What?"

"Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning."

"Marry me." When she did not answer, Thurstan said, "Well at least come away with me."

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fast flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

"Yes, splendid!" replied the traveler before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling and directing the servants that morning whom had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers

began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in color until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and as she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness, which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

"Take me!" Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. She left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars formed from chaos and rushed through a galaxy past other stars when time itself was compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness

instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Her love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassionate, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the

transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did so, that Thurstan would still love her.

XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

"I hope you do not mind us calling," the nervous young man said.

"Not at all." He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

"We heard about your group," the man said, "and are very interested."

"How did you hear?" Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in the ‘Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually – “ Jukes began.

“He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be one of your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, molding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

“You are very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

"It seems to me you have a natural gift." He sensed the compliment was well received. "It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so."

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia's doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

"So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!"

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

"When," asked the man, "can we be Initiated?"

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. "We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place."

"Really? As soon as that?" The man was surprised.

"Of course, if you wish to delay – "

"No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest."

"Good. I shall arrange everything."

"May I ask you something?" For the first time the woman spoke.

"Why yes!"

"What happened to the man in that ritual?"

Jukes laughed. "He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!"

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what

next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

XXI

'Therefore, let every mortal see that last day

When they die – not considering themselves fortunate

Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.'

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savoring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labor of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when he did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since

Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: 'Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice…' Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky god and Earth mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to begin his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

"I love you." Melanie's words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

"You seem changed," Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

"Claudia is dead."

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia's innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar's disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

"Your simple love," she said, "broke through the shield around me. I don't know how or why – but it did."

"What will you do?"

She laughed. "Did you mean what you said?"

"Yes."

"Then I want to stay here – with you."

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

"But your house – your plans?"

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit, which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

“I would like that.”

Inside Melanie said; “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I have no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long

time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

"Yes?" he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

"I am sorry to intrude – at such a time," smiled Saer. "May I enter?"

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed that Saer was more than an intrusion. "I'd rather you didn't."

"Her power is gone."

"Please go." Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

"I cannot leave without her."

The words struck Thurstan like blows. "We are to marry."

"It cannot be," said Saer quietly.

"Leave us alone!" shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. "It cannot be," he repeated.

Thurstan's wroth made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan's body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

"I shall kill you!" Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

"Why are you doing this?" Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan's rage returned. He channeled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

"Sleep now."

Thurstan's eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie's pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

"You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power."

"Help me," Thurstan asked.

"We can do nothing here."

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie's perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that traveled down to Earth from the stars – rather than enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-

wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself unto any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the trees of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for a hundred yards through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. At its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter.

Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon a studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

"You are persistent." Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

"Leave her," he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer's features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. "She is mine," he said, almost sadly.

"It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide," Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan sighed and held Melanie's hand.

"I can see," Saer said to Thurstan, "what powers you now represent."

"I have no power – only my love for her."

"Even now you do not understand." Saer turned toward Melanie. "It is written: 'Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based live child born from these children is the Demon named Love,'"

"So I," said Melanie, "as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss."

"To bring into this world what must be."

"And now I must choose?"

"Yes."

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. "I must go with Saer," she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

"But I –"

"Say nothing." She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

"I don't understand," said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. "There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you."

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its color, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sign. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of the long and beautiful low mountain. But it did not last. He sensed he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughters of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of cloud came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb

away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, selecting only the rarest of books and manuscripts to take to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books…'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that house? Said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure.

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house. Behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real

woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lisping words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. Then she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. "You are mine now," the woman who had once been his willing lover said. "With a look I can strike you dead!"

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

"You are mine," she repeated and smiled. "Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth."

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother

him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

Incipit Vitriol…..

The Deofel Quintet
Volume III

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Giving

In truth, Baphomet – honored for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth…

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did…"

Book of Aosoth

I

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbors in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son-in-law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him

further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fate ending of all life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbors that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily

improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate that fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in color, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging, which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. He kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardor lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy

road to the street, which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town center to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file. He recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an unusual, and intense, sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialed Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the center of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back…

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

"So, you want an introduction?" Mallan smiled.

"Well – "

"Don't be nervous! One favor deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?"

"Pardon?"

"How old do want the item in question to be?"

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. "I –"

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!” Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

III

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water borne to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savor the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. 'Antiquarian & Secondhand Books' his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words 'Aktlal Maka' inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title 'Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – 'Book of Aosoth' and 'Karu Samsu' - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which

if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – 'the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world…'

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

"I wonder if you can help me," she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say "I hope so" as he looked at her beauty.

"Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – "

"Aeschylus?" he repeated, and blushed.

"Yes, the playwright – "

"Of ancient Greece," he completed. "Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?"

"The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his "O" levels at his school."

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. "Yes, we do have a copy."

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

"Are you alright?" she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

"Yes, thanks." He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. "Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text," he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. "I'll take it." She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The 'Book of Aosoth' still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

"May I?" she asked, indicating the book.

"Yes," he faltered, unsure. "If you wish."

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

"I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail," he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

"They are for sale?" she asked.

"Well – " he hesitated, wondering about the price. "You have an interest in such matters?"

"Yes!" and then softly, "do you?"

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

"Actually, no." She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. "I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists."

"Are these recent acquisitions?"

"Yes."

"May I enquire from where – or whom?"

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. "A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently."

"I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one," she indicated the 'Secretorum'. "That does not interest me."

"As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth." Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.

“Sorry?”

"My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?"

"Er, yes." Dazed, he gave her his favorite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. "Shall we say half past seven or eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well."

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold's amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Aosoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the

hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his Flat.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry. Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

"Yes?" she said coldly.

"Hello Lianna. May I come in?" He removed his sunglasses.

"Why?"

"To talk – about my group."

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

"I'll go my own way! I don't need you!" he shouted.

"You are, of course," and she smiled generously at him, "free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order."

"So what?"

"Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought."

"Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!" He walked toward the door. "And I'm not afraid of you – or your curses!"

"True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes."

He laughed. "Just as I thought! You're all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!"

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialed a number.

"Hello? Imlach?" she queried. "Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good." She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold's arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

"Later, if you wish," she said, "you can spend some time in here."

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

"Will your husband not be joining jus?" an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

"Joining us? Why no!" she laughed. "He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe."

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templar, witchcraft, sorcery…. He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the Sitting Room.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

‘No. Why do you ask?”

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with her fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, “You know what I am, then?”

“I can guess.”

"Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?" When he did not answer, she continued. It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you."

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent her from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

"You are full of surprises," she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

"Come," she said, throwing him his clothes. "I have something to show you."

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

"See," he said to her as he withdrew the needle, "you are mine now!"

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. "Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are." He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. "Take her," he said to Monica, "and prepare her."

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

"Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!" he shouted.

"Hear us!" his followers responded.

"We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!"

"Hear us!"

"Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness."

"This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!" He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

"Now we shall dance to your glory!"

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house

where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

"You have done well," Mallam said. "There are two matters, though, that need your attention."

"I am only too pleased to help," an obsequious Maurice said.

"All of this," Mallam smiled, "is not cheap."

"I understand."

"The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver."

"As you wish. May I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?"

Mallam's laugh made Maurice even more nervous. "I have the power of my magick to bind them!"

"Yes – but…"

"So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!" and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. "Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me." Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. "You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?"

"I'm not worried, really," Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, "there is someone I know who might interest you."

"Who?"

"Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me."

"For something like tonight?" And Mallam smiled again.

"Possibly, yes."

"For yourself, I presume."

"If you wish it so."

"I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

"I understand."

"If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I'll need details."

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

"What do you want?"

"Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you."

“They can wait.”

“He insists.”

“So what? I’ve better things to do.”

“He mentioned Lianna’s name,” whispered Monica.

Mallam’s face twitched. He indicated Maurice. “Look after him, then.”

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

“You do not know me,” he said directly. “But we have a common enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“I have information you might find useful.”

“Oh yes?” Mallam pretended indifference.

“I don’t ask much.”

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“If you are not, there are others.” He turned to leave.

“So what is this information?”

"A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her."

"So?"

"There are rich pickings, in that place."

Mallam was suspicious. "Then why come to me?"

"I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters." He took a step toward Mallam. "Ever wonder where she gets her money? I'll tell you. A hoard, from this place."

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughingly had said, "It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day." He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

"What about this place?" he asked, his curiosity aroused.

"An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templar. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!"

Mallam controlled his excitement. "How are you involved with her?"

"I've seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these year a weeks' notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!"

"A manuscript, you say?"

"Yes, sir. For a price!"

"I would need more proof than your story."

"Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?" The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. "You have the document with you?"

"You have money to give me now?"

Mallam smiled. "How much?"

"A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask."

"Wait here."

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man's hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside

pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

"I call upon you again," the man said, "in two weeks."

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time the man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement; he walked slowly toward the stairs and his own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the disheveled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar – to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna had shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events in an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. If did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

"Do come in!" she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes. "No, not really."

"Do you want to join me?" she said mischievously.

"I'd rather talk, actually."

"About the film, I presume."

"Yes."

"Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions."

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

"Are you – " he began, hesitant.

"Am I involved, you mean?"

"Yes."

"What do you feel – sense about me?"

"You really want to know?"

"Of course."

Thorold sighed. "This is all very strange to me. It's like a dream. I cannot believe I'm sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a …"

"A perverted film?"

"Basically, yes."

"But you have not answered my question," she said, softly.

He shook his head. "I sense you could not be involved in something like that."

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –“

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.”

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

*****

“After breakfast” she had said, “you might like to browse in the library.”

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of ‘Prometheus Bound’. This startled him, as Lianna did when she came up quietly behind him.

“So,” she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, “another secret discovered.”

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. “You are an intriguing woman.”

She laughed. “In both senses of the word!”

“I didn’t mean it that way.”

“Nevertheless, it is true.”

“So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance.”

“Is anything?”

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. “So, how can I help?” he asked, almost angry.

“Help is not exactly the right word.”

“Is that so?”

She answered softly and slowly. “I would say ‘partnership’ as a word that captures the essence.”

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch him as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feelings for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Pardon?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

"I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games." She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. "You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – My interest, there was really no other way."

"Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests."

"In all this," Thorold said, "haven't you forgotten something?"

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. "I don't think so."

"Spontaneity? Love?"

"That's two things," she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

"What am I letting myself in for?" he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

"Paternity?"

"And I thought romance was dead!"

"You will stay tonight, then?"

"I might consider it – if I have any energy left."

"I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet."

"No more games – or tests?"

"Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish."

Thorold bowed in deference. "Of course, ma'am. There be, like," he said in a demotic voice, "one little problem, your Ladyship. I canna' drive."

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, "Really? I didn't know."

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. "One up for me, then!"

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. "Do you wish to learn?" she asked.

"What?"

"To drive, of course."

"Not really. I'm quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually."

"But your business, surely," she said.

"A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better."

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. "Come," she urged, "or we shall be late."

"May I ask to where?"

"Oh a small village, not far"

"Why the rush?"

"Because it is seven o'clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else."

"I suppose all will be revealed?"

She smiled. "Possibly."

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the Tree with the House in It, the wood containing Black Dick's Lake, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtain-less small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small driveway across the

road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for the giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise. He raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed drive.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

“There is something else I would like to show you.” She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

“What did you think?” she asked as they drove away from the village.

“Of what?”

“The village, of course.”

“Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you.”

She avoided the subject by saying, “Do you ever see your wife?”

“Occasionally. Why do you ask?”

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

"Just a short walk," she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. A breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its center.

"Looks like someone has lit a fire recently," Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

"I must go now," she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. "Meet me on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way." She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. "Sleep now, and remember me."

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley's bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows.

Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, "Hello! Can I help you?"

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

"I came to see Lianna."

"Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you."

"Is she in?"

"Afraid not."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Three to four weeks."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"Amsterdam, she said."

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands

before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

"Would you like a drink?" she finally asked.

"If you don't mind." He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

"Tea?" she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, "I was about to make one for myself."

"You work here, then?"

"Sometimes."

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

"Actually," the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, "my father is the gardener here. He's away at the moment." She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its color or the stains. "Does she often go away?"

"Quite often, yes."

"I know this may sound strange," Thorold said, "but I don't know her surname."

"Alledone." She smiled as she said the name.

Its significance escaped Thorold. "Mine's Imlach, but you can call me Sarah." The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was as if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance to his flat. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his flat, the weather was

cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left his Flat to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflexion before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquility which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and

was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense… Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

"Yes. Can I help you?" he asked as he saw Thorold.

"Yes – I'm looking for the young Priest who just came this way."

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, "Young man, you say? No one else is here but me."

"But – " Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

"Father –" Thorold began.

"Yes?"

"Can I talk to you for a moment?"

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, "Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?"

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

"Do you believe," Thorold asked directly, "that Satanism exists today?"

The Priest smiled. "I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different ideas."

"About Satan?"

"Indeed."

"And such people – would they have any powers?"

"To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago…" He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. "Joseph de Tonquedoc I believe it was, who said something like 'the Devil's interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.'" He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, "Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity."

"Curiosity, of course," smiled the Priest.

"And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – Draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?"

"I am no authority on such matters."

"But surely you have heard things?"

"Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time."

"And?"

"I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her. Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him." The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, "And what became of her – and him?"

"Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That's how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize." He looked at his

wristwatch. "Just curiosity, you say?" When Thorold did not reply, he added, "I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters."

"No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now."

He stood up.

"As you wish," the Priest said and smiled.

"Thank you, Father." Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

"Why are you following me?" Thorold demanded.

"I am Imlach."

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!" His anger, frustration and incipient fear molded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light, which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

“About four. Come on – I’ve got to go out soon.”

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

“Get up you lazy bitch!” he shouted.

“Leave me alone,” she mumbled.

“Get up!” he snarled, and shook her again.

“I’m tired.”

“I want some breakfast!”

“Get your own.”

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

“Get off me!” she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

“You whore! You bitch!” Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

“You like this, don’t you?” he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened the door to her Flat. It did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disemboweled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward what he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old-fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

"It's a fair old morning, isn't it?" she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. "Yes!" he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

"You passing through, then?" She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

"Yes. Yes I am."

"Come far, have you?"

"No, not really."

"Be a hot day, again."

"Yes. I don't suppose," he asked and smiled at her, "there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I've been driving all night."

"Can't say as I can think of anywhere. Least ways, not round here."

"Oh." He tried to sound disappointed.

"You must be hot – in all them black clothes."

"Yes – I am a bit."

"Well – " she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, "I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It's cool in there – and what with you being so hot."

"Yes, that would be fine." He concealed his glee.

"Follow me, then."

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

"Sit yourself down."

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odors made him feel dizzy.

"Sit yourself down."

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

"Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff."

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. "You have a well, then?" he asked.

"Been here for centuries, that well."

"That old building in your garden – that's not it, is it?

"That? No – that belongs to her!" She almost spat the last word out.

"Who?"

"She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!"

"So that old building is not yours, then?"

"Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside."

"You don't like her then?"

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

“She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she had. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.”

“Your husband out, then?

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. “In the fields, yes. Since dawn.”

“You must get lonely.”

"There, take that with you." She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. "I'll bring the bottle back, if you wish."

"If you like."

"I often pass this way. Well, nearby."

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

"Folk around here talk," she said. "You'd best be away."

She walked him to the door, where he said, "What would be the best time for me to call for more water?"

"Sunday, after dark. Wait by there." She indicated the stone building.

"Until then." He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did not return to his Flat he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his Flat.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

"Hello!" he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

"Can I help you?" he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. "You'd better come in," he said.

Across the street in the bottom Flat he could see a net-curtain twitching. His Flat was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite

the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

"Would you like some tea?" he asked.

"You haven't got anything stronger, have you?"

"Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?"

"Not really." Her smile was forced.

"Are you hungry?"

"A little, yes."

"Some toast, then?"

"That would be nice. You're very kind."

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. "Mind if I ask," he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, "what you were doing on my doorstep."

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

“Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume.”

“Down the hall, second door.”

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

“I was right about you,” she said softly, taking the tray.

“Since we have not met,” Thorold said, “may I introduce myself?”

“Thorold West,” she replied.

“Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?”

“Monica.”

“Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?”

“Sorry?”

“Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone.”

“No.”

“But you do know her?”

“Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain.”

"It might help – after you've finished your tea, of course."

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

"The person who did this –" she gestured toward her face, "was watching you because you were involved with the woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities."

Thorold guessed her meaning. "Young girls?"

"You know, then?"

"Just a guess. What's his name?"

"Mallam. Edgar Mallam."

"And he did that to you?"

"Yes."

Thorold's objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

"He sent me to follow you – once," she said.

"I must be more observant in the future!" When she did not return his smile, he said, "Tell me about yourself – only if you want though."

"And if I do – will you still help me?"

"It is my help you want, then?"

"Yes. I want out. I'm finished with them."

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of 'Black Magick' sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

"I knew what was going on," she concluded. "At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!" She laughed, a little, at herself. "I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town."

"How do you know you can trust me?"

She sighed. "I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you've got a kind face!"

"Have you thought of going to the Police?"

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“And you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections. “Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. "We could go to your Flat and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit."

"He might be waiting," she said softly.

"Is that so? I'll telephone for a taxi, then."

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

"Hi!" she said in greeting to the disheveled man who opened the door. "Forgot my front door key again! Sorry!"

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

"Can you?" Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

"Are you sure?"

"I won't be coming back here again."

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying.

He began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica's hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed,

wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

"Come on," he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. "I shall show you your room, and then we can begin."

She looked at him nervously, so he added, "finding evidence to use against him."

"Oh, I see."

"I presume you want to."

"What?" she asked defensively.

"Find evidence?"

"I suppose so. I hadn't really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends here – he saw to that."

"Can you drive?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"But I don't have a license. Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Are you involved – in her activities?"

"The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean? No. She bought some books and manuscripts from me. That's all."

"Really?" Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. "Well, there was something else, but that is over now."

She smiled, and held up her bear. "Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold." She waved his paw.

"Hello, Reginald!" a bemused Thorold said.

"Regi to his friends."

"Hello Regi!"

"Do you have a needle and some thread?"

"Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?"

She patted Regi's head. "It's alright, Regi, it won't hurt. Honest."

Thorold sighed. "I hope I'm not going to regret this."

"What – lending me a needle and thread?"

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, "You know where he lives?"

"Yes."

"Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest."

She saluted in good-humored mockery. "Just one thing, General."

"Yes?"

"Can I have a bath first, please?"

"You don't have to ask."

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several times, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

"I shall see you shortly, then," he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

"A friend?" Monica asked.

"Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?"

"What for?"

"I thought we would eat out."

"That would be nice." She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the center of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica's swollen face.

"Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?"

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, "what do you know about Mallam's connection with Lianna?

"Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition."

"Which is what?"

"What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar."

"Satanism?"

"Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam," and she smiled, "takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him."

"Oh, yes?"

"The Black Book of Satan I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this."

"And Mallam?"

"He wants power and pleasure – for himself."

"And is prepared to do anything to achieve it."

"Yes."

"But she – Lianna – still uses people."

"Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don't know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality."

"Doesn't sound like Satanism to me."

"Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it."

"And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?"

"Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is."

"Not much to tell, actually."

"That's not what I've heard."

Thorold soon hid his surprise. "Oh, yes?"

"He found out about your past," she said softly.

"Is that why you came to me?"

"Yes."

Thorold smiled. "And I thought it was just because of my kind face!"

"So it's true?"

"That depends. How did he come by such information?"

"Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts."

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

"Do you want to talk about it?" she asked.

"Not really."

"That's fine by me. I'm not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now."

"Your past does not matter to me."

"Likewise." And she smiled.

"However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

"Not the type you mean?"

"Not really. How did you become involved?"

"I suppose – " She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. "I just wanted more and more 'highs'. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first french kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time," she laughed. "But – I don't know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn't get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that."

"I do know what you mean. It's why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it."

"They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match."

For a long time they looked at each other.

"I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way."

"Then something happens to bring you down to reality."

"Usually other people."

"A big slap in the face- literally, with me!" she laughed at her own misfortune. "So what happened to you?"

"I won't bore you with the details – you know the rest, I'm sure."

"But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?"

"That does not stop people talking."

"So you resigned."

"Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly."

"Until now."

"I suppose I knew it couldn't last forever. You don't change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I've just stopped pretending."

"So now what?"

"I pay the bill and we go. That's enough talking!"

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary's church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

"He does not live far," said Thorold unhelpfully.

"Who?"

"Oh, didn't I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle."

"You must know him well," Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. "You're about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits."

"I hope you can drive that thing," she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house to the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

"I had a few lessons – a few years ago," he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam's car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched

by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

"I wish I had brought a camera," he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

"Our Father which wert in heaven," they heard the assembly chant, "hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons."

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness," Thorold heard a man say, "and help us to fulfill our desires!"

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revelers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him

back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold's own Flat across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

"Well, that's one down, ten to go," he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own Flat. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, "Can you help?" She was struggling to free herself from hers.

"It's a bit tight," she said.

Thorold smiled. "You're somewhat larger in some places than she is."

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Flat.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

"Yes?" he said gruffly as he opened the door.

"She has sent me," the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

"So?" Thorold replied, annoyed.

"She does not like your interference."

"My what?"

"You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours."

"Is that so?"

"She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group."

"Oh, really?"

Imlach moved closer to him. "You'd best heed her advice. For your own sake."

"Tell her from me I'm not playing her games anymore and I'll do what I like!" He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spent a listless hour, listening, attempting to read and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did

retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man's face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move, it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica to sleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhiston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicles occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhiston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Flat.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

"So," she said as she stood in the road near them, "this is how you repay me!" She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. "Were you following me?" he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her!" She looked at Monica with contempt.

"Really?"

"Leave her – now, and come with me."

"No!"

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. "You are a fool!" she finally said.

"Goodbye, then."

Lianna stared at Monica. "You will pay for this!"

"I – " Monica began to say.

"I think you'd better leave her alone," Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. "I'm not finished with you either!"

"Go play your games somewhere else." He turned away, led Monica into his Flat and shut the door without looking at Lianna.

"She seemed a little angry," Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. "Jealous of you, I guess."

"And does she have reason to be jealous?"

"Yes."

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. "Does she frighten you?" Monica asked at its end.

"No, actually."

"I think Edgar is afraid of her."

"Are you?" He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

"No. Well – perhaps a little." She shivered.

"Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?"

"What, now?"

"Yes." He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. "We have plenty of time."

"Good," she smiled, and kissed him again.

"On the other hand, Mallam can wait," he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

XIII

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighboring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

"Hi. Jenny!" he said in greeting. "You alright?"

"Sure!"

"No problems?" She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

"No. See ya!"

"Jess in?" he asked.

"Sure!" She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam's business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

"Any problems?" Mallam asked.

"Not one. I tell you it is too quiet."

"Got a new house lined up – if we need to move."

"Any new girls?"

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

“You have no trouble arranging time off?” he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

“Not at all!”

“Good.”

“Your wife in?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston’s wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware, that this charm was a net closing around her.

“Could you,” Mallam asked Rhiston, “get my briefcase from my car?” He held out his car keys.

“Yes. Yes, of course,” the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. "Jane, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes." She smiled.

"You're more attractive than I was led to believe."

"Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?"

"Only for a brief time," he lied, convincingly. "I'm having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you'd like to come." He paused for effect. "With your husband, of course."

"That would be nice."

"I shall look forward to seeing you there."

Rhiston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, "Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?"

"Ah, yes!" He turned to his wife. "We'll be about an hour, dear."

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

"Not bad!" Mallam said. "Not bad at all!"

"She should not be long, now. A creature of habit," and he smiled his lecherous smile.

"You seem more settled now."

"Oh, I am, I am!"

"Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – 'The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one's hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good…'" Mallam smiled. "You agree?"

"Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now."

"Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife."

"Jane?"

"Yes." Then: "you seem unsure."

"No, not really. Just surprised." He wanted to ask, but dared not.

"Does this work?" Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

"No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish."

“Our prey has arrived,” Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, “she is most suitable.”

“I’m glad you are pleased.”

“I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – “

“I’m sure they will!”

“ – I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on.”

“I do understand.”

“How soon can you have the money ready?”

“Next week. I have savings.”

“Tomorrow.”

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be…”

“I have experience in these matters.” She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. “A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways.”

“Do go on, it’s fascinating.”

"Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modeling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest."

"I admire your cleverness! And after?"

"Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn't care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in." He turned to stare at Rhiston. "I've told you all this because for some reason I like you. I'm going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here."

"I'm very flattered that you should consider me."

"You've proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me."

"Anything. Just ask."

"Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me."

"As you wish."

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a

prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favor of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Still early, then."

"We'll go out for lunch when I get back."

"Fine."

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Flat as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

"He should really lock his door when he leaves," a woman's voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the doorframe, smiling mischievously.

"What do you want?" Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

"Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you."

"I think it would be better if you left."

"This will not take long. I have here," and she held up an attaché case, "ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There is a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station."

"He will be back in a minute."

"Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion." She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. "So you see, you have no option."

"Please go."

"I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those car telephones!"

"I would deny everything."

"Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not?" Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs."

Lianna's smile was almost mocking. "I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with."

"You seemed to have planned things well."

"I always do."

"Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don't believe for one moment that you are jealous of me."

"It is not important for you to know the reason."

"I want to know – and then," she said resignedly, "I might accept your offer."

"A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted."

"Tell me then."

"About Thorold?"

"Yes."

"Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years."

"And for this Thorold is important?"

"It could well be," Lianna smiled. "Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch."

"Mind if I check the case?" Monica asked.

"I shall leave it with you – while you dress."

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten-pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold's living room. She did not look back as she left the Flat.

*****

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold's decision – or so he thought at the time. After leaving the message in the window of his shop – announcing an 'illness' forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold's past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

"I don't suppose," Thorold said, "you want to sell?"

Jake glared at him, then smiled. "No way!"

"I didn't think you would. You free for a bit, then?"

“Why?” he asked cautiously.

“Need your advice.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I thought I might buy something similar.”

“You serious?”

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few times a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Flat, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on entering his Flat, he assumed Monica's absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quite knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any or left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wandered around his Flat without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the center of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the center of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Flat.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced

himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

"Yes!" he said and went to stand beside it. "Do you like it?" He ran his hand over the seat. "I've just bought it."

"It is rather nice," she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. "Where shall we go?" She laughed. "We are not exactly short of money!"

"Monica?"

“Yes?” she said, trembling a little.

“I’ll have to give it back.”

“But you’ve only just bought it!” she joked.

“You know what I mean.”

“I know. I thought you’d say that.” Then, smiling again, she added, “A pity though! I’ve often wondered what I’d do if I had some money.” She went to collect the case. “Here you are!”

He took it from her, and she sighed. “And I suppose,” she said, “You’re still going to follow what’s-his-name?”

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, ”I’m glad you’re back.”

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Look’s much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

"Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days."

"Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

"But – "

She repossessed the case. "I'll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!"

"Come here," he said gently.

"Yes, Master!" she playfully mocked, "I hear and obey!"

He held her hand. "I'd rather you were safe, here."

"What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!" she sat on the pillion seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna's house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold's insistent knocking.

"I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out."

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be there!” She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. “You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!”

“I – “ Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

“You’ll have to kill me,” Monica continued, “to stop me! Or have me killed – that’s more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!” She threw the case down at Lianna’s feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. “Such a common woman, don’t you think?”

“I’ll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

"Just a taste!" she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

"You coming?" she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guests in the subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers and her monetary gifts lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centered on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

“Come on Maurice,” she said, “let’s go and make love.”

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

“I hope you don’t think I’ve been ignoring you,” he said.

“No, honestly.”

He smiled at her. “Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?”

She was hesitant, so he said, “You know why I invited you, don’t you?”

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – “

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

"I'll wait for you outside in the car," he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

*****

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

"Now," he said, "to action. We'll walk to a house and I want you to use this – " He gave him a Police Warrant Card. "You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience," he smiled. "Alright?"

"Yes. Is that all?" a relieved Rhiston said.

"What did you expect? I'll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though." He reached over to the back seat

of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. "I'll meet you back here."

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along them down to the township of Stretton.

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village, began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in

the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. The more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was chance that brought him to the village and the building, which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this

deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself…

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving…" in his head again, like an echo.

"I won't be fooled by you!" he shouted aloud. "Do you hear me Lianna!" He shook his fist at the darkness. "You can't fool me! I know that you are testing me! You'll see – I'm strong! Stronger than you!"

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

"Must not fall asleep!" he muttered aloud. "She'll try and get me when I'm asleep. I'll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She'll be mine!" He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, then letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell fully asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam's party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

"I don't think she will bother us again," a confident Monica said as they sat in his Flat on their return from visiting Lianna.

"You amaze me." Thorold said. "Would you like some tea?" he asked.

"I know what I would like!"

Thorold's surprise turned quickly into delight. "I'll just have a quick bath," he said.

"No, don't. Perhaps I shouldn't give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on."

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and lead him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defenses had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as she sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam's pedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam's house.

"We'll try the other chap," Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston's home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam's house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home; they journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. He led them then to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward

the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston held onto the car, panting and exhausted, but Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm; to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could; braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was launched into the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding, while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge. He was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning car and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them depart, carrying Mallam, numb with shock from Monica's death. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car – just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now – tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance arrive and take away Monica's body. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

"Want to talk about it?" Jake asked.

"No."

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

"I have been waiting for you," she said as she led him inside. "I am sorry for what happened."

"You know?" he asked without surprise.

"One gets to hear these things."

"You know why I have come then?"

"Yes." She took him to her living room. A copy of the Black Book of Satan, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

"I have to make a statement to the Police," he said.

"You met Constable Tong, I believe."

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

"Such a bright young man," she continued. "A cousin of Mr. Wyke – of course you have met."

"I see," said Thorold, uneasy.

“I thought you would.”

“What will you do with him?”

“With whom?” she teased.

“Edgar Mallam.”

“Does it matter?”

“It might.”

“To you?”

“I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!”

“What is justice?” she mocked.

“He killed her!”

“An accident. A body burned beyond recognition,” she shrugged.

“I should have left him to die in the explosion!”

“You had no choice.”

“What?’ he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. “Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us.”

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna's spell.

"I must go," he said, turning away from her eyes.

"As you wish!"

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

"Remember," she said as if chanting, "I want to share my life with yours."

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books which had been his world for years, was a dead one.

Its charm had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to.

The door to his shop opened.

"You are open?" asked the elderly man who entered.

"No, not at the moment." Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

"Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday."

"Didn't you see the note?" asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. "My! How silly of me!" He turned to smile at Thorold. "But you are here now."

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. "You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon."

"You were recommended to me."

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aiden is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aiden said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

"For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct." He smiled again. "Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one."

"You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop."

"You have the scent of Satan about you," the old man said in a quiet voice.

"Pardon?" Thorold was startled.

"A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly."

"You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest you."

"You interest me."

"You must excuse me – I have a busy day."

"Are you afraid of someone?"

Thorold was insulted. "Of course not!"

"I came only to help."

"Why?" Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, "Because I am concerned about the growth of evil."

"What is evil?" He realized he was echoing Lianna's parody and added, "I sell books, that is all."

Aiden sighed. "I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me."

"The Cathedral?"

"Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone."

"Are you staying long?"

"A few days."

"I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye."

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. "Yours?"

"No, I always dress like this," Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. "So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?"

"Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds."

"A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you."

"Goodbye."

"Adieu!"

Thorold had declined the man's gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aiden walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad's church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aiden was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam's house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

"Hello!" he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, "it's a fair cop!" before turning around and smiling.

His movement round startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston's wife.

"Can I help?" he asked cunningly.

“You haven’t seen Maurice, have you?” she asked hopefully.

“No, he lied. “Not recently. He gave you this address?”

She stared down at the floor. “Edgar did.”

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. “Been waiting here long?”

“I’ve just arrived.”

“You’ve got a key, then?”

“The door was open.”

“You checked the other rooms?”

“Not yet.”

Come on, then.”

All of them, at least to Thorold’s once practiced eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

“You don’t know where Maurice is?” she asked.

“Afraid not. You know Edgar,” he smiled. “Likes to be a man of mystery. They’ve probably gone somewhere together.” He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, from her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. “Do you want to wait here?” He asked her.

"I'd better be going. If you see him – "

"I'll tell him you called."

"Thank you."

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica's death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam's activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

"Yes?"

"I am a friend of Edgar."

"Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on."

"You came highly recommended," he said, guessing.

"Really?" Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. "Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?"

"Tea?"

"Darjeeling, if you have some."

"You don't look like a tea drinker to me."

"It's the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea."

"You must be warm in that black leather." She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

"It has its uses."

"I'm sure! Do you ride often?" she asked mischievously.

"As the mood takes me."

"Does it take you now?"

"Possibly." After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of

pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

"Have you known Edgar long?" he asked.

"Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?"

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

"I've just remembered it!" he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna's house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

"I must know," he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. "About Mallam."

"It is good that you come of your own free will."

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the drawing room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. “You didn’t answer the question.”

“About Edgar?”

“Yes. I do have my suspicions.”

“Do you?”

“It seems to me you planned things.”

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

"Possibly."

"Were you in love with Monica?"

The question surprised him. "I don't know," he said hesitantly. "I don't think so." He felt he had betrayed her.

"Good. I was a little jealous."

"The thought occurred to me."

"But I'm sorry about what happened – with her, I mean."

"So am I," His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"I've missed you." She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

"Not here!" she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gentle bliss that followed.

"I want you," she whispered, "with me always. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

"Whatever it is?"

"Yes." His hands stroked her breasts. "You are beautiful."

"I am all yours – now."

"What did you want me to do?"

"Live with me."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" She kissed him. "I love you." She sat up to lean against a cushion. "Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me."

"Your village?"

She laughed. "I suppose it is!"

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

“What’s that?” Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

“The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim’s blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people.”

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armor hung.

“And those?” he asked.

“Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you’re interested.”

“Yes. Does your son visit you often?”

“My son?” she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, “I have no children – yet.”

“But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – “

“A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?”

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. “Of course!” he said.

“Will you stay tonight?” she asked.

“Do you want me to?”

“You know I do.”

“I would have to collect a few things.”

“Naturally. Do you have a suit?” She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.”

Totally captivated by her, Thorold said, “that would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed Thorold that sat astride his bike. He rode slowly out of the driveway to be confronted by Imlach’s daughter who waved him to a halt.

“Listen!” she said, fearfully glancing around. “I must talk with you.”

He removed his helmet before saying, “what about?”

"I can't talk here – it's too dangerous. Please, you've got to hear me."

"But – "

"Please!" she pleaded. "I must talk to you about Lianna!"

"Come on, then!" He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

"Well?" he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

"She killed Monica," she said.

Thorold's smile disappeared.

XXI

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

"That's ridiculous," he finally said in answer to Sarah's accusation. "It was an accident."

"Was it? She arranged it using her magick."

"Impossible." He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

“Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica.”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it?”

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. “She wouldn’t – she had no reason.” Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. “I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells.”

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she has followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

"Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help."

"Why?"

"Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning."

"And what is that?"

"To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don't agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – "

"I did wonder. There is a statue in her house."

"Yes. So you do understand?"

"I am beginning to."

"Will you help, then?"

"I don't know."

"She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans."

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. "I am a mistake that she made in her youth!"

"She never said anything to me."

"She is not exactly proud of me. That's why she keeps me around in her sight."

"And your father?" Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna's daughter.

"He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!"

"So they are no longer close?"

"Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power."

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling.

"You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?"

"Yes. You will help, then?"

"I'll think about it."

"I shall have to get back – before I'm missed." She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. "She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you –" she shrugged, "– who knows?"

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Flat to sit in the stuffy silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna's evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to notice his change of mood.

"I feel very tired this evening," he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

"I'll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room," she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

"You must play for me," she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colorful design, held by a black silk bank around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, "all we need is an orchestra."

"There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music."

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. "Would Madam like some music?"

"Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?"

"I shall see!"

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just an exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah's voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna's lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica's death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna's village.

"Why did you never have any children?" he asked to test her.

She smiled. "My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children."

"Did you never want any?"

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

"I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?" she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. "Of course."

"No curiosity?" she asked.

"'Bout what?" he slurred his words.

"The ceremony?"

"Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you."

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretense and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, "sleep well my darling!" to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna's lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna's

note on the table in the kitchen. "Yours – to keep," it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna's hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah's story and Lianna's lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. The 'Black Book of Satan' the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled 'A Gift for the Prince' and he began to read.

'In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

'Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be

directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice furthers the works of Satan…'

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake's house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other

entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

"Come", she said, "they are waiting."

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she led him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artifacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

"Wait," she whispered to him before walking toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, "I greet the Lord and Lady!"

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam's hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, "You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! Guilty!" The congregation responded.

"Is that the verdict of you all?"

"Yes!" the voices chorused.

"And his sentence?"

"Burn him! Burn him!"

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

"Come," she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its center was a stake.

"No! No!" Mallam pleaded. "Forgive me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle around the stake. Thorold felt Sarah's hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but

put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

"Are you ready?" Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

"Run!" she said to him. "Run!"

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

"There is she," Lianna pointed at Sarah, "who has betrayed us."

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah's hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam's freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing

and shouting, Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

"You did not believe her, then?" Lianna asked.

"You knew?"

"Of course!"

"And if I had believed her?" he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

"It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration."

"And Mallam?"

She smiled. "He has his just reward!"

"Then Sarah is not your daughter?"

"Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband."

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna's hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

"Shall we go and see Sarah?" She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam's prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

"Leave us," Lianna said, and the two men left. "You have done well," she said to Sidnal. "I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished."

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. "Why didn't you stop her?"

When Thorold did not answer, she said, "You didn't believe me, did you?"

"No."

"But it was true," she said in desperation. "My father will tell you."

Imlach turned away.

"Tell him! Damn you, tell him!" she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. "You're pathetic," she snarled. "I pity you, I really do! You're totally in her power! She's corrupted you and you don't see it!"

"I know what has gone on," Lianna said.

"What do you mean?" Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

"Between you and your father."

"No! It's lies!"

"I have known for a long time," Lianna said quietly.

"I hate you!"

"So, that's why you pretended to be her daughter?" Thorold asked.

"Yes!" Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. "I

knew you loved her!" she said to her father. "That's why I did what I did – with you!" She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

"Now," Sarah shouted, "you'll never know your child!"

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

"I shall be at the feast," Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

"Come on," Lianna said to Thorold, "there is nothing you can do here."

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

"I suppose," Thorold said, "this is your house as well."

"Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?"

He ignored the question. "She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her."

"Do you believe I did?"

For a long time Thorold did not speak. "No," he finally said. "There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – "

"The Black Book of Satan?"

"Yes. It mentioned sacrifice."

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

"Tell me about Mallam," he asked.

"What do you want to know?"

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

"He is free, then?" he asked.

"Yes – at last."

"And you planned everything?"

"You tell me," she said enigmatically.

"I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact."

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. "I thought I was supposed to ask you?"

"There is an older way." She paused. "Yes – or no?"

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. "Yes," he said trembling.

She kissed him. "I never really had much choice, did I?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to choose."

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah's intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

"Imlach – what will happen to him?" He asked to test her.

"He will stay with us – should you so wish it."

He was pleased with her answer. "And if I don't wish it?"

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now," she said, and stood up, "let's go to bed!"

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

*****

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smoldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discolored earth, which she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

The Deofel Quintet
Volume IV

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Greyling Owl

I

York, 1976

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric center of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, not withstanding his youth, he had earned for himself by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child,

and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he and his father had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory or the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardor for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape

from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of the Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

"Yes?" he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

"Do you love me?" she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. "I have something to tell you," she whispered.

He looked suspiciously as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had traveled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

"I can come back," he said.

"No, it's alright!" Colin replied. "Come in! This," he said, pointing, "is Alison."

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

"Well then," said Colin amicable to him, "what's your latest hair-brained scheme?"

Edmund looked pained. "Actually, I'm off to join a community."

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, "This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!"

He stood up, stretched and yawned. "I'll make some tea," he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

"What are you studying?" he asked her.

"Music," she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

"Then what instrument do you play?"

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him, which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woolen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

"Violin," she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

"Oh, I see."

Suddenly, she turned toward him. "What's wrong with the violin?" she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. "I just imagined you'd play something else – the piano."

"Of course I play the piano!"

"Which do you prefer?"

"It's not a question of 'which do I prefer! It's a question of what music I choose to play."

"I'd like to hear you play sometime."

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

"What do you think?" he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

"Not bad – style's a bit turgid."

Colin squinted at him. "You have to write like that – Editors expect it."

"Doesn't say much for Editors does it?"

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. "Where's mine, then?" she asked, indicating the mugs.

"But you don't like tea," Colin protested.

"True! But I'd like to be asked."

They glowered at each other for some moments.

"I need to stretch my legs a bit," Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. "See you in, say, half an hour?"

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; "I haven't seen him for over a year!" But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison's words that he carried out with him into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of Vanbrugh College. "Don't you understand," Alison had shouted, "I'm pregnant!" and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always liked the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centerpiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the

Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and he bent over the sink, vomiting.

"I'm sorry," Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her retching brother.

"Is he alright?" Edmund asked her.

"I'll take him to his room."

After they had gone, Edmund said, "What are you going to do?"

"Have some tea!"

"About Alison, I meant."

Colin squinted, as was his habit. "You know then?"

"Yes."

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. "Come on, fresh air is what you need."

They stood on the bridge over the edges of the lake.

"What will you do?" asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. "She'll have to have an abortion," he said without conviction.

“What does she want?”

“She’s done this to try and trap me. She said she’d taken precautions.

“You don’t feel responsible, then? Edmund asked.

“Of course not. She’s over eighteen.”

“You don’t feel in the slightest bit responsible?”

“No.” He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near them and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison’s weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

“You do care, really, don’t you?” Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. “I never misled her about my intentions,” he said.

“You don’t like women much, do you?”

“What?” Colin’s face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

“Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image.”

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

"Sorry." He explained, sucking in his lower lip, "reader's report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I'm late already."

Colin took the sheaf of papers. "Thanks."

"Better luck next time, eh?" the man smirked before wobbling away.

"The bastard!" Colin said mutely.

"Friend of yours, then?" Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. "That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!"

"He's the Professor?"

"Thankfully, no. But he's in charge until one is appointed."

"I gather you two are not on friendly terms."

Colin ignored the question. "So how long are you staying this time?"

"A few days – maybe longer."

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he thrust it at Edmund saying, "Here, get yourself something to eat. I'll see you later tonight."

"Where are you going?"

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. "To forget!"

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

"Well," he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, "have you decided?"

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita's existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact, which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

"You'll develop them yourself?" Magarita asked him, still unsure.

"Yes," he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands with glee.

III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

'The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit – the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: 'It's better if I never see you again' – hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: 'What shall I do?' I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. 'Come on Wednesday' he struggled to say. 'On Wednesday,' I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again – I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand – of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this – so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I

whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.'

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, an Intermezzo by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat; quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

'I feel,' she wrote in her diary, 'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.' What then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face down-turned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellant to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

"Aren't you hungry?" Edmund asked her kindly.

"Not for food." Then she was laughing at herself. "God! I'm beginning to sound like a cheap novel!"

"Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?"

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. "Sorry."

"It's alright."

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. "Would you," she said impetuously, "like me to play some music for you?"

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

“You’re not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!”

“Everything can be surpassed – it’s just a question of will and genius.”

“Not today it isn’t – in this decadent culture.”

“Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood.”

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

“What are you going to do?” he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. “What do you mean?” she asked softly.

“I overheard – earlier on.”

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. “He’s offered to live with me.”

“And do you want this?”

“I don’t know.” Then, cheerfully: “I don’t think he does, though!”

“No – I can’t really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss.”

“What do you think of him?”

“I think he is a genius.”

“Really?” she asked in astonishment.

“Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?”

“I’d like to compose something,” she said enthusiastically, “something beautiful and profound.”

“Like Brahms’ Fourth Symphony?”

She looked at him quizzically. “I thought you didn’t like Brahms?”

“I never actually said that.”

She sighed. “We all have impossible dreams.”

He gave his enigmatic smile. “Some of us make them a reality.”

“Oh, yes?” she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

“Thought you’d be in here” Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added “He’s been having an attack of his verbal diarrhea?”

“She played some Brahms for me,” Edmund said as he stood up.

“Romantic cretin,” Colin muttered.

“I’m surprised,” Edmund said, “that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him.”

“Goes on a bit, doesn’t he?” Colin said to Alison.

“Had fun, then?” Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. “You eaten, yet?” he asked Alison.

“Yes, thank you,” she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

“I gather,” Edmund said to him, “you don’t like Bach either?”

“Baroque cretin. Well, I’m going to have something to eat. “You coming?” he asked Edmund.

“In a while.”

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

"I suppose," she said, "we'd better join him – or he'll sulk all evening."

"Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?"

"I'm not that good."

"Yes you are."

"Anyway," she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, "it's out of the question, now."

"Not necessarily."

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and came toward them.

“Excuse me,” Edmund said to Alison. “Tell Colin I’ll see him early tomorrow morning.

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

“He said,” she remarked as she sat beside him, “that he’d see you tomorrow.”

“Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That’s Edmund.”

“You are really fond of him, aren’t you?” she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

“Have you decided what you are going to do yet?”

“Go home – for a while at least.”

“I meant – “

“I know what you meant.”

Colin squinted at her. “What?” Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, “I meant what I said.”

“Part of you did, at least.” Colin’s presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colorfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – “ he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.”

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he liked to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive trip to the toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Edmund said cheerfully. "Like some breakfast?" He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. "I hate people like you in the mornings." Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

“Breakfast?” Edmund repeated.

“I don’t eat breakfast.”

“I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?”

“I haven’t got any coffee – or any food for that matter.”

“Never mind.” He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

“Any plans for today?” Edmund asked.

“Lectures – then a meeting. I’ll meet you in the ‘Well’ in Derwent at twelve.”

“Sure you won’t have something to eat?” He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favorite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if

wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin's gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and unfashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the 'Gay Liberation Front'. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

"Right," he said, rubbing his hands together. "I can see you're all keen for me to begin." He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. "Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes…"

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos' "Les Liasons Danereuses", bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome

surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

"Sorry I'm late," said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and then expectorated loudly. "We were discussing," he said, "Mrs. Pound's new course in Philosophy of Society."

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: 'The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics', 'Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement' and (Colin's favorite) 'Continuity in Staff/Student Relations'. Colin's own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his distain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twerp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated

on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

"Er," Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, "I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don't you all agree?"

"Yes! Chimed Hill with bovine expression, "good show!"

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

"Thank you," smiled Fiona. "As you know," she continued in her precise, accent-less way, "this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say – "

"What, again?" growled Horton.

"Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?" asked Storr meekly.

"Can't we get on? Heard it all before and it's all drivel. What's next on the agenda, Storr?"

"I say!" protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

"If I could say a word – " began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

"You've said six already," growled Horton.

Whiting's thin, droopy, moustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly colored silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, "But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favorable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications."

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. "You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!"

"Mr. Horton, please!" Chided Fiona.

"Ruddy stupid idea!" Horton said.

"The Government," continued Storr, "has asked – "

"Might have known," Horton grunted, "it was those bunch of damn fools!" He rustled his newspaper loudly.

"The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – " Storr said, " – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction."

"We are a University," Horton said gruffly, "not an unemployment training scheme!"

"I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity."

"Why don't you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twerp!"

"Sorry?"

“Gentlemen, please,” Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting’s moustache twitched again. “You,” he said to Horton, “sound like a racist.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Cornish smiled, “Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?”

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. “You, sir, are an oaf!

“Er,” stuttered Storr, “I assume, Mr. Horton, that you’re opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s suggestion?”

“As a racist,” protested Whiting, “he would be.”

“Racism,” Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, “is an abstract idea invented by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature.” He stood up. “And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with.” His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

“Er, I believe,” Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, “that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s rather splendid idea. Wouldn’t you all agree?”

“I do so hope,” Hill said, “that he doesn’t become the Professor. A reactionary like that?”

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. "I don't think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility."

"Thank goodness," Whiting said.

"You are misconstruing his objection," Mrs. Cornish interjected.

"He'd set us back fifty years," continued Whiting. "We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all."

"Er, Mickleman," Storr asked, "what is your opinion?"

"Yes, Colin," Fiona smiled at him, "I'm sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter."

"Well," he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, "I would have to give this matter some thought. It's not an area that I am familiar with."

"But surely," Fiona persisted, "you have an opinion?"

"As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through deeply about or studied in detail."

"Quite," Storr said curtly. "Shall we get on?"

Fiona ignored him. "And in this particular instance?" she said to Colin.

"If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgment – not an opinion – a judgment on the basis of careful thought."

"I see," Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

"Well, er," Storr said shuffling his notes, "Mrs. Pound's course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes," he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, "next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?" He looked around. "Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!" He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

"I was impressed," she said to him, "by what you said."

"Won't make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already."

"True." She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. "You've had another paper published I understand?"

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, "Yes – how did you know?"

"One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours."

"Yes."

"A pity. It was an insightful piece."

"You read it?"

"Why yes. Do you have a copy?"

"Of course."

"Then I shall send it to the 'Bulletin'. With a covering letter, of course."

"Thank you," Colin said sincerely.

"Richard can be jealous, sometimes," she said abstractly. "He envies you and your success at so young an age." Her smile seemed motherly. "May I offer you some advice?"

"Yes," Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seemed to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. "Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office." Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. "Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going."

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

"You bastard!" Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison's brother in astonishment. Bryn's kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish's room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin's assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

"Well, boy! Horton demanded.

"That bastard – " Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

“Mind your language, boy!” Horton shouted at Bryn.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

“Fine,” he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

“What’s your name?” Horton demanded of Bryn.

“What’s it to do with you?” Bryn said defiantly.

“Listen to me, you runt!” Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. “This is a serious matter!”

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

“Thanks,” he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulders before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

“It’s alright, Lawrence,” Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, “I know him.”

“I see.”

"Yes." He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

"Can he go?" Colin asked Horton.

"This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?" Horton asked Bryn.

"Yes," Bryn replied nervously.

"Yes, he is," confirmed Colin. "Second year, Politics."

"Politics?" repeated Horton. "Oh well, that explains it!"

Mrs. Cornish joined them. "Perhaps, Lawrence," she said, "it might be better to leave the matter here."

"Well – " Then to Colin, he said, "Personal, is it?"

"Yes." He watched Horton's face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

"Maybe it's for the best." He faced Bryn. "If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I'll make sure you're sent down. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." Bryn said and meant it.

"Now go, before I change my mind."

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

“Er, been some trouble?” he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

“Just a little altercation, Richard,” Mrs. Cornish said. “Nothing to worry about. It’s all over now.”

“Er, if you’re sure.”

“Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably.”

“Then I needn’t make a report out?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, if you’re sure, Elizabeth.”

“Quite sure,” she replied primly.

“Well, that’s good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I – “

“Not now. Perhaps later.”

“Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then.”

“Come with me, Colin, and I’ll get you something instead of that.” She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. “Nothing serious. Here,” she gave him a sheaf of tissues. “If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down.”

He did as she commanded.

“Really, you must learn discretion, Colin.” She lit one of her cigars. “Not a good start. You’re very ambitious, are you not?”

“Well – “ perhaps Bryn’s blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. “Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?”

“Well – “

“Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually.”

“But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?”

“It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends.”

"I see."

"I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?"

He looked at her questioningly. "Almost."

"Good." She blew smoke directly into his face. "Do you have a publisher yet?"

"No. Not really."

"Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favorably if they have published a major work," she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

"Ours is an expanding Department," she said. "We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers."

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favorably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning's meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

"However," Mrs. Cornish continued, "if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the

radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers."

"I see," Colin said again. "But surely, an outside appointment is possible."

"Of course," she said smiling, "the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well."

"What?" he said in amazement.

"It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on." She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

"Please learn, to be discrete in certain matters," she said.

"Yes," he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt 'Thank You' and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, and he thought on how he would be one step nearer his goal.

'The Well' was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery, which sprouted various artifacts of modern Art, and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

"Alison's brother been at you again?" Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. "Do you know her, then?" he quizzically asked Edmund.

“Who?”

“Fiona.”

“Sorry?”

“That woman you were just talking to.” He looked at his friend suspiciously.

“Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match.” He saw Colin peering around the room. “Why – do you know her?”

“She’s in my Department.”

“Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. “What number is she on your list of conquests?”

“She’s not,” Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

“What’s this? ‘The Owl’ has met his match?” Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. “Have you seen Alison?”

“Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning.”

“Oh, yes?” He said almost in disbelief.

“She’s very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind.”

“Did she say anything about – “

“About your child?”

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

“She still,” Edmund said, “hasn’t decided anything. I suggested she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it’s very incestuous.”

“I’ve just handed in my application for the Professorship,” Colin said proudly.

“Why don’t you spend a few days on Magnus’ farm? Some manual labor would do you good.”

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive. “What chance,” Edmund continued, “do you think you’ve got?” For the Professorship, I mean.”

“Not much, really. But it’s a start.”

“When will you know?”

“Not sure. Perhaps next month.”

“Who recommended you?”

“Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish.”

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained. “Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together for glee. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion that she called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After your oats, then?” she said seethingly.

“I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate,” he said in the prose of the philosopher.

“Why can’t you stop being so false?”

“Ah! ‘Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!” He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

“I’m going away for a few days,” she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

“Sorry to intrude,” she said with a smile which pleased Colin, “but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?”

“Yes, come in.”

Fiona stayed outside. “It’s about your application,” she said to Colin. “Can you come to the Department?”

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – “

“I was after your body?” she completed.

“The thought had suggested itself.”

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. “Are you serious?” she said, smiling.

“Do you want me to be?”

“That depends.”

“Oh, yes?” He guessed her purpose.

“To some, you might seem the ideal candidate.”

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

“Why don’t you come and sit beside me?” she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

“Do you like Early Music?” she asked.

“Not particularly.” He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

"There's a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. The Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

"Of course. You have tickets, then?"

"Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?"

"Fine by me."

She stood up. "Excellent! And afterwards," she ran her finger down his face, "you can explain just what your intentions are."

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

"Damn!" he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half hour had brought. "Damn!"

"Well," Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, "if you're going to be like that, I might as well go away again."

"Eh?"

"She didn't stay long," quipped Edmund.

"I'm meeting her tonight." He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he proceeded to fill and light.

“Not a good day,” he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

“Came for my rucksack,” Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. “Leaving already?”

“Afraid so.” He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?” He was visibly disappointed.

“Not really. Have some unfinished business.”

“Such as?”

Oh, various things.” He shouldered his heavy burden.

“You going now?”

“Yes.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colorful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

"So," Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation, "relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived."

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

"Sorry, it's a bit late," she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. "Relationships are difficult things – sometimes." He took her essay and sat behind his desk. "Perhaps', he said, pausing for effect, "I shouldn't say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?"

"Yes," she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his mind was full of scheming. "If you would like to talk about things, I'm a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you." He smiled his smile again. "I'll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay."

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms were minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay's content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. "Tomorrow – if you want," he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal and her and she did not fail him.

"Goodbye, then," she said and briefly smiled.

He dialed a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

"Ah!" Storr said as he opened the door without first knocking upon it. "Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased."

"Oh yes?"

"Er, yes indeed my dear boy!"

"Did you want something?"

"What?" Storr looked around. "How are your tutorials going?" Well, I hope."

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

"Have you a match?" she said as she reached Colin's desk. My lighter is U/S."

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. "Mind if I keep the box?" she asked.

"No, of course not."

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

"Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. "Nice talking to you, Colin." Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary's Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. "Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!" it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary's desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

*****

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin's eyes and he shook his head.

"He's awake," he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

“Someone,” he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, “wants to teach you a lesson.”

“You what?” Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. “I am going to enjoy this!” he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

“Ger up!” the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. “What you doin’” he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

“We’ll deal with you later,” the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would-be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, and cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city center. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the center of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o’clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to

understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn's. But Alison's brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn's door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe Magarita's body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magarita seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually leveled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

"Welcome! My name is Ruth," a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

"It'll be a cold night," Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

"Alison, is it?" Ruth asked her.

"Yes." Alison replied.

"Well, sit you down! Food won't be long."

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

"Sorry about the candles," Magnus said.

"I think it's lovely!" Alison said with sincerity.

"Haven't got round to electricity – yet."

She sat on the bench beside Ruth, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

"My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach's Matthew Passion – crying at the beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these

moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the luminosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the "Passion" - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year… I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. 'A shameless romantic' I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have

tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison"

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making 'when we are together again' illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness

*****

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely

dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to color the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus' voice startled her. "He don't take to many people," he said.

Alison patted the dog's head. "Is there any work I can do to help?" she asked.

"There is no shortage of work, here,"

"I'd like to do something."

"Thought you had come for a holiday."

"Just a break from things. I'd like to help out."

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes."

"The onions need weeding and thinning."

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared.

Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

"You ready to eat?" Magnus said as he came toward her.

"Yes, indeed!"

"Didn't expect you to do all this," Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

"You go in, I'll tidy up," Magnus said. "Got some friends coming over," he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

"This here is Alison," Ruth said by way of introduction, "she's staying for a while."

"Hello!" Alison said, and blushed.

"That's Tom," Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. "And Mary." Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison's embarrassment. "And John." John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. "And Wendy."

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. "Leave that alone!" she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. "And

Lucy – stop that!" She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

"There is plenty of hot water," Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. He took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried them with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanor and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor's hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

"And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. 'They are coming! They are coming' his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

"Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

"Thrym the Giant was amazed. 'What appetites,' he shouted. 'What a woman! Let us hope,' he said to one of his giant servants, her other appetites are as good!' And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

"So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor's magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. 'I shall,' he shouted, 'swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.'

"So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!"

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy's voice. "Another, tell us another!" the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughn Williams' Six Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The somber starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of space – of the great distance, which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to

listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleford Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self-pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: 'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.' Coles was the Professor of Physics. Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, he wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading…'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table, Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I

decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about – "

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

"Ah, Timothy!" Storr said. "Glad you could join us."

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

"Sorry I'm late!" he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

"Just in time!" Said Storr. "Jonathon – " he smiled at Lee, "was about to talk about the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable."

"Is that all?" Horton turned and glared at Storr.

"Sorry?" Storr said.

"You brought all of us here," Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, "to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!"

"Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so."

"You have the audacity to – " Horton began.

“Gentlemen, please!” Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

“There was something else on the agenda, Richard?” Fiona asked.

“Actually, no.”

“I see,” Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

“But I was going to mention finances – “ Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. “You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?”

Storr himself stood up. “You will withdraw that remark, of course.”

It was the nearest Colin had seen Storr to anger.

“May I suggest,” Colin said, “that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – “

“What a waste of time all of these perfidious meetings are!” Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin’s surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

"Well, if you all will excuse me," he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

"You were otherwise engaged, I imagine," she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. "I was not feeling well and fell asleep."

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was almost lofty indifference – that aroused his ardor keenly.

"Perhaps the Owl's nocturnal activities are too tiring?" she said, her face expressionless.

"I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert," he said, trying to salvage something. "I'm sorry, I really am."

"Cheetah's One, Owls Nil," she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was no longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomforted him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last.

He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison's womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

"Ah! Glad I caught you!" she said. "The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate."

"So soon?" Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. "It was felt a swift decision was needed."

"Do you know how many candidates there are?"

"Four, including yourself."

"And the outsider?"

"Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?" she asked in her matronly voice.

"Yes."

"Good form for you to be presentable."

"Of course."

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. He wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unpreposing house along a lane, which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door than it was opened.

"Just passing?" she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

“Not really.”

“Been watching long?”

“Sorry?”

She did not pursue the matter. “Come in,” she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel’s ‘Allegory of Lust’. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

“Not here!” she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

“Take your clothes off.” She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

“What?”

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abased, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent College, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

"A bit crowded, isn't it?" she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. "I know what you need," he said without any subtlety.

"Oh, yes?" She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

"Someone to talk to." He smiled as he savored his first little victory. "It is never easy, is it?"

"What?"

"Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you." The alcohol was beginning to

affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. "They surprise you," he repeated. "Usually with other people, betraying."

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin's insight.

"You thought you understood him," he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

"Are you happy here?" he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, "here, at University."

"Sometimes."

"What will you do? His pause was deliberate. "When you graduate?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe teach."

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

"Mind if I join you?" a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying 'Being Weird Isn't Enough'.

Without being asked, he sat down. "Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?"

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, "That's exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won't you agree, Dr. Mickleman? Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

"Ah!" Fenton exclaimed. "The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself." He gestured toward Andrea. "And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?"

She looked angry, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I am in dread," Fenton said, "that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth."

Eh?"

"Sophocles." He removed his hand.

"That antiquated Greek cretin!"

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught

up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought her toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

"Please, don't!" she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. 'I would have

been just one more sordid photograph,' she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

"Well?" he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

"I've made a decision," Alison announced.

"Oh yes?"

"I'm going to have an abortion," she said without any preamble.

"What?" Her remark awakened him.

"You heard."

"But you can't – "

"I thought I'd tell you now rather than later."

"But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that's not what I want."

"Who said anything about what you want?"

"But I'll get you a flat. Everything."

"Too late," she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. "And nothing," she added, "you say or do can make me change my mind. You'll not wheedle your way into my affections again." Her hardness was only in part a pose. "Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again."

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a "Sorry!" to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and he ran toward it shouting Alison's name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did

not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison's decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary's Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin's seduction of her was a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton's behavior, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton's character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

"Dinner, tonight?" she asked.

“Well – “

“Are you afraid of me?” she asked directly.

“What do you mean?”

“Of my strength.”

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

"Try it," she said, "tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time." She pursed her lips. "I think we'd make a good combination – in bed."

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. "I'll expect you about seven."

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

*****

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

"Come on," a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

"Worker's Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!" an enthusiastic student said.

"But surely, democratic reforms," another countered, "are the only viable means."

"Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer."

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea's face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

"Go away!" a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea's door.

"Leave me alone!" the voice said as he tried again.

"It's me!" he said.

"Look!" an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, "I want to be left alone."

Then there was no more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

"Are you alright?" Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

"Get your hands off me, you poof!" she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. "Have you taken any?" he asked.

"Leave me alone. Want to sleep," she said through half-closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

"Andrea! Wake up!" Gently, he held her head in his hands. "Have you taken any of these tablets?"

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. 'Dr. Colin Mickleman' the writing on the envelope read.

'Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.'

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

"You Tarzan, she Jane!" one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

"Please," he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, "she's taken an overdose!"

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

There was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

"Wait here, will you?" a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: "Do you know what she has taken?"

"Some tablet – and alcohol."

"How long ago?"

"Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?"

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea's name and address, as well as his own.

'You are students at the University then?" she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

"Yes. Will she be alright?"

"I should think so, yes. They'll pump her stomach out. She'll be drowsy for a while and sleep."

"Can I see her?" He saw the look on the young girl's face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, "I'm sorry for all the trouble."

"That's what we are here for."

"Can I see her?" he asked again.

"In a while, probably."

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

"Mr. Fenton?" a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

"Yes." He stood up.

"You can see her now." They walked together toward a cubicle.

"Is she alright?"

"Yes, fine. We'll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow." He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and a thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

"She'll be alright." The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. "We'll be moving her onto the ward soon. I'm sure they wouldn't mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning."

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night. It took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decided on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea's bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

"Thank you," Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

"I haven't told anyone yet," he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

"There was a letter."

"I have it, it's alright." He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. "I must have left it in my room."

“You know, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Such a stupid thing to do!” She tried to smile. “I was so fed up. You won’t tell him, will you?”

“No,” he lied and turned his face away.

“You’re very kind.” She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. “I’ll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?”

“They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning.”

“I’ll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?”

“That would be very kind.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re a strange man,” she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the center of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a

bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

"Come in!" he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, "bit late, aren't we?"

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

"Black seems an appropriate color," Fenton said, alluding to Colin's manner of dress.

"Shall I," Colin responded, quoting, "entrust myself to entangled shadows?"

"Perhaps," Fenton retorted, unsmiling, "I shall do violence to your person."

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea's envelope and note.

"From Andrea," Fenton said. "She tried to kill herself – last night."

This was something beyond the Owl's comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

"Is she – " he began.

"Don't worry – she'll be alright."

"How?" The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

"Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time."

"You?"

"No one else knows. Yet."

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. "Of course," he said with apparent indifference, "a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good."

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. Then he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin's face. "Don't judge everybody by your own standards," he said. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I've no moral standards."

"Sorry?"

"I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?"

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

"There was a time when I fancied you," Fenton continued. You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I'm gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?"

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea's note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped and floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall, and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

"I've got a taxi waiting," he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

"You are kind," Andrea said and held his hand briefly. "Sorry I embarrassed you," she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

"Please," she said almost pleading, "I'd like you to come in."

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

"I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. "Have you still got the note?" she asked.

"I threw it away."

"Good." Then she sighed. "You know, I'm not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who'd had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?"

"Of course not."

"What will happen?" she asked softly. "About last night, I mean?"

"Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone."

"No, of course not. Not even – "

“I’ve told him.”

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. “And?” she said, hesitantly.

“He’ll keep quiet, I imagine.”

“I’ll have to leave the University,” she said sadly.

“Do you really want to?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I can’t face him.”

“I’ll be with you in lectures.”

She smiled at him. “You’re very sweet. But he is my personal tutor.”

“Change to someone else. It happens.”

“What could I say? What reason could I give?”

It was Fenton’s turn to smile. “With his reputation, you don’t need a reason.”

She thought for a while, and then said, “I just couldn’t bear it, seeing him.”

"Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you."

Andrea laughed. "I can't believe I was so stupid, last night."

"In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone."

"You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you're not, are you? You're really kind."

"You'll have me blushing in a moment."

"You're not like other men." Then realizing what she had said, added, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean – "

"It's alright. I don't keep it a secret. Anymore."

"I mean you're – for a man – oh, I'm not saying this right!" she finally said in exasperation. "I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand."

"And I am no threat," he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

“There’s a strength in you,” she finally said. “An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?”

He gave a crooked smile. “I thought we already were.”

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

“You ought to get some rest,” he said with concern.

“Yes, I suppose so.” She smiled at him as she sat up. “I’ll get into bed, if you don’t mind.”

“Er, no. I was just going,” he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

“Please,” she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, “stay and talk to me for a while.” Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

“Well, actually –“ he began.

“Please, just for a few minutes.”

He sat down again.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Depends on the question!”

"Have you ever been with a woman?" she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

"I really ought to go," he said as he stood up again.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you." She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. "Look, I'll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment."

"But I can't – "

"Just hold me, please." There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to sit beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin's afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent College between the lavatories and the Porter's prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: 'Jesus Saves, Moses Invests But Buckby spends it all.' Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumors about his photographs, about Andrea's attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty

remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and a sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths, which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building, which housed Andrea's room, which pleased him, since he disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence,

disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "as well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations?" Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

"Does anyone else know?"

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I shall not make a fuss."

"I didn't mean – "

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Pardon?"

"At the lecture. On Kant's aesthetics isn't it?"

"Er, yes." He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

"The gentleman," Andrea said, acting again, "is just leaving."

“Very good, Madam. This way, sir.” Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton said, “If I were you, I’d leave her alone from now on.”

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

“I was shaking and trembling,” she admitted, “seeing him again. I’m glad that’s over. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here.”

Reverting to his role, he said, “Your servant, Madam.”

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the floor. “Do you think he thought – “ she began.

“Probably!”

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

“Some friends of mine,” Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, “are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?”

“Not really. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, when I say ‘party’ it’s not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together.”

“Thanks, but no.”

“It’s sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc.”

"Sorry?"

The Gay Society."

"Sounds like the title of a thirties musical."

"Maybe it was. Anyway, there'll be some women there. It's not all men. There's someone there I'd particularly like you to meet."

She thought for a while, then said, "I don't really think it would be my scene."

"We are not all weirdoes you know."

"I didn't say you were. I didn't mean to offend you."

"Do I look offended?"

"No."

"It would be good for you to get out – meet people."

"I'm not really a gregarious person."

"Look, I'll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I."

"You don't have to take pity on me, you know."

"Is that what you think?"

“I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“I’m asking you as a friend.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Alright, then – but I’m not sure I feel like eating much.”

“Doesn’t matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?”

“I won’t do anything silly, if that’s what you mean.”

“No it was not what I meant. I meant I’ll stay and talk to you if you like.”

“I’ll be fine. I do still feel tired. You’ve done more than enough.”

“I’ll be back about six then.”

“Fine.”

He had opened the door to leave when she said, “you are very kind.”

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. “What are friends for?”

*****

Fenton was over half an hour late.

"Sorry!" he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. "I fell asleep."

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the color of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly colored badge declared: Laugh Now, But One Day We'll Be In Charge.'

"Are you ready," he asked unnecessarily.

"Lead on!"

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. "What did you expect?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "They all look so normal."

He adopted an effeminate pose. "Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It's the others who aren't!"

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

“Come on,” he said, “I’ll introduce you.” He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. “Julie,” he said to her, “this is Andrea.”

“Hi,” Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, “Hello!”

“What are you studying?” Julie asked her.

“Philosophy. And you?”

“Physics. Can I get you a drink?”

“Orange juice – if there is one.”

“We’ll see! As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. “Pretty, isn’t she?”

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

“What made you choose York?” Julie asked her.

“The course, mainly.”

“Do you like music?”

“It’s alright.”

"I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls 'Progressive'. Personally, I would say 'regressive' – back to the primitive."

She laughed at her own joke. "But enough of me – tell me about yourself."

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. "Are you in your first year?" she asked Julie.

"Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you choose philosophy?"

"Seemed a good idea at the time."

"Are you liking it?"

"Yes and no."

"We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can't remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?"

"Not really," Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl, to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. "Have you any plans after your Degree?" she asked to hide her embarrassment.

"Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia."

"You do a lot of cycling then?"

"Sure! I love it. You?"

"No. I am not very sporting."

"You should try it! There's a marvelous, simply marvelous, feeling about riding a bike – such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You're really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I've a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?"

"Well, I was thinking of - " she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie's earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

"I'm afraid," Julie was saying, "it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I'm off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!" She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea's arm with her hand. "It's only twenty five though."

"Sorry?"

"Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six." Then seeing Andrea's obvious incomprehension, she added, "one hour, six minutes."

"You mean," Andrea said, astounded, "you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?"

“More or less. I’m not as fast as some of the ladies, though.”

“That’s nearly – what?” she thought for a moment. “Twenty three miles an hour.”

Julie shrugged her shoulders. “Lots of ladies get under the hour.”

“You must be very fit.”

“Well, I do lots of training! It’s lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There’s only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvelous for stress!”

“I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike.”

“Fancy a ride tomorrow? I’ve got a spare bike?”

“I’d only slow you down.”

”Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well.” She looked at Andrea’s body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. “You look fit enough. I’ve got a flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I’ll give you the address.”

“Really, I –“

“No bother! Just a minute, I’ll borrow some paper and a pen.”

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. "I'll look forward," she said as she gave it to Andrea, "to seeing you." She turned toward Carl. "Got to dash!" To Andrea's surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, "You take care. Probably see you next week." She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst of energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. 'I'm so fickle and immature,' she thought.

"Come and meet the others." Carl said to her.

"Can we go? I'm really not in the mood to be around people."

"Of course. I'll just say my farewells."

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. "Julien's lent me his car," he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city center. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

"So you've arranged to see Julie again?" he asked.

"I let myself be talked into it."

“She’s a bit like that,” he smiled.

“Is she -?”

“What do you think?”

“Silly question. God, I’m stupid! Why else would she be there!”

“I don’t think you are stupid,” he said gently.

“I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thought, I won’t.”

“You can trust me, you know.”

She briefly held his hand. “I know.”

“You liked her, didn’t you?”

Andrea sighed. “Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I’m just a reflection of other people’s interest.”

“We all need to be liked.”

“But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don’t exist at all.”

“You just need someone to love you,” he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. "I know," she said, almost as a whisper. "And I wish it could be you."

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. "I'm sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend."

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

XIV

Such was Colin's perplexity that, on leaving Andrea's room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and he walked through it along the campus paths to the streets and Fiona's house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, that he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona's house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. 'I think we'd make a good combination' he remembered she had said, 'in bed.'

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half an hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-center and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

"Go on!" he said, "just one of you sitting on the toilet."

"No."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I just don't want to, alright?" She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes.

"Come here," he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want

to be alone and let him win again. Here ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

"Humor me," he said and kissed her.

"Alright, then. But only one."

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona's bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward…. He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing of his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They

did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passed. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. He was the master, they the disciples.

"Finally," he said at his lecture's end, "and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that is its reason for existing. Any questions?"

"Yes," Fenton said immediately. "So what you're saying is that Kant's aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?"

"Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his 'Solution to the Antinomy of Taste' he -"

"Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?" Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. "If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then – "

"It is an interesting point," he said, trying to smile. "But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant."

"I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact."

"Perhaps you would like to study the matter further."

"I would have thought you would have developed Kant's – what did you call it? Hints? – further."

Colin looked around the room. "Any other points?" he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, "It would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to the ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?"

"Perhaps," Colin said with an elegant smile, "you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals."

"No," Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, "it's a boring subject. Much more important things to do."

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant's 'Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime' when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignations would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

XV

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie's flat in the afternoon at the pre-arranged time. The flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the center of the city where a road fed an incessant stream of traffic and a little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

"The weather is just right! Julie said. "Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?"

"I'm fine."

"Good! Here you are." She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. "I've adjusted the saddle height for you."

"Thanks."

Julie laughed. "Don't look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I'll get changed and be right with you."

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. 'York Road Club' was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

"You alright?" Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

"Here," Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

"Thanks." She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

"You look done in."

"I am!"

"The sun is warm, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take your cardigan off? You must be hot."

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, "don't worry! I'm not after your body – nice though it is!"

“I didn’t think you were,” Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

“I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one.”

“Is that what Carl said?”

“He said nothing. I like you, that’s all. Alright, so I’m gay. Big deal.”

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

“You thirsty?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a little tea shop just up the road.”

“Ah! Just what I need!” then she added: “What do you mean by ‘just up the road?”

“About five or six miles.”

“Six miles?” Are you serious?”

“Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map.”

“I didn’t mean that!”

“Think you can make it?”

“I don’t think so. But even if I could, we’ve got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?”

“Six or seven miles – no more.” She stood up and held out her hand. “Come on then! Home.”

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

“I was going to say,” she laughed, “race you back!”

“Only if you give me an hours start!” She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The flat felt warm and she let Julie carry both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

“What do you want first,” Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, “tea or a bath?”

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. “Tea, I think.”

“Any preference?”

"Sorry?"

"What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?"

"I really don't mind."

"Look around. I won't be long."

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. 'Lectures on Physics' the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. 'Duino Elegies'. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: 'Fragment 31'.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,
The man who sits beside you
And, being so near, listens
While you softly speak
And laugh your beautiful laugh
That in honesty makes my heart tremor.

When I unprepared meet you
I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth
Flames dance under my skin
And I am blinded,

Hearing only the beating of my pulse.

My body, bathed in sweat, trembles

And I am paler than sun burnt grass

And nearer to death…

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

"I think your kettle is boiling," Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

"What were you reading?" Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

"Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn't it?"

"Carl?" she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing

and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

"Carl?" she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

"Yes. He's quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway," she laughed her vivacious laugh, "that's what he tells me!"

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

"You really like him, don't you?" Andrea said.

"Of course!" She put her mug on the floor. "I know how you feel about him," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" Then: "Sorry, I didn't mean it that way."

"It's alright. I saw." Julie said, and held Andrea's hand, "how you looked at him last night."

"It's not like that," Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. "He helped me through a very difficult time, that's all."

Julie simply smiled. "You don't have to explain."

"You make me want to." She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. "This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?"

"Six. You coming, then?" she asked enthusiastically.

"Yes, I'd like to." She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke's poetry. "Have you read any?" she asked.

"No. I was never one for poetry at school."

"I'm not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!" Shall I read you some?" Then, before Andrea could answer she said, "You don't speak German do you?"

"No, sorry."

"Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done." She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

"I'll see you on Sunday, then," Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

"I'll look forward to it."

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus' farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odor of muck pervaded.

"Yes?" said a strong voice, startling him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus' sheepdog growled at him.

"Hi! I'm Colin. Edmund's friend." Wary, he moved away from the dog.

"He's not here," Magnus said gruffly.

"Well, it's really Alison I came to see."

"Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?"

"I'd just like to talk to her."

"Colin, you say?" Magnus asked, inspecting him.

"Yes. Colin Mickleman."

"We don't get many strangers, here."

“She is here, isn’t she?”

“Could be. You any good with pigs?”

“Pardon?”

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. “I’ll get some boots. That lot,” he indicated the pigpens, “needs shifting.”

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

“But Alison,” Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

“She’ll be along. Shouldn’t take you long to shift that lot.” The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman’s laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

“You’ve found your true vocation, I see,” Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

“Very funny.” He put down his shovel.

“They seem to like you,” she said, indicating the pigs. “Recognize their kin I suppose.” She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

“You haven’t finished.” She said, disapprovingly.

“I came to see you, not much out a pig sty!”

“A bit of practice – perhaps you’ll start with your room next!”

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Is he always like that?”

“Who?”

“That big chap.”

“You mean Magnus? He’s affable enough. Quite sweet, really.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“He obviously did!”

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. “Is there anywhere I can wash?” he asked.

“There’s a tap over there.” She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

“Thanks,” he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change into his shoes and jacket. “Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“What’s wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country.”

“Well – it is not the perfect setting.” The pigs were grunting again.

“I suppose we could sit in the garden.”

He followed her. “Well?” she asked as they sat on the bench.

“This is not exactly easy.”

“What isn’t?”

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. “What!”

He shuffled his feet. “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, “I know I have my faults, but I can try to change.”

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. “Thanks,” she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, “I do appreciate it.”

“Does that mean ‘no’ then?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“It could.”

She watched his face become pale. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I really am, but I don’t love you. Not anymore, anyway.”

He was more sad than he could have imagined. “Perhaps it is for the best.” He stood up. “I was serious, you know.”

“I know.” She stood up and kissed him briefly.

“I’d better go.”

“How will you get back?”

”I have a taxi waiting.”

“Oh, I see.”

"I was going to ask you to come back with me. We'd look for a flat or house somewhere. I've got some savings."

Alison looked up at the sky. "Looks like it might rain."

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. "I'll visit you," she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

"I haven't changed my mind," she said, "about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – " She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. "It wouldn't have worked," she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, maybe not. Silly idea, really."

"No it wasn't! It was the real you. I only wish you'd shown that more often in the past."

"I'd better get back. Can't keep the taxi waiting for ever."

"Will you be alright?" she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

"I have weathered the storm," he said, "I have beaten out my exile." He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone. The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlor drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea's room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

"Hello," he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl's and Julie's friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, "I don't think we've got anything to say to each other."

"I just came to apologize," he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

"I'll be changing tutors," she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

"Fine. I'll arrange it for you if you like."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better get back to my work. I really am sorry."

"So am I." She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona's house. There was no reply.

"Enter!" Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

"You don't happen to know where Fiona is, do you?" he asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. "Didn't you know? She's, er, gone away for some days."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?"

"No."

“You ready for Tuesday?” he slobbered.

“”Just about. I don’t rate my chances, though.”

“Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed.”

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. “My latest book,” he smirked. “You, er, won’t have seen it yet, of course.”

“Well, I’ll have to get back to work.”

“You’re welcome to a copy, of course.” He held on out.

He humored him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, “Thanks.” He walked toward the desk and took the book.”

“That will be ten pounds.”

“Pardon?” said a surprised Colin.

“Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount.”

Colin was annoyed. He put the book on the desk. “I’ll read the Library copy. I’m sure you will be donating one. Or six.”

“Possibly, possibly.” Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. “So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don’t you think?”

"Depends on the reputation."

"Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I'm glad we've had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favors you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!" He glanced at his watch. "My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin."

"I can't say it's been a pleasure," he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

XVII

Sunday. Six o'clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper counted down the seconds of his start.

"Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!"

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

"Good luck!" she said as she came to stand beside her.

"Thanks!" Julie's smile was short. "This is the worst bit – waiting."

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie's cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

"You're Julie's friend, aren't you?" a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words 'York Road Club'.

"Yes," she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

“There is no wind,” he said looking around, “should be fast times, today.”

“What time do you hope to do?” she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

“Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I’ll be satisfied with a fifty-five.”

“What number do you start?” It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon. ‘There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tube blew…”

The young man smiled at her. “I’m off at last. You not riding?”

“No. Well, actually Julies trying to convert me.”

“Got promise, she has,” he said, seemingly to no one in particular. “What do you do?” he asked her directly.

“I’m at University.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect!”

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. “Better get warmed up. Hope I’ll see you later.”

“Maybe.”

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. "See you at the result board, then."

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie's departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leaned her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

"You alright?" Andrea asked.

"Great! First time under the hour!" She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie reveled in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write '55-23' against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

"I see Julie broke the hour," she said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

“Yes,” and she returned his smile. “Looks like you won easily.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro’ course today.

“Hey!” Julie said as she joined them. “Congratulations!”

“And to you!” He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

“Well,” Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, “you deserve congratulating as well!”

“Sorry?”

Julie laughed. “You’ve got to talk to him after a race!” Usually he just goes off by himself.”

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

“Ah!” Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, “there’s Jill. I’ll see you in a minute.”

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, “What does the J stand for?” She pointed toward his name on the board.

“James.”

“I’m Andrea. Is this your fastest time?”

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"'Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you then, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedaled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

"James mentioned it. You going?"

"Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him."

"What do you mean?"

"He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you," she said in a quieter voice, "can't blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn't know."

Andrea smiled weakly. But Julie said, "don't worry! I do understand." She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away.

The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry.

"Marvelous time James did, wasn't it?" she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if it were, in the favored tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. 'Too young', he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting

their judgment; 'no substantial work published' they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: 'Good afternoon, Professor!' No one – student, staff or friend – ran to him saying: 'Well done! And so young!'

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

'We're so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We've made the most dreadful mistake….' It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: 'Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last!' Even Whiting and Storr. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Only Storr looked passé, and he soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. "I was hoping they would appoint you," said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin's hand weakly. "You don't look very happy," he said quietly.

"Just surprised." He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

"I'm sure you'd like to be alone."

"What?" Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, "Yes. Yes I would."

"You'll need time to adjust."

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

"I think," she said softly, and smiled, "you owe me a favor."

"Is that so?" He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

"I shall have my camera ready. Tonight." She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith… he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently. But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pain grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. "Visited your new office yet?" he asked in a friendly manner.

"No," came the curt reply.

But Timothy was not offended. "If there is anything I can do to help –"

"No thank you!" His stomach pains seemed worse.

"But even you need someone to talk to."

Timothy's eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin's impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

"Thanks," he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. "It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all."

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin's moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

"Look, I am very busy," she said. "I must get this done."

"You haven't heard, then?"

"Heard what?" She did not look up from her work.

"Nothing important," he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: "Stop it!"

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

"Aren't you going to ask?" he said.

"Whatever it is, I'm not interested! Damn! Now look what you've made me do!" She tried to correct her typing mistake.

"I was appointed Professor today," he said with apparent indifference.

"Bully for you!"

"Is that all you can say?"

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. "I stood still," he said, quoting his favorite poet of the year, "and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before." He smiled again. "To wit. I surmise your period is coming."

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. "Just leave me alone!" she shouted.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go and celebrate. You'll feel better."

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

“Temper! Temper!” Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

“Leave me alone!” She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

“What do you want?” she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. “I’ve got those pains again.”

“Go to the Doctor, then,” she said without sympathy. “It’s getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post.”

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

“Look,” she said, sighing, “I’ve been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn’t see each other again.”

"Pardon?"

"You heard. It's over."

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. "Alright, then if that's what you want." His indifference was affected.

"Yes it is. We are just not compatible."

"I thought we got on rather well."

"There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter."

"Fine." she shrugged her shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, "And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman."

He did not see her begin to cry.

*****

By the time he reached Fiona's house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona's body. "Come in!"

"Your invitation – " he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

“Shall we go up?” She pointed toward the stairs.

“Not for what you have in mind.”

“Really?” She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

“OK So I’d like to go to bed with you.”

“You do surprise me,” she said mockingly.

“But as for your little games – no way!”

“Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid of you at all!” he countered.

“Really?” She smiled at him again. “You do surprise me. You do, however, owe me a favor.”

“So what? There is nothing you can do – now.”

“Are you sure?”

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. “Let’s go upstairs,” he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

"Take your clothes off!" She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

"No!" He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

"Get out!" She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

"You'll pay for this, you bastard!" she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

"You'll pay for this!" Fiona's voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. 'You'll pay for this, you bastard!' he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona's house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. "We'll keep you in overnight. For observation," the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: 'Nil By Mouth' it read.

"But why?" he asked.

"Doctor's orders. They'll see you in the morning, dear."

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelling breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – “

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – “ the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

“I’ll put the curtains round,” the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. “Not now,” she said. “Side-ward!”

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm’s way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

“Hope I didn’t get you in trouble,” he said, and smiled his Owlish smile.

“Nah!’

“Is he always like that?”

“Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – “ She began to giggle. “Oops!”

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, “It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Trust me! Always being bleedin’ unprofessional!”

“You been a Nurse long?”

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. “Nah! A few months.”

“You training, then?”

"Yep! First ward, this."

"Really? You seem very competent."

"You must be joking!"

"Think you'll stick at it?"

"Who knows? Me mum says I never stick at anything. There you go." She drew the curtains around the bed. "Be a Doctor's letter for ya, in the office."

"What time do you finish?"

She gave a quizzical look. "You askin'?"

"Got any plans for tonight?"

"Not really, you're a right one, aren't you?"

"You in the Nurses Home, then?"

"I'll have to go. Don't forget your letter!"

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. "Give it to your own Doctor," she said to him.

“The new patient’s here, Sister,” another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

“Just a minute,” the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. “He’s a CVA,” she said to the Nurse. “Second bed on the right. I’ve bleeped Doctor Stone.”

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialed Magarita’s number.

“What do you want?” her voice said in reply.

“I’m in hospital,” he said. “Admitted last night.”

“Are you serious?”

“Would I joke about it? Listen – “ He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

“Are you alright?” she said in a softer voice.

“Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letting me go home now.”

“Shall I come and collect you?”

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

"That would be kind! I'll be waiting outside the main entrance."

"I'll be a quick as I can. Bye!"

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover's arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

"What did they say?" she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

"Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing."

"I always said your diet was disgusting!"

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

"It's me that should apologize."

"You free this evening?"

"Yes."

He caressed her leg with his hand. "I'll look forward to it."

"Is Fiona in?" he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

“Good morning, professor!” she laughed. “You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean.”

“Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about.”

“No. She’s taking some time off. Didn’t say when she’d be back. Least ways, no one’s told me! Been to your new office, yet?”

“Just now, yes. How’s Albert?” he asked, alluding to her husband.

“Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it’ll pay for the holiday.”

“Going anywhere in particular?”

“Florida.”

“You should get a nice tan.”

“Hope so!”

“You’ll have to let me see you when you get back.”

“Maybe I will, at that!”

“Keeping you satisfied, is he?” he asked, smiling lasciviously.

“Yeah! I’ll say!”

"Pity. Thought my luck was in."

"Get off with you!" she laughed. "Want your mail?" She handed him a bundle.

"Thanks. Well, I'd better go and inspect my domain."

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona's meeting with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlish campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus clouds came to briefly cover the sun.

XX

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak paneling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman in one of whose hands was held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

"I wondered if you would come down to me here," he said to the woman who entered the room.

"Did I have a choice?" Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

"There is one person I still have to see."

"Surely she can wait."

He smiled at her understanding. "We have plenty of time."

"I shall wait for you here, then."

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison's room. She was there, as

he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

"You've decided to complete your studies, then?" he said as she broke away.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

"Of course!" she said.

"And then?"

"I don't know. Teach. Compose, perhaps."

"I'm glad."

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, "Even now I don't understand you."

"There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you'll find a way."

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

"Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?" he asked.

"No. He is part of my past."

"Perhaps that's wise. I really have to go now."

"You'll keep in touch?"

"Of course. People like you are rare."

She smiled, half-defensively. "Take care, won't you?"

"Naturally," He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

*****

Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. "Have you achieved what you wished – with him?"

"Who can say – who cannot say?"

”Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!”

“Is that so?”

“Yes!”

As he stood up, she said: “And Alison?”

“Ah! Forces shall be earthed in her music.”

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. “You don’t have to ask,” he said, to re-assure her.

“All this,” she gestured around her Temple with her hand, “can be yours.”

“I have retired.”

“So you said.” She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

“I have other things to do,” he said.

“And me?”

“You are useful here.”

“Part of the grand design?” she mocked.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

”Delicacies are best contemplated and then savored.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

”About your dark past.”

”Yes.”

A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: “He will never realize, will he?”

Attuned to her, he said: “Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result. We shall see. Now, I really must be going.”

“Must you?” She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

“Well, perhaps not just yet.”

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

The Deofel Quintet
Volume V

By

Anton Long

ONA

Breaking the Silence Down

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Introduction

The following MS extends and amplifies the esoteric matters dealt with in 'The Deofel Quartet' and the insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this present work centers, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration, which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

Prologue

Summer had come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

"I canna' think w'eer 'es gwun," he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominos rattled against a dark oak table. "Whad'n you bin doin' at my house?" a voice asked.

"Him bin doin' summat!"

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone's tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-colored ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was drying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over four hundred souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her after all the intervening centuries, all the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and Divine-Office-by-Divine-Office. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the cold promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Apthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayal, she clung to Apthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

The stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

I

Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

"Cor, Miss!" shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, "I like your dress."

Leonie smiled. The early morning sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Apthone's harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Apthone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. 'Look,' she remembered he had said, 'I enjoy sleeping with you – but as for anything else, forget it.'

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

"Are you alright, Leonie?" a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sized and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane's skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, "How is your husband?"

"Off on one of his jaunts again. He's training to cycle from Land's End to John O'Groats in three days. Silly bugger!" As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

"Is it Richard?" Diane asked softly.

"Yes." It was only half a lie. Diane's physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane's long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie's face and Diane said, "Would you like me to have a word with Richard?"

"No, please!" She placed a restraining hand on Diane's arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

"Are you going to Morgan's party tonight?" Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie's morbid thoughts.

"No – I don't think so."

"That's a pity," Diane said sincerely. "I wanted you to go."

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, "why?"

"Because I like being with you. It won't be the same without you there." She touched Leonie's face very gently with her hand.

Diane's touch astonished her and her emotions were too contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emlyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genius in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

“Mr. Thomas,” said Thumper sarcastically, “I’m sending Howell to you – again!”

“Oh? What has the poor lad done now?”

“Only tried to set fire to Reynolds’ hair.”

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. “I’ll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will.”

“He wants his balls cut off if you ask me,” mumbled Watts.

“Pardon?”

“I was just saying, a talk is what he needs.”

“Yes, my feeling exactly!” Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. “Stupid idiot!’ he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair molded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

"Gosh! It's hot!" she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on the Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the center of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie's feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Apthone and which drove them to use a woman's body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Apthone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Apthone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Apthone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the

room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

II

Richard Apthone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan's garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Apthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

"”I must speak with you," she said.

Apthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. "You are."

"Alone, please."

"Can't it wait? I am enjoying myself."

"No, it can't wait." She was almost crying.

"Can I stay tonight?" he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Apthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

"I'm pregnant," Leonie said softly.

Apthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. "But," he stuttered, "you said you took precautions."

"I'm sorry, but – "

"My god!" he rasped, "are you sure it's mine?"

The insult made her cry. "Look," he said for Watts was staring at them, "it's not my problem. For god's sake woman, stop crying!"

She did not and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie's crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

"Come outside a moment, will you?" said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

"You alright, Leonie?" Diane asked.

"Yes, I'm fine," she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. "We'd both be better off without men."

"What do you mean?" asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. “They cause more problems than they solve.”

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

“Apthone gone then?” she asked pre-emptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. “He’s outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me.” He drank from his can of beer, then burped. “Well, I’m off. Can I give either of you a lift?”

“No thanks,” an embarrassed Leonie asked.

“Diane?”

“Leonie has invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway.”

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, "I'm going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what's upset you so much.

"But –"

"Forget Richard. He's probably so drunk he won't even know you've gone." Briefly, she held Leonie's hand. "I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy."

"You are kind," said Leonie softly.

Leonie's house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens, which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

"You seem very unhappy," Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

"I feel so peaceful with you."

"I'm glad."

Very quietly, she said, “I’m so confused.”

Diane’s face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, “I’m going to have Richard’s baby.”

”Oh my darling!” Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie’s tears.

“I don’t know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares.”

“I do,” said Diane. “I care very much.”

“But – “ She turned her head away.

“Leonie,” Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, “I find you very attractive.”

“Diane – I … ”

“Don’t say anything, please.” She stroked Leonie’s face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

“I need you, Leonie,” she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invokation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in

that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane's warmth.

"I love your beauty," Diane was saying. Diane's touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane's kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

"Diane", she said slowly and precisely, "please stay with me tonight."

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

*****

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colors, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted

to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

“How do you feel?” Diane asked.

“A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!”

“You are lovely!”

“Can I ask you something?”

”Of course.”

“is this your…what I – “

Diane smiled. “You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?”

Shyly, Leonie said, “Yes.”

She smiled. “I was very nervous last night – I almost didn’t do anything.”

“I’m glad you did.”

”If I had been wrong – “ Diane shrugged.

“What made you try?”

”You mean,” said Diane playfully, “apart from your beautiful body?”

”Seriously, though.”

”Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose.”

”I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams.”

“And now your dreams have come true.”

”I feel really funny.”

“Well, you make me laugh!” Diane kissed her, and then said, “you mean you can’t really believe it’s happened?”

“In a way, yes. But I also feel I’m not the same person I was yesterday. I can’t explain.”

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie’s breasts. “A woman’s breasts are the softest pillow in the world.”

“You make me happy,” Leonie said as she stroked Diane’s hair. “I never thought I could be happy again.”

The sound of Leonie’s children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, “You make me happy as well!” and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane's love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake of the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

III

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

"Well?" he asked, feigning annoyance.

"Well what?" She stared at him holding her head to one side.

“Have a good time?”

“As a matter of fact – yes!” Immediately, she became defensive. “You off out to play, then?”

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

“Don’t tell me – ‘your training schedule’ demands it.”

”As a matter of fact, yes.”

”You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!”

“That’s a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say.”

”But true.”

“No, it is not.”

”Aren’t you jealous?” she demanded.

“About what?” he looked at his watch.

“I’m having an affair,” she announced.

“That’s nice,” he replied without feeling.

“Don’t you care?”

“I know you are joking,” he smiled.

“Oh, we are the superior man, aren’t we?” she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and she sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medals he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had no affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew was a ploy to obtain a woman's body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. "Maybe," she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, "I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us."

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone's rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimodo and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and had his expression been less venomous, he might have laughed.

"Walked into a wall, then?" she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. "I fell off my motorcycle," he lied.

"I didn't know you had one."

"Oh, yes! It's an old…."

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil's exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Apthone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. "Your little secret is safe with me," he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. "What do you mean?"

He produced her precious letter. "That's mine!" She made to snatch it but was too slow. "You bastard! You've no right to go into my handbag!" She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

"We wouldn't like this to become general knowledge now, would we?"

"You bastard!"

"Listen," he lisped, "I'll keep quiet about this on one condition."

"Go to hell!"

"I'm sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian." He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. "You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can't say fairer than that can I now?"

"Could I have my letter back please?" She demanded.

"Of course!" he smiled. "After you sleep with me." He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. "I don't care what you tell others!"

"Is that so?" he smirked.

"No one will believe you!"

"Willing to find out, are we? If that's what you want."

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. "Think about it!" he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared but ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – he fussed little over Apthone's wounds, and Apthone's laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently.

"Can't stand it any longer, then?" he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

"I've left something in my car," she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

IV

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

"Miss," Rachael the raven-haired girl asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, "How did you derive the solution?" She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

"Grow up will you?" she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Apthone shuffling along the corridor.

"The bells! The bells!" he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted him gently on the head and said, "There, there. You'll feel better in a minute."

Bryan did not mind the laughter. "Ah! Esmeralda!" he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. "Miss," she asked, "can you help me with this?"

"I hope so Rachael!"

She was leaning over Rachael's shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no attempt to move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael's cheek, but another pulled away. IT was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

"There," she pointed, moving her face away, "you've written 'y' instead of 'x'. No wonder you cannot write the equation."

"Oh, how silly of me!" chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

"You stink!" one small freckled face said to another.

"Don't."

"Do! So there!"

“You smell more than me!”

“Don’t you ever wash, pongy?”

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. “Can I see you tonight?” she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

“I would like that Diane,” she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Apthone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneered at them before sitting beside Watts.

“I think,” she said, “you’ve made him look better.”

He smiled at her understanding. “Dry bones can hurt no one.”

“Unless they are moved by evil intent.”

“And are they?”

“Who knows?” said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled. “You’ve never liked him have you?”

Gruffly, he said, “Met this sort before. He shouldn’t be a teacher. He’ll get some girl in trouble, believe you me.”

“Didn’t you once teach Judo?”

”No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It’s quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark.”

“Could you teach me?”

“To kill someone?”

“No, of course not!” she laughed, nervously. “Just a few basic things. How long would it take?”

“To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?”

Diane shrugged. “Just an idea. These are troubled times.” To lessen his suspicion, she said, “why don’t you start classes here – self-defense for women? I would certainly attend.”

“Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though.”

“You could always try.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expression on Watts’ face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the

window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

V

Diane's husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

"I was attacked on the way home," she said airily.

"That's nice." He did not look up.

"And I'm being blackmailed."

"Hmmm."

"Don't you care about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. "Is your bike more important?"

He stood up. "Are you feeling alright?"

"No I'm not! Not that you care!" She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

"Careful!" he admonished. "That's a 753 frame!"

"So what?"

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. "Do you want to talk then?"

"Heaven forbid! What's the point?"

"Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this."

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they had lived uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life

because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times, when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simply loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worries – except his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. "Oh well," he had said, "there is no use worrying about a fact of nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk …"

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted him to come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of

riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

"Go on!" she smiled and kissed him. "I don't want to keep you."

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Apthone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: "Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?" She heard the glee in his voice.

"If you bring the letter – you can have what you want." She could almost hear him drooling. "Meet me a half past nine by the Devil's Mouth on the Burway."

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the

road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged

against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

"Have you the letter?" she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

"Right," she said coldly, "I think over there in the heather would be fine." She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

"Bother me again you little runt," she said coldly suppressing her anger, "and I will use this. Understand?"

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

"Understand?" she repeated and he nodded. "Now go and stand over there," she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rear-view mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

"Just came to see if you were alright," he said as she opened the door.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

He shrugged. "Just a feeling. Didn't want to intrude."

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, "Would you like some tea?"

"Yes, fine."

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

"I didn't know that you were interested in musical composition."

"Only a little."

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. "There is a lot about each other we don't know."

"Isn't that true of everyone?"

"Your husband not here?"

“He’s riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something.”

“You must get lonely.”

“No.”

“Does a lot of cycling, your husband?”

“Quite a lot, yes.” She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

“Seen anything of Leonie?”

”I don’t mean to be rude – “

“But you’d like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?”

“I’m going out.”

“With Leonie?”

“How did – “ She watched him, but he continued to smile. “Yes.”

“How about the day after?”

“I don’t know.”

He had stood up to leave when she said, “Are you in love with Leonie?”

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I quote Greek poetry or because – “

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. “Please, don’t.”

“Diane – “

“Please, I want you to go.”

”I’m sorry if I have offended you.” He was not angry.

“No. Not really. It’s just that I’m a little confused. I don’t know what to think.”

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. “I can wait.”

“Oh why did you have to tell me now!”

“Things just happen in their own time.”

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

“Don’t, please!” she said, pulling away.

He let her go. “All that matters is that I love you.”

“And Leonie!” she taunted.

“Maybe. I thought you would understand.” He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

“I would like you to go now,” she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Shall I see you tomorrow?”

“Just a thought. Maybe we could – “

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

"Yes."

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dressed Apthone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watts depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane's doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane's mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Apthone who leered at her.

"Push off!" she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. "I came to apologize Diane."

"Go away or I'll scream."

"Now that wouldn't," he said staring at her breasts, "be nice, would it?"

"Don't touch me!"

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone's drunken lust and he began to tear at her thin covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

"You bastard! You bastard!" she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

"Get out or I'll kill you!"

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife holding knuckles white. "Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood spattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged

had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Apthone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Apthone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Apthone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl…

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her hand steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

"Gently now," he advised, "squeeze the trigger."

The report was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

"My dear Diane," remonstrated her father, twirling his moustache, "it is rather bad form to close one's eyes."

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

"Well done, I must say! One bull, the other just a touch to the left."

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father's few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter than she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

VII

No lights showed in Morgan's house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone's lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

"Yes?" she asked brusquely.

"Is Richard here?"

"No."

"I must speak to him."

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. "He's not here."

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. "May I come in?"

"Look," Morgan said with a sigh, "I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but – "

"You'd rather I went?"

"Yes."

"Fine. I can see why." She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had seen and, slowly at first, she began

to cry. Propped against Morgan's stairs had been her husband's expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband's adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Apthone's attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie's house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamp-post.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Apthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Apthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared on comprehendingly.

"Diane" he whispered, coughing blood, "help me."

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover's house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to a halt in the road.

"Quick!" someone shouted as she stood by Leonie's door. "Call an ambulance!" A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. "Diane!" She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you'd come." She looked around. "I thought I heard a noise."

"Yes," smiled Diane. "There's been some sort of accident. Hadn't we better go and see if we can help?"

"I don't think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way."

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. "You're probably right." She led Diane into the brightness. "You look awful!"

"Thanks!" said Diane.

"No, honestly, I didn't mean – "

"It's alright," smiled Diane, holding Leonie's hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. "Any chance of some coffee?"

"Actually, there's some on. Just in case you called."

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie's presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Apthone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

"Can I stay the night?" she asked.

"Oh Diane, you don't have to ask!" Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. "I feel this is as much your home now as mine."

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

"Do you mind if I tell you something?"

"Nothing would make me happier."

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie's lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

"I'm leaving my husband."

"Not because of me?" asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

"Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan."

"I'm sorry," said Leonie sincerely. "I thought your marriage was fine."

“These things happen.”

”Are you sure it’s not my fault?”

“If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater.”

”I’m sorry,” repeated Leonie.

“It’s for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing.”

“What will you do?”

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie’s lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Apthone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan’s scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which twinned them through life. The day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful sleep.

“Leonie,” she whispered.

“Yes?” there was expectation in her voice.

“I hope you don’t think I’m imposing myself on you.”

”Even if you were, I would be glad.”

”I do love you.”

”And I – “ Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. “Diane,” she said by way of expiation, “please take me to bed.”

VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to

unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

"I need no one but you, Leonie," she said.

Leonie's kiss was soft. "Where will you stay after today?"

"Would you mind? – "

"If you stayed here?"

"If you have no objection."

"Diane, I was hoping you would." She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. "But I would prefer it if you lived here with me." She hesitated. "If you wanted to."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You are lovely."

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. "It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don't have to pretend anymore. I can be myself."

”I know what you mean,” she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie’s body. “Of course I want to live with you silly!”

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

“I have a spare room,” Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, “what I mean is – your things.”

“You don’t have to explain,” smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie’s little boy. His hair was tussled and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

“What are you doing in my mummy’s bed?” he asked cheekily.

“I had a nightmare,” Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. “Me too!” and he rushed into his mother’s arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and then bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

“Do you mind if I go for a little walk?” she asked.

“Diane,” replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, “you don’t have to ask.”

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her pocket. Its steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie’s rear garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammaso Vitali’s Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the luminosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun’s stalls, seen the beauty of the sun as it shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt, surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to

feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like a Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed over and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by news of Apthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when worried Fisher with a balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

"It's awful, really, isn't it?" the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

"Can I speak with you Morgan?" she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

"Diane," began Morgan, "before you say anything – I am sorry."

"Why? You're only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?"

Morgan looked pained. “Diane – “

“As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles.”

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan’s personality.

“Diane, it is all over, believe me.”

”Only because I found out.” She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. “Really, I don’t care. You’re both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy.” She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane’s anger remained to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

“Diane!” he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. “Bad news about Richard, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” She lied. Apthone was one person she never intended to forgive.

“Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?”’

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won’t be a moment.”

”No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie’s hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – he ….Last night when – “

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

”Really?”

“So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you’re like that.”

”But still – “

“It was his own fault, apparently.”

”I suppose so. But if only I’d been there. I feel dreadful.”

”The boss wants to see me.”

“I heard.” Suddenly Leonie’s face glowed. “Hey – it might be your promotion!”

Diane laughed and stood up. “I doubt it.” No one was near so she said, “I’ll bring a few things around this evening if you don’t mind.”

“That would be nice.”

Leonie’s face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

"Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan't keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!"

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

"I have had a rather strange letter." He held the written envelope for her to see. "Delivered by hand last night it was."

"And it's about me?"

"Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter." He handed her the copy. "You recognize it may I ask?"

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. "Yes," she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. "What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will." He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. "I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter."

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diane to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

"Mr. Thomas – I don't know what to say."

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

"I thought a lot, last night," he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, "about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. "I'll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – "

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

" – Before you go I would just like to say this." He smiled at her. "If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose."

Diane's feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, "Perhaps I should get more such letters!" before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Apthone's attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – 'I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian….' But even the possibility of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labeled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would color what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying "and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!" was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. "I'm very sorry," they would say, "but you

must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child."

"Miss," a young voice beside her said.

"What?" she smiled at Rachael. "I'm sorry, I was day-dreaming."

"Are you alright?" asked Rachael nervously.

"Fine. Just thinking."

"Terrible about Mr. Apthone, isn't it Miss?"

"I suppose so." She tried to disguise her feelings.

"Miss?" Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yes, of course, Rachael."

"My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you'd like to come. You could stay the night if you didn't want to travel back late to Stretton."

"Rachael – I …"

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, "Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan."

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane's objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

"Yes, I'd love to come, Rachael."

"Oh," said Rachael a little dismissively, "if you like."

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer's day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

"Miss?" asked Bryan seriously.

"Yes?"

"Why do cowboys ride their horses to town?"

Diane frowned. "Because," smirked Bryan, "they're too heavy to carry!"

Diane's laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

X

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie's sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o'clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

"Diane," she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, "I feel I ought to go and see him."

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. "You don't owe him anything."

"But I am going to have his baby."

"You don't love him, do you?"

"No. But I feel responsible for him in a way."

"You ought to forget him."

"I can't. He needs someone, now more than ever."

"Are you surprised that he hasn't got any friends? Look at the way he treated you."

"He's going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said."

"It was his own fault."

"You can be heartless at times."

"Leonie please don't go."

”Why are you so insistent? You’re not jealous are you?”

“No, of course not! It’s just that –“

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I think I’ll go.”

”Don’t please.”

”I have to see him.”

”He’s not worth it.” Diane felt that Apthone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

“Will you come?” Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. “Never!”

“Why do you dislike him so much?”

”It doesn’t matter.” She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, “I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don’t want you to see him.” She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. “Please, Leonie, don’t let him come between us.

“You are all that I have left.”

”I do care for you Diane.” She stroked her stomach. “But

for my own peace of mind, I really must go."

Tenderly, Diane said, "If you must, you must; I'll stay here with the children."

"Would you? Really? That would be kind."

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, "Won't be long. Promise!" before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone's room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone's heart while a drip fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. "Tired."

"You'll be alright." His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

"Leonie," he breathed with effort, "I love you." He closed his eyes.

"He's heavily sedated," said the nurse in explanation.

"Richard –"

"It's too late now," she said.

"Richard," Leonie whispered in his ear, "remember our child."

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. "Yes."

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. "I've got to go now, but I'll be back later."

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

"Would you like some tea?" the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane's shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane's love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe

were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not had her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to be nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, in the one area she felt gifted, she had soon felt her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: 'Look up now, thou weak wench, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught by Himself.'

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very had, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband's love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for

Apthone's plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. The town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer's heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone's accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under

the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. "Did you see him?" she asked.

"Yes." Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane's smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. "He said he loved me," she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. "I really ought to go back and stay with him."

"If that is what you want to do."

"It's what I feel I should do."

"Why?"

"Diane, please. We've been through all this before."

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Apthone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie's desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share

her with no one and she waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Apthone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

"You must," she said clearly, "do what you think is best."

"What do you think I should do?" Leonie asked unexpectedly.

"Do you love him?" She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie's face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

"I don't know. Sometimes, yes. Other times – I don't know."

"But you want to look after him?"

"Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. "To… But I bear his child. I can't escape that. He will live again in his child."

Leonie's faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane's eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. "I thought I'd spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out."

Leonie's voice was a whisper. "If you want to."

"Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best."

"I suppose so."

"Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing."

"Oh."

"I promised I'd see him tonight. He offered to move my husband's belongings," she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

"Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?"

"Yes, Diane, of course."

"I could stay – if you wished."

"No, honestly. I'll be fine. The children are more than enough!" she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. "Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?"

"I would like to, yes." She held Leonie's hand. Leonie's grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh

breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads addled the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outlanders settled; fewer still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agri-business that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns that often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belonged to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where

comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil's Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several stumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense and feel in a way that calmed the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely, and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a

stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the luminosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. Always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourists trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At times, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she knew destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Her teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily along the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom.

"It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad

at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedaling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later thinly dressed, she passed him, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth,

would wear black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

XII

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while, around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him," the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught – "

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same color."

"Yes."

"It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful."

"It was my Grandmother's. A hereditary gift."

"It suits your green eyes."

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. "Will you play?"

"I couldn't."

"For me?"

"I – "

"I will turn the pages of your music."

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven's Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Apthone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael's perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

"I did not know you could play like that!" said Rachael's astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, "neither did I!"

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael's mother who ended it by saying, "Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!"

"Yes, Rosalind," grinned Fisher as he leered at her, "it certainly does."

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane's bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael's presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael's mother intervened.

"There Bryan," she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, "you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won't you?"

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

"Mr. Karlowicz," said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, "is a painter."

”You the teacher?” asked the old man beside Diane.

“Yes.”

“Oh,” he replied puzzled. “I thought you were the teacher.”

”What do you paint?” she asked Karlowicz.

“Canvas!” he chuckled, then resumed his nervous frown.

“Do start!” chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael’s smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

“If you are not the teacher,” the old man asked Diane, “are you the painter chap?”

“No, I’m the lesbian,” she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, “actually, I am the teacher.”

”Funny, you don’t look like the painter.”

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Apthone’s bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie’s nervous voice over the telephone. “Diane – he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him.” A silence without circuits crackled. “And will you?” she had asked. “I really don’t know… but I have to consider the baby.” And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Apthone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there

had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

> Go gladly, remember me
>
> And the sensuous times we had
>
> Now you have put away
>
> At once longing for maidens.

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable mean she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviate the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. "It's quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion – "

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. "If you'll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music."

"Yes," agreed Rosalind, "that would be very nice. We could listen in here."

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

"You don't have to play," Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. "It was just an excuse."

"I know. But I'd like to play, Diane." She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin's Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane the embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael's mother shouted from the dining room.

"That is awful! Play something better."

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael's youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie.

"Is Mr. Apthone any better?" Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

"Not really."

"I never liked him," Rachael said directly. "He gave me the creeps."

The juxtaposition of Rachael's mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

"Shall I play some more for you?"

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

"Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented."

"I only play when I am inspired." She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. "You inspire me," she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magical. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breathe, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable way.

"Why," Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael's shoulder, "are you studying math?"

“I’m not that good,” replied Rachael softly.

“Oh but Rachael, you are!”

Rachael shrugged. “I don’t know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn’t have to try. I can’t explain really. Once I’d begun, everything happened naturally. I’ve never felt like that before.” She stared at the floor. “I’ve never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you.”

“You could become a professional pianist.”

“Would you be proud of me if I was?”

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, “You are lovely as you are!”

Rachael’s reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael’s mother entered the room.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz’s arm, has agree to paint Rachael’s portrait, haven’t you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, “In the nude, eh?”

”I do not know,” replied Karlowicz. “I cannot say.”

“Until you have seen the goods, eh?” laughed Fisher while Rachael’s mother smiled.

“Have you ever thought,” Diane asked Rachael’s mother in a loud voice, “that Rachael might be a pianist?”

“Heavens no! She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.” Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, “she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent.”

“Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was.”

Diane remained silent while Rachael’s mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

“Rachael,” she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. “I’m afraid I’d like to go.”

Rachael’s face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said “it’s all right. Your piano playing has made everything – “

Rachael smiled. “Nowhere, Geliebe, can world exist but within Life passes in transformation.”

Unnecessarily, she added, “I do understand, Diane.”

“We must meet for a talk sometime.”

"I would like that very much. Can it be soon?"

"I hope so." She moved to hold Rachael's hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael's teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

"Can you convey my apologies to your parents?" was all she said.

"Yes – they won't mind. Probably won't even notice you're gone."

"I'll telephone you tomorrow," Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. "I'll look forward to that."

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, "Well, goodbye." Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the lofty winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the

position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens and roses and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: "Under New Management.'

Diane slowed, but a large 'Closed' sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the lines of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema had long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement litter. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small

gas-works to the beginning of the World's End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane's bungalow lay, shaded from all the evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

"Well?" she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

"Have you seen Leonie?"

"No."

"They are getting married."

She betrayed surprise. "I thought they might."

"You know why?"

"I've got a good idea."

"She feels guilty as well, I presume."

"It's typical of Apthone."

"You don't mind?"

"She had her own life to lead."

"And Apthone?"

"I try not to think about him." She shivered involuntarily. "Would you like some coffee?"

"Yes." He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

"Please don't." She moved away.

"But Diane – "

"I'm sorry. I've gone off men since – "

"What?"

"Nothing. It doesn't matter."

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face. "Diane, I love you."

"Don't say that!" She wriggled free.

"Why not? It's true!" She stood with her back to him and he said, "What's wrong? What has Apthone done now?"

"What makes you think it has anything to do with him?"

“Instinct,” said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. “Look Alex, I’m very fond of you but at the moment I don’t want any sort of relationship. With anyone.”

He smiled, lopsidedly. “We’d all be better off with Apthone dead.”

“He’s crucified himself.”

“And now he’s crucifying Leonie. And you.” He watched her very carefully. “You’ve gone off Leonie, haven’t you?” When she did not answer he said, “Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn’t it? She prefers Apthone to you.”

“You don’t know what you are talking about!”

He smiled. “I think I do.”

“I’m very tired,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?”

“You want me to go?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I can wait a little longer,” he shrugged then squinted at her. “Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?”

“What makes you say that?”

"Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I'd better be going then."

"If you wouldn't mind."

She walked with him to the door. "All problems can be solved," he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven's Opus 111 but it was Rachael's music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. She dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she

could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

"I had an argument with my mother," she said.

"And you've cycled all the way here?"

"Yes."

"You'd better come in."

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

"What was the argument about?"

"Nothing."

"It was about me wasn't it?"

"Yes." She stared glumly at the carpet. "She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers."

“I see.”

“She doesn’t understand.” Nervously, she bit a nail. “I’m not wrong, am I?”

Looking at Rachael’s face, Diane could not lie. “No, Rachael, you are not wrong.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t know. I am in a very difficult position.”

“Because you are my teacher?”

“I’m afraid so.”

”I wouldn’t want to do anything to harm you.”

“I know. Are you sure – “

“That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I’m sure.”

“Do your parents know you are here?”

“No.”

“Hadn’t we better tell them? They will be worried.”

”I’m over sixteen. Anyway, they don’t care about me – only about themselves.”

“Shall we telephone them?’

"I'd rather you didn't. I left a note. They'll find it in the morning. It was really awful you left." She looked around.

"Is your husband here?"

"No."

"Oh. I presumed – "

"Actually, we're getting divorced."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Can I stay with you – for a while?"

"It might not be wise."

"But no one will know – about us, I mean."

"There is nothing for anyone to know."

"But there could be, couldn't there, Diane?"

"You might be mistaken about yourself."

Rachael smiled. "I don't think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything."

“If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?”

“That would be marvelous!”

“Now you must get some sleep. I’ll show you to the spare room.” She smiled. “I don’t suppose you brought any clothes?”

”No.”

”Don’t worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!”

“It doesn’t matter really. It’s too hot anyway.”

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with spare bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

“Diane, it’s very kind of you.”

Embarrassed, she said, “Sleep well.”

”And you.”

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The bedroom door opened, showing a chink of light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

“I couldn’t sleep,” the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced,

strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other's arms, and it was like they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

XIII

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray. "What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her

breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael had returned.

"Shall we take sandwiches?" an exuberant Rachael asked.

"Sorry?"

"For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic."

"I hadn't really thought about it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. But I always get up around six."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"I run." Shyly, she added, "not far, only a couple of miles."

"Rather you than me."

"Your ought to try it."

"No thanks, I'm happy being as I am – fat and flabby."

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, "I'll see to this while you get dressed."

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

"Well," explained Rachael a little embarrassed, "I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something."

“Do you want to telephone your parents?”

“Not really.”

”It would be best.”

”Well, if you think so.”

”You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to.”

Rachael was ecstatic. “Can I telephone them now, then?”

“Yes, of course”

She returned dejected. “My mother wasn’t too happy. She wants me to go home.”

“And do you want to?”

”Not any more.”

”Shall we go for a walk?”

”I suppose so.”

”Rachael,” Diane said softly. “I don’t mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make your own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed.”

“By my mother you mean?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, and it’s not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions.”

“I don’t want to go back home. There’s nothing for me there.

“Except a grand piano!”

Rachael laughed, “except the piano!”

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer’s morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

“Cor!” Rachael shouted, “this water’s cold!”

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the acres and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they played in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they

were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

"Do you want to do mathematics at University?" Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and Dipper that bobbed around the stream. "Not particularly. I don't know what I want to do."

"You could make a career as a pianist."

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. "I don't know if I want to, though."

"You have ample time to decide."

"Probably, now I'm leaving home."

"What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"I could stay here all day."

"If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep."

Rachael sat up. "I suppose we'd better go and change."

"Hmmm." Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane's head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

“Good morning!” said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

“Race you home.” Rachael said.

“It wouldn’t be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!”

“You’d be home by then.”

“Exactly!”

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane’s home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

“Oh dear,” said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, “trouble!”

“Your parents?”

”My mother.”

“Rachael!” shouted her mother as they drew near, “what have you been doing?”

”Just a walk mother.”

Her mother was speedily out of the car. "Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I'm surprised at you!"

"Would you like to come in for some coffee?" Diane asked with a smile.

"No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time."

"Oh mother, don't fuss!"

"Are you sure you won't come in?" Diane asked.

"Rachael," shouted her mother, "put your shoes on and come with me!"

Rachael held her head to one side. "No."

Her mother looked for a moment. "What did you say?"

"I said no. I'm staying here with Diane."

"I see! So it's Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!"

"I'm staying with Diane. I'm leaving home."

"That is impossible!"

"No, it is not. I'm over sixteen."

"You are just a child!"

Rachael turned away but her mother held her arm. "Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!"

"No I'm not."

"How dare you speak to me like that!" Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. "I can see you have had a hand in all this Miss Dietz."

"It's Mrs. Dietz, actually," corrected Rachael.

"I see!" shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. "Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?"

"No! I'm not!"

"Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!"

"Mother, that's not fair! It was my own decision."

"I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren't forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! "

Diane's smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car and slammed the door. "Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?"

"No."

”Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence within the School Governors, you know!”

“You -!” She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

“I’m very sorry,” Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

“Don’t worry,” smiled Diane. “It will be all right, I’m sure. Come on, we’ll get changed.”

”But she said you’d get the sack.”

”I’d resign first.”

“But you can’t. You haven’t done anything!”

“That’s not what other people will think.”

”I don’t really care what they think. You can’t resign. I won’t let you. I’d go back home first.”

”It probably won’t come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup.”

”You don’t know my mother! She won’t give up. It’s not fair!”

“Would you like a shower or a bath?”

“If I wasn’t your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, is there?”

“But you are and there is.”

”But if I left school…”

“But you can’t.”

”Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I’m going to!”

“But Rachael – “

“I’ll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!”

“I couldn’t let you do that.”

“Unless I wanted to.”

”Rachael – “

Very quietly, Rachael said, “I don’t want to leave you. You must realize I love you.”

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael’s mother, Rachael’s offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

“I – “ began Rachael. “I’m sorry if I’ve – if I have offended you. I thought – “

Diane did not look at her. “You haven’t.”

Rachael’s voice was tearful. “I assumed we –“ nervously she smiled. “Perhaps I ought to go home.”

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael's face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other's arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

"I don't want you to go: I don't want you to go." Diane said. Then: "I really think we should get changed."

They parted, but held hands. "What shall I wear?" Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

"I have a few clothes which might fit. You're a bit larger than me, though."

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. "I meant what I said you know. About leaving school."

"It probably won't be necessary."

"But if it is – I will do it."

"You don't have to."

"Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always."

Diane held Rachael's hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurably reduced. But she was afraid.

“You can stay here as long as you wish,” she said, “whatever happens.”

Several strands of Rachael’s dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

“I shall buy you a piano!” she said, blushing and embarrassed.

“And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone.”

”When will you collect your belongings?”

Rachael shrugged. “Today, tomorrow, I don’t care.”

”Fine. Now will you change your clothes?” she said jovially.

“I’m just going, Miss” replied Rachael sarcastically. “Please don’t beat me!” She laughed and ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

“Diane,” she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. “Will you bathe me?”

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane's arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas's office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

"Now, Diane," he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. "Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael."

"I thought she might."

"It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent's wishes. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations."

"About me and Rachael, I presume."

"I'm afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – "

"She isn't."

"Pardon?"

"She isn't a pupil anymore. She has decided to leave school."

"Do her parents know of this?"

"She telephoned them this morning."

”I see.” He fumbled with some notes on his desk. “Is that Rachael’s own decision?”

”Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her.”

”But is she, er, staying with you?”

Without rancor, Diane said, “I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment.”

”I would like to believe – “

”But you know that I am a lesbian.”

”No! No! Good heavens! I didn’t mean to imply – “

”That I am corrupting Rachael?”

”Diane,” he smiled kindly at her. “I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher.”

”I’m prepared to resign,” she said slowly and mutely.

“Come now! I won’t hear of it!”

“But – “

”We can sort this out, between the two of us.”

”But the Board of School Governors – “

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with

occult knowledge. "I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?"

"Of course. Do you want her to come here?"

Thomas pondered. "No. It would perhaps be best away from school."

"Mr. Thomas?" asked Diane shyly.

"Hmm?"

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?"

"Well, yes."

"It is simple really." He smiled his strange smile. "You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, it's rare, believe me. But – "

"But?"

"I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with your marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?"

"And not become involved with pupils?"

"Precisely."

"I never have before and never intend to again."

"Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal," he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

"No," said Thomas, shaking his head, "Not another scandal." He thought for a moment. "It may be necessary for Rachael to leave. Would she have obtained her 'A' levels?"

"Definitely! Good grades, probably."

"I will talk with her tonight – " His telephone rang.

"Mr. Thomas speaking… Hello Rosalind! I've just heard." He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, "I'll call after school."

"Fine!" She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

"I've heard," he said perfunctorily.

"How?" Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. "Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me."

Diane watched him suspiciously. "What have you been up to now?"

"Come to dinner tonight and I'll explain everything."

"I can't. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael."

"Lunch then?"

Diane was intrigued and said, "yes."

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, "you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!"

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

"Miss," he asked, "is it true that Rachael has left?"

She looked at him, amazed. "News travels fast, I see."

"Her parents told me."

”When?”

”I saw them at break.”

”Here?”

”Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas’ room.”

”Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don’t know yet.”

”Probably the best thing that could happen.”

”What?”

”Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music.”

”Bryan – “

”Sorry Miss,” he smirked, “got to dash!” He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

“And where,” he asked, touching his forelock, “would Madam like to be driving?”

She waved her hand imperiously, “that way, my man.”

”Very good, Madam!” he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes neatly hedged, to an isolated country inn. A few cars were beside the lofty oak and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

“Well?” she asked before drinking most of her cider.

“Eh?” groaned Watts obtusely.

“Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?”

“No.” He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, “It’s me charm which gets ‘em! You any idea?”

”About Leonie? No, she wasn’t in when I telephoned this morning.”

“With the bastard Apthone, no doubt.”

”Probably.” She finished her cider.

“Like another?”

”Not for me. I can’t teach well if I have too much to drink.”

”Huh! I can’t teach <u>without</u> too much!” He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returning with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. “You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas.”

”Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?”

“No. She kept out of my way.”

”Not surprising really,”

”Mr. Thomas?”

”Nay, lass, me name be Watts. ‘Thumper’ for them as ‘have a care.”

She clutched his mug. “Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?”

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. “Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I’ll tell you.” He squinted at her. “There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael’s mother.”

Diane was astonished. “Really? I never heard about it.”

”Yep. ‘cause,” he smiled, “it might not be true.”

”And?”

”You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink – “

“You’re showing your age now.”

He ignored the remark. “I said to him, straight like, ‘Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.’ And he said, “well I’ll know whom to thank’ and gave me a straight look.” He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, “I think he got the message.”

He finished his beer. “You’ll be all right.”

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang about a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. “You really shouldn’t have.”

Watts shrugged. "What the hell? I did it because you're a friend, not because of what you are thinking."

"Was there any truth in the rumor?"

"About the boss and Rosalind?"

"Yes."

He smirked again. "Who can say?"

"You can I am sure."

"Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it."

"How do you know?"

"Shall we get back?"

"If you like."

"I've something to give you when we get back to school."

"What?"

"Wait and see."

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her somber thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

"Open it when I'm gone," he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them boldly into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children's exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey made it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house

with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought made her sad, but she knew no solutions and under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

"Mr. Thomas is coming," Diane said.

"I know. My mother telephoned." She took Diane's handbag. "Come and sit down. I've made some coffee."

"That's kind of you. Have you changed your mind?"

"About what?"

"School, of course."

"No." She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. "Hope you like it."

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. "Hmm," she said truthfully, "it is delicious! You are lovely!"

"I suppose," said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, "Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me."

"Probably."

”My mother wasn’t angry, you know.”

”Oh?”

”Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really.”

”I suppose she’s realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl.”

”Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me here.”

Diane smiled. “Good!”

“He left his door keys.”

”Did he say what he wanted?”

”Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think.”

“That fits! Did he say anything else?””

”Don’t think so. Oh yes, he left you a note.”

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

‘Diane,’ it read. ‘I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.’

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go!” said Rachael excitedly.

“Rachael!” Diane heard Thomas say, “how nice to see you!”

“It’s Mr. Thomas,” said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

“Well now, Rachael,” he said as he sat down. “You know why I have come to see you?”

“Yes.”

”And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?””

“Yes.”

Diane stood up. “Would you like some coffee?”

”I’ll be in the kitchen,” Diane said.

“Diane,” said Thomas, “there is no need for you to leave, I assure you.”

”Mr. Thomas,” Rachael said.

“Yes Rachael?”

“I’m not going back.”

”But why? You have your ‘A’ levels next year.”

”I don’t want to.” She looked at Diane. “Besides, I can’t live with Diane – Mrs. Dietz - if I’m at school, can I?”

”Well,” muttered Thomas, “it would be highly unusual.”

”I’m not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations.”

”I see.” He looked owlishly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. “And what will you do? For a career, I mean?”

”I haven’t decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams.”

”I see.” He smiled benevolently. “You seem to have thought everything out.”

”Yes, I have.”

”Well, you could not have a better tutor!”

“Has my mother spoken to you?”

”Naturally.” He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. “She realizes that you are old enough to make your own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course.”

“There’s no chance of that.”

“No, that’s what I thought. Well, I’d best be on my way.” He stood up and shook Rachael’s hand. “I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands.”

Rachael blushed. “Thanks.”

“I’ll show you out,” said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, "I'm well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane," he whispered, "it may not be any of my business, but she is very young."

"Does she look happy to you?"

"Well, yes. Very much so, in fact."

"You have answered your own unasked question then."

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. "Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!" he said cheerfully.

"Yes." She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

"I'm glad that's over!" said Rachael.

"So am I!"

"I was trembling all over."

"Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed."

Rachael laughed. "I feel really free! And happy!" She danced around the room shouting "I'm happy! I'm free!"

"Fancy a walk?"

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. "It's going to pour!"

"I'm game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if <u>you are</u>," said Diane playfully.

“Where do you want to go then?”

”Top of the Mynd?”

”Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!”

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green, and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane’s as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil’s Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth let them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the leveled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violently threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

"You realize," Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, "we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death."

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, along their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

"I know," she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

"Leonie," she finally said, "come in."

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, "I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael."

"Hello Miss," said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

"I just came to tell you," said Leonie sadly, "that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – "

"Only?"

"I thought we – " she hesitated, then added, "but I see I was wrong."

Diane held her arm. "Leonie. You know I didn't want you to become involved with Apthone again."

"He needs me," she said gently.

"For God's sake! No he doesn't! Not in the way you believe. He's just using you – again!"

"That's unkind of you." She shook Diane's hand off her arm.

"No it's not."

"You have never liked him, have you?"

"No!"

"I thought we understood one another."

"We can't – with Apthone in the way."

”I will probably marry him. He’s very kind and gentle.”

Suddenly Diane was angry. “Look!” she pointed to the wall of her hall. “See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I’ll tell you! It’s your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?” she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. “He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!”

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. “It’s not true!” she said weakly. “I don’t believe you.”

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, “I really don’t care if you believe me or not.”

“You only said it because you hate him,” pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

“Leonie – I didn’t …”

Leonie was crying. “I don’t want to talk to you,” she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

“Diane, I couldn’t help overhearing.”

Leonie was driving away and Diane closed the door.

“It was true, wasn’t it?” asked Rachael, “what you said.”

Diane nodded and began to cry. "I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry."

Rachael came to her and held her hand. "I hope I didn't embarrass you."

Diane stopped crying. "Embarrass me?"

"By being here – with no clothes on."

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. "Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me."

"I can think of something," she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

XVI

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no

barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile… And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had ever dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door,

she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialed Fisher's number.

"Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won't be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good…. Sorry about the short notice but – " she hurriedly thought of some excuse, " – I have a dental appointment. I'd forgotten about it!" she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper, to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret's church shadowed squat buildings while the road channeled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

"Can I help you Madam?" he smiled.

"I hope so!" Diane said confidently. "I want to buy the best piano you have in stock."

The man's eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands.

“Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock.” He sighed. “All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand.” He patted it gently. “Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I’m very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days.”

“I’ll take it.”

The man raised his eyebrows. “I could play a little, if you wish.”

”No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?”

He scratched his nose. “Toward the end of the week?”

”How about today?”

”I don’t care what it costs.”

”Of course, Madam. If you are sure.”

Quickly, she wrote out the check and handed it to the man.

“But Madam – “ he protested when he looked.

“I’ll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You’ll want the address, of course.”

”Yes, Madam.”

She wrote it on the back of her check. The man stared at the check, then at her. “A present!” she said.

“Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – “

“Splendid! What time will you deliver?”

”What time would be most convenient?”

”Four this afternoon.”

”I am sure that can be arranged.”

”Splendid…and,” she added, “I assure you the check will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer.”

“There is no need for that Madam, I assure you.” He scratched his nose. “If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you.”

”Yes, of course.” She wrote the telephone number of the school on her check. “Well, goodbye.”

“But Madam,” he protested as she made for the door, “don’t you want to know how much it will cost?”

”Not really,” she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael’s happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she

walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take care of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

"Do you love him?"

Morgan gave a little smile. "I think so."

"Has he mentioned marriage?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure. It's too soon."

Diane touched her on the arm. "Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?"

"Only a little."

"Well, there's hope then."

"Diane, why are you being so – so nice?"

Diane laughed. "Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy."

Morgan shook her head. "I don't understand you."

”Nothing to understand, really,” Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. “Did you like it?”

She sat down beside him. “Yes. But look, Alex, I don’t want to hurt you – “

”But you are going to anyway.”

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. “You know what I am.”

”Part of you perhaps.”

”No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish.”

“I’ve loved you for years. Since the first day I met you.”

”Please,” she sighed, “I’m living with Rachael.”

”Temporarily, I assumed.”

”No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other.”

”What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!”

“I don’t want to talk about it any more.”

”I won’t give up,” he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

"You keep it."

"I can't."

"Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?"

"Please," she pleaded. Then: "But I thought you loved Leonie?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you."

"Why don't you fight for her?"

"Maybe." He stood up. "You keep the ring." Then without rancor, but with his lopsided smile, he said, "give it to Rachael."

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

XVII

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary,

from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, "Now I want to give you something special." Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael's love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gathered around a dip in the road from Helmsly to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing white stone buildings of Ampleford Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University; a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chants. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing public school.

"It seems very peaceful," Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

“Is it – even during term time when the boys are here?”

”A shame about the trees.”

”Sorry?”

”The trees.” Behind the roadsides deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. “Shame it is so dead within.”

”By the lake – “

“It is different!” said Rachael confidently.

“Yes.”

”I bet it has a dark history.”

”I wouldn’t know.”

”Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows.”

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and a rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. There was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

“If we hurry,” Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, “we might be in time for Vespers.”

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in

the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

"Come on!" chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head.

"I'd rather not go in."

"Why ever not?"

"I'm afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done." She shivered.

"You should have said! I'd never have dragged you all this way."

"I didn't want to disappoint you."

"Anyway," smiled Diane, "it doesn't matter and I'm hungry."

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

*****

The next day, began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words and private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth

moved imperceptibly toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lock their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael with her sometimes-somber thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels and the roles of the world, which they hid, were meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out, preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

"Well," she said finally, "we'd better go."

A vulture grinned. “Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside.”

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, “Well, we are staying at the Grange – The Abbey guest house.” She told the lie well.

“Yes,” a leering face said, its moustache twitching, “I know it.”

”If,” whispered Diane, “you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We’ll leave the doors open. I’m in number 17, second floor.”

“And I,” smiled Rachael, “am in 19.”

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, “That was very naughty of you!”

“Awful wasn’t it?”

”But I enjoyed it.”

”So did I!”

“Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?

“Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves.”

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were somber when the morning of their departure arrived. "We must never part!" Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

"Hello," Rachael said. Then, sadly, "It's Leonie - for you."

"Hello, Leonie, Diane." She held Rachael's hand while she talked. "Yes, we're back. What? When? … I see. Yes, of course, I'll come."

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. "It's Apthone," Diane said, "he's dead."

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

XVIII

"I would like you to come," said Diane. "Very much."

"I – I don't know," replied Rachael shyly. "I might be in the way."

"You," Diane said kissing her, "could never be in the way as far as I am concerned."

Rachael smiled. "I was a little jealous when she telephoned."

"No one is more important to me than you."

”I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that’s all.”

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

“Children are in bed,” she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, “Diane, I am so glad you came!”

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. “I brought Rachael with me – I hope you don’t mind.”

”No. I wondered if you would.” Her voice trembled. “Come in, both of you.”

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

“When did he die?” Diane asked.

“The day before yesterday. It was awful!” She sobbed a little, then smiled.

“Has no one been to see you since?”

”Yes.” She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. “Alex. He was with me just before Richard….”

”Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?”

”I don’t know.” Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. “Alex mentioned something.”

”Is there anything I can do?”

Leonie smiles. “It is nice you just being here.”

”Perhaps it was all for the best.”

”Don’t say that Diane!” Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and in atonement, handed Leonie her handkerchief.

“Thanks.” Then, to Rachael, “You must think me silly.”

Rachael came forward and to Diane’s astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

“No, I don’t” she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, “Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?”

“No,” smiled Leonie, holding Rachael’s hand. “That’s very kind, but I’ll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he’s calling round later to see how I am.” She returned the handkerchief before saying, “Would you like something to drink?”

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, “No, not for me.”

”Rachael?”

“No, thanks. We had something on the way down.”

“Of course,” said Leonie, “You’ve just got back, haven’t you?”

”Yes.” It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. "I'll go!" offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. "Rachael!" he said loudly, "You look more beautiful every time I see you."

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

"Well!" he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, "I see we're all gathered for the wake!"

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. "We are just going."

"Had a good holiday, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diane, staring at him, "very good."

"Splendid!" He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

"I see," Watts said to her, "you're not wearing the ring Diane bought for you."

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. "It was a surprise!" she said quickly, "and now the oaf's spoiled it!"

"Sorry," he said with conviction.

“We’d best be going,” Diane said.

“I hope both of you sleep well,” Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. “I’ll telephone,” she said to Leonie. “In the morning to see how you are.”

“That would be kind.” Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. “It was good of you to come. I only wish you’d been here before.”

”Take care, won’t you?” Diane said.

“I’ll try.”

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

“I hope,” she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, “he didn’t offend you by his remarks.”

”No,” laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, “he didn’t. I don’t care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care.”

Diane held the car door for her. “We might get more of the same in the future.”

”So what?” When Diane had started the engine, she added, “I love you. That’s all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn’t care.”

“Rachael, you continue to amaze me!”

"Why, because I am so mature?"

"Well, yes."

"I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother – " she began. "But it doesn't matter."

> "'We don't love like flowers, with only a single
> Season behind us; immemorial sap
> Mounts in our arms when we love.'"

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favorite poets.

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched,

entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no male god described.

Then the silence, while clamored notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth – all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying than she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable

sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colors of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three slipped toward death.

*****

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialed Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned. "She gone! There's a note… My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

"No! No!" she screamed as behind her tires slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

"I'm sorry," Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, "I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days."

Rachael smiled. "I'm glad we are together again."

"I will never be apart from you again."

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all

she had experienced: Leonie's tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie's grave wondering if his killing of Apthone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around as he knew that one day, maybe soon, she like himself would need an heir. Would hers, he wondered, be an Initiate and not her child? He did not know – but would say nothing, as she herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. 'It is not right,' Sophocles had said, 'to give names to some deeds.'

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.

A Study of "The Giving"

by F.ley

Temple of THEM

The Giving - Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change? Can they as characters be related to the journey of an Initiate?

Mallam is somewhere between Initiate and the rank of External Adept*/ Rhiston is never more than a neophyte.

No - although Mallam's words hint at knowledge of the greater manipulatory methods used beyond a runner of a Temple it is due to his actions and his inability to transcend his obsession on a personal/selfish basis that he is restrained from travelling any further in the Path. Rhiston's understanding increases of the genuinely Sinister (not the affectations conjured forth by Mallam that he claims to Rhiston represent Satanism) only when Mallam does not return from the house to meet him as arranged. He finally senses that due to his own involvement in the proclivities of Mallam's world he is now rendered impotent to help Mallam by calling the Police - for then his own activities would risk being uncovered when he was called upon to explain his presence at the house and his knowledge of and relationship to Mallam.

Mallam's journey has aspects of the journey of an Initiate on an outward level such as conducting a Temple, being trained by a Mistress/Master, experiencing various cartharsis and carnal desires, etc - but his attitude and his actions; involving persons in his activities against their will, forcing his will on others, his greed, beating his mistress etc. are the signs of a coward, a weak individual with a demeanour much like a child - ruled by his own impulses and absorbed only with his own self-gratification without empathy for the greater aims or noble aspects of the Tradition.

Rhiston is a repressed character bored with his life (the life he has chosen and created) who seeks the thrill of a group that can fulfil his secret desires. He is never technically initiated in the Sinister Tradition, that is, the story never mentions his undertaking of an oath to Satan or to the Sinister Tradition and thus he is never made aware of an expectation for him to treat the experiences he undergoes as a temporary stage before passing on - indeed he seems from the outset to be lacking in any desire to transcend his lusts and even exhibits surprise and jealousy when Mallam tries to seduce his wife. Despite his own love of control over others without their consent he seems guarded against any witness of seeing his own practices being externalized.

Although Mallam is initiated he fails to understand more than very basic manipulation and Rhiston even less. As a result of their own weaknesses and immature personalities neither of their paths are congruent with the journey of an Initiate with promise. Externally, the occult and emotional/physical settings can be expected to be encountered by an Initiate but I do not expect they are typical of all paths.

** I should expect someone who has reached the stage of EA to not be so hasty in judging people nor so easily manipulated by the appearances/roles displayed by others.*

Lianna - what is her esoteric development or insight? What key factors influence her?

Lianna is a Mistress of Earth. A preoccupation with the ceremony of the Giving permeates all her more minor/personal interactions and affections with the other characters in the story and she is continually testing all around her to ascertain their loyalty by arranging circumstances that let others test themselves. By their own actions do they decide their own fate but she is motivated to create tests to determine suitable candidates for a husband and an opfer. Through Thorold's more noble actions and conduct as well as his capability to think for himself and not be easily lead by the rumours/claims of others does he pass her many tests for loyalty and Satanic character, especially the understanding of the need for and the secrecy around the Giving. Mallam on the other hand condemns himself and is led by his own weakness to his

destruction. It is likely that Lianna knew from the outset (merely from the personality that emanated) that Mallam would turn on her and succumb to his own fevered lusts for power and carnality; but requiring an opfer that is Initiated, she lead him into the practice of Initiatory (and Illusory when not coupled with eventual transcendence) Satanism to let him 'stew in his own black magical juices' to turn him into a suitably magically empowered individual as an opfer for the Giving. I.e. someone most assuredly deserving of Death that it would benefit the world to be rid of.

And, Love. Love influences Lianna, not just on a personal level but also the Great Love that is a requisite of all Mistresses/Masters and motivates the living of the Way of the Sinister Tradition.

Thorold - what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness? Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Thorold is selected for Initiation by Lianna (who is likely informed of Thorold by Sidnal Wyke) and gradually tested in various situations to determine a) if his character lives up to the impression recieved from Sidnal when he sold the books and b) if Thorold will make a suitable Satanist, i.e. is he easily intimidated, can he be trusted, does he help others in need or think only about himself, can he think for himself, is he easily persuaded by others, is he strong enough to see his desires fulfilled or will he repress them under feelings of guilt or fear, does he possess intuition and foresight, courage, valour etc.

His role changes when he suddenly becomes aware of the nature of the many tests that he has been through due to Lianna and his mature understanding of why they were required and the aims that they eventually produced. Thus he sees the intent and direction in what seemed to be unconnected chaotic currents and situations as directed acts of will magic and manipulation to bring about a natural course for all involved (owing to each of their seperate personalties that fated them to different destinies). I think his self-awareness is esoteric/unconscious until the point that he ties all that has gone on, himself and his role in it, in together. He seems to make this connection some time before Sarah asks him to betray Lianna and that is why he does not.

My own belief is that the Grand Master also makes an appearance in the story disguised as Aiden (=A Identity) with the words 'Alone and Along' featured directly after his name, as well as some unusual confusion on the authors part regarding whether it is 'Aiden' or 'Aidan'. Some would say it is of no consequence but the manner in which the Satanists operate, who they send in to play what role and when does lend itself to some interesting study.

Imlach and his daughter - what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfill the archetypal role of Guardian?

Imlach seems to be at least an Internal Adept - his age, coupled with his clear knowledge of the procedures required for forceful co-ercement (more precisely, passive threats of violence) indicates a longevity in living the Tradition and thus having passed beyond External Adept.

The time between his final knock on the door and his seeming disappearance when Thorold tears it open seems unnatural and if I am to visage how this illusion was created, logically he ran off as soon as he knocked, or perhaps he possessed some type of ninja skill and concealed himself to the side of the door or above it and left silently after Thorold had shut the door again. Although Thorold looks around he probably did not look up - and since Satanists tend to be acutely aware of the typical behaviours of the human species it is likely that Imlach would have known almost no-one looks up without good reason when looking around for someone who was just on their doorstep.

However, it is also possible that this scene is merely a ‘device’ to evoke mysteriousness and not an actual practice of Satanism, in general.

Imlach is also in a highly trusted position and I do not imagine that position comes to be filled lightly. Sarah is an External Adept; she is a practiced hand at manipulation particularly sexual, and aware of The Giving and the various procedures involved thus has knowledge of the Black Books but lacks the maturity to understand the necessity for such procedures beyond the personal sphere and can thus progress no further in the Way. Indeed, she renounces the 'Old Ways' and sets about to betray her mother and sabotage the Giving and stay the just execution and Giving of the paedophile

Mallam who has selected himself, revealing her weakness of character.

Is Imlach really trying to be menacing or is he simply playing a role of an overt menacer to incite Thorold into taking various actions or making various assumptions about the role and thus Lianna? If Imlach is trying to be menacing in a physical sense he does not achieve creating fear in Thorold. If he is trying to incite Thorold to think various things about Lianna and Lianna's motives thus obscuring the real moves in play by cloaking them in deliberate misdirection and thus protecting/shielding the real aims of Lianna, i.e. guarding her and her genuine activities by using roles and misdirection; then he is successful. It is difficult to determine the nature of Imlach's intentions/character from the details given in the story. That said, Imlach seems to contravene what I feel is the appropriate archetype for a Temple Guardian who would be more likely to watch on and observe things without formally identifying themselves as a threat to any outsider by knocking on their door, issuing threats, etc. I tend to think that the Temple Guardian is more aptly portrayed in the 1973 movie of 'The Wicker Man' whereby the Temple Guardian, a large burly man, steps out of the way of the policeman opfer in the climactic scene. The policeman proceeds to step past him, but is then grabbed and thrown back down the hill where he is overwhelmed. Although the burly man is present in many of the games; he does not openly approach or even talk to the opfer beforehand.

Monica - is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

Monica is certainly manipulated by Mallam - owing to her own confession at her love for thrill-seeking and gradual immersement in Mallam's black magical farce. But is she manipulated by Lianna?

I think so. There is no real emotional attachment to the roles played by a Mistress, that is to say, she is detached even though an excellent mimic. I think it is pure affectation when Lianna plays roles that involve emotion such as jealousy, anger, etc. There is all the appearance of a person living in the moment and consumed by a role to play but a Mistress of Earth would be in control of her emotions due to such things as knowledge that brings a great sadness, Aeonic awareness, infinite patience for achieving impersonal/suprapersonal goals, etc. and thus any semblance of uncontrolled or emotional displays seen to be had by Lianna must

stem purely from manipulatory affectation. At least, that is my understanding (presumptuous as it is) were Lianna a genuine Mistress of Earth. Lianna is aware of Monica's base level of esoteric understanding and her superstition of the occult - thus Lianna shows Monica a magical parchment to incite fear and a sense of powerlessness then informs her she has 'no option'.

There are two likely scenarios - the first is that Lianna tried to buy off Monica and manipulate her into leaving. If Lianna knew that Monica would not leave, then she must have predicted that the case of money would be presented to Thorold at some point when Monica told him of Lianna's plot to buy her off. Lianna would have either suspected that Thorold would bring it back and thus the money was a test of character for him on Lianna's behalf using Monica to perform it - or Lianna was trying to make Thorold further aware of the methods of Satanic Manipulation and her own reach in such matters, perhaps to educate him, perhaps to attempt to intimidate him. But either way it is likely that based on what she already knew of his character she guessed that Thorold would return the money and be brought back into contact with her, hence the author mentions a passage where Lianna betrays surprise, but only for an instant, at Monica's presence with Thorold.

Lianna does succeed in setting up a brilliant comparison of character between herself and Monica by breaking Monica's composure enough for Monica to not only strike her, but to shout irascibly and to then bark a petulant question as to whether Thorold is coming - perhaps this plays on Thorold's mind when he sees some of the truer colours of Monica and her behaviour when she is emotionally moved, revealed.

Monica's death is the result of being run over by a car. Magick could be said to have something to do with why she was where she was and doing what she was doing with Thorold - in that others had conspired with various magical and non-magical forces to force Thorold to take certain courses of action, and perhaps if Lianna had conspired to force Monica to accompany Thorold or incited Mallam's hatred of Monica via the magickal parchment then a sympathetic magic could be said to have been responsible…

Some themes:

a) What is the magick of the 'story'? Is this magick Sinister?

In ONA terminology, the magic in the Giving fluctuates between that of an External Adept and that of Internal Adept; that is, a necessary sensing of the imprisonment of ones Being in the illusions of the material connected to that Time in which the Being lives, then a subsequent mastery of the Matrix for some characters but horror and annihilation in the occult labyrinth for others, each interspersed with intimations of what must be done to understand and realize without doubt and beyond trial that 'Way' which transcends the Matrix and leads to the detachment crucial to abstract reasoning and an appreciation of Form as an active component of Narrative Magic driven to an indeterminable extent by forces beyond us and forces within us. A Love for the Abyss and the contradictions it brings - contradictions that are only dissolved when essence is distilled from appearance following the results of a caustic alchemical formulae of living. In short, the magic presented involves the Sinister, while the Sinister itself is best represented by the permutative process that leads to Change and the Changeling, not just that of Neophyte to External, External to Internal, Internal to Aeonic, but what comes after when the Masters can teach no more. And beyond that, and so on.

The DQ series is extremely complex in terms of exactly what IT is for. The Stories as you say, are variously layered, and many of these layers I have covered in my various readings. It is my impression that in itself using stories to portray, [re-portray] the Satanic world and certain aspects of its reach, prowess, attitude are another layer of this vehicle for inducing changes both magickal and cerebral. While some of these, let's call them 'tools', are clearly reliant on the convenient science-fiction conjured around magick, 'a stepping stone to the obtuse' – they do have the power to 'shape' their reader and to prey upon their fears, expectations, and consequently, their behaviour. The idea that the Satanic world is always one step ahead of them, for instance, is enough to cause some individuals to be much more careful and certainly to display and live a greater degree of integrity in their dealings with others, under the suspicion that everything is not what it seems and that invisible phantoms will inevitably punish them for their transgressions. This beautiful art of multiple dimensions of form is in my opinion, generally the case with the Sinister.

Although the creation of these "phantasms" [in what THEM call a Sinister Matrix] will probably go over the head of neophytes and probably some Initiates too – it is not merely the literal story, but the creation of a new world with 'new rules' suited to the environment and disposition of the ONA. What we call, Narrative Magic that is achieved with the DQ, esp. given the resonance of archetypal forms to seize on the imagination of the unwitting or romantic. I refer here to, for instance, the manipulative power within the text to romanticize the subtleties of magic so that they may be conceivable, or perhaps a better word is 'witnessed' or 'seen', as forms, not as the invisible subtle pressures of opportunity in the world they tend to be. Such is the path of the gymnastics a mind must perform to untwist the forms presented to it to form the points of a Sinister Compass well presented by the DQ series.

This grand display of at once "truthful" deception is quite wonderful to behold, yet another artform produced by the ONA to hint at that which cannot be hinted at, and there is something deliciously rewarding about being arrogant enough to claim that I am able to see the wire mesh behind the intricacy of this form but also a feeling of sadness for those who remain ignorant of their own strings. Including myself, clever as I am… for such currents are organic, and with insight, comes further mystery.

b) How do Mallam's belief and magick differ from Lianna's? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna's relationship to him, his wyrd?

Mallam has fallen prey to the Deceitful Occult Ego - he believes that he has reached the pinnacle of power - [and for him he probably has] - and thus fails in his Satanic Quest. His satisfaction and contentment with his network of suppliers, contacts, etc to bring him a platter of further carnal delights and his expectations of this feast to continue unchanged indicate his inability to divine the next step in the Satanic Quest and to transcend himself beyond it. Moreover, Mallam's magic is only ever emotional, spiteful, vindictive - caught up in the web of his personal matrix and his emotions his magic never becomes detached from his projections and thus clouds his perception - leading to his ultimate destruction as he deceives himself about his power.

Lianna on the other hand is already showing the signs of transcendence one would expect of a Satanic Adept as she struggles with herself [unlike mallam who shields himself from his own inadequacies and thus never illuminates them in order to face them] and confronts herself about her emotions and moves into them to understand, approach, and ultimately, integrate, the overpowering forces of Love. In itself, this demonstration of strength of character and the absolute arrogance and trust to follow ones Way, even though it be clouded, emotionally agonizing, draining, confusing, potentially destructive and or lead to death - is a key factor in defining the separation between Lianna's genuine magic from the lesser magic of Mallam who merely masters manipulation for no greater end than his own self-gratification ad nauseum.

Lianna's aims in the beginning are originally on par with the magic of Mallam - they both show aspects of the External Adept, Manipulation, Emotional involvement - but as the story progresses it becomes clear that while Mallam seeks only to wallow in the lower rewards of what are merely the results of a clever liar; Lianna is pursuing supra-personal goals, goals that affect a great number of people and consciously uses her Being to bring about changes that take priority over her own personal needs or wants as she comes to understand her role, the power of Love, and her power over Love in a Satanic/Aeonic context. Thus Mallam may have been initiated as a Satanist, may have performed several of the tasks and requirements, and even run his own Temple; but his inability to progress and his subsequent entrapment in the material rewards without understanding or desire to transcend them - in effect, is failure. Such activities, behaviour, wallowing, cancels out his oath to his Satanic Quest and renders him once more merely one more opfer who had his chance and blew it. Lianna and her magic, need it be said, represents a stark opposition to Mallam and is correctly portrayed as a genuine Satanic Mistress.

In this sense, Lianna's relationship to Mallam is archetypal - Mallam represents the would-be Satanic devotee who by their excesses and lack of understanding is devoured by the temptations of Satanic Living. A trap that few resist even now. Mallam is a good example of failure even with all his rewards and contacts that some readers may envy - his lack of understanding for the reason, origin, and responsibility of those rewards and contacts is his ultimate downfall. Because Mallam, a Satanic Initiate, so very richly emanates this archetype and thus becomes it in form - a form that is loathsome yet educationally instructive to Satanism -

his life is perfectly ideal for Sacrifice – because of his essential representation of pure Narrative Magick. That is to say, he represents an ideal sacrifice because he has so excellently demonstrated how to fail and is perfectly deserving of death according to Satanic Custom. Mallam acts/lives out a role that perfectly captures Failure because he is oblivious to having failed by forgetting the role was meant to be temporary - this Irony is deeply archetypal and imbues Mallam's failure into his Being, and Mallam's Being into his failure. Lianna on the other hand rises above herself, and as we watch Mallam tie his own noose by his actions, we eventually realize that it is Lianna, the Satanic Mistress by virtue of being able to transcend her own personal wyrd, that will transform into Mallam's noose as the representative of Satanic Justice.

c) Is the historical setting (Templars, etc.) necessary?

The Giving is a story. A setting, historical or modern is generally necessary to tell a story. If the Templars are related to the Sinister Tradition as it is hinted in some MSS, then there is no harm in sharing direct information in a secretive/occult way by including certain details in the Narrative. Such sharing is a common practice in ONA MSS though some secrets are easier to divulge than others. Other ways to explain the wealth of Lianna Alledone could easily be used so why the emphasis on the Templars? Perhaps it is to make a connection to Baphomet and form a further association to the Goddess who washes her hands in blood as opposed to the common Templar association of Baphomet as depicted as a goat. However, necessary is as necessary does - if the author intended to share occult information as for instance is down throughout the entire DQ and other fictional MSS on the Templars, then this is a stylish way to do it - but the Giving would be just as effective, without the mention of the Templars, in my humble opinion. It is however a good question - as an answer would determine where and just how much focus a reader was placing on essence or appearance.

d) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of <u>Earth</u>?

Lianna, like all the Satanic characters in the DQ - "teach" when they interact, generally by 'boxing'/restricting the conversation into a series of rewarding/punishing reactions/responses pending the content of that interaction.

I.e. Thorold admits ignorance as to the value of the books Lianna wishes to buy, and Lianna congratulates him on his honesty - thereby showing Thorold honesty is valued by Lianna and more of it is likely to be well-received. Moreover, she subtly puts forward the emphasis on good manners and honesty over any financial/monetary concerns and thus "teaches" Thorold how to please her + displease her and also gives him the message [that he will probably receive unconsciously] that she is analysing his character, his inner mirror, not just his books or bookstore.

Immediately in such interactions there is intimacy created, Self-exchange, and in particular, the Erotic. The character, Thorold, for instance, senses in the continuing "teaching" of Lianna that they are building something together, progressing, closing gaps and really communicating - this intimacy, is an interesting force that any who teach are well familiar with. It is a fine balancing act, indeed an art form, to get close to those you teach without mistaking the erotic for the sexual.

Few can handle the overwhelming force of the Erotic that comes from such intimacy and this may lead to projections of Love, but more commonly leads to the feeling of sexual desire; a path unconsciously pursued to alleviate the tingling touch of the erotic.

But while Thorold remains unconscious of this and the role the two forces play; Lianna, being both a Woman and a Sinister Mistress is well aware - hence her approach to "teaching" Thorold how to please/displease her and largely by self-reward of maintaining/exhibiting his own character.

On another aspect; Lianna is quite clearly able to sustain a long-term deception, kill with Love, and detach herself from her emotions. She exhibits a mastery of both External and Internal Magic, and the story climaxes with hints of her moving onward to perform Aeonic Magic.

This summary of her authenticity does though require an examination of the use of sympathetic magic. On one hand I can

conceive the mention of her using a magical square on parchment to control Monica etc, does not correspond to a belief by the author in the reality of such practices, but that it exists to test the gullible, illustrates a contrast in subtle magic vs popular myth, exists to provide entertainment/provoke thought for the reader, or is used in the context of showing how superstition by others can be manipulated using magical devices.

On the other hand, the ONA's Star Game is essentially a gigantic voodoo doll and a very serious exercise in sympathetic magic - thus the belief of the author in the efficacy of such practices indicates a strong vouch for them. Though I think such a device as a magical square is only needed 'publicly' and not used privately - my aversion to ritual tools, etc. does bias my analysis. Perhaps I should open my mind to the possibilities. Nevertheless, in my opinion, although a story unfolds a little too perfectly to match the unpredictability that requires constant changes in strategy to keep up a deception in real life - I do believe Lianna is representative of a real Mistress of Earth, in terms of tactics, demeanour and drive to complete her goals, quest and Sinister Way.

e) What is Sidnal's role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he 'Satanic'? (What is Satanic?)

His "moniker", seems to have been too good an opportunity for the author to miss in using the opening line "there was much that was strange about Sidnal Wyke, including his name".

Sidnal appears to be a trained Choregos or Temple Guardian. He was trained by his Grandmother in the ways of the Old Religion, is fit and accepted as part of the land by the surrounding folk, thus mostly invisible, and at the end of the story is depicted performing all sorts of Ritual-related tasks, handing Lianna items related to the Giving for instance. However, I am assuming that Lianna and Sidnal know of each other before Lianna buys the books from Thorold - and that it has been arranged between them for Sidnal to sell the books to Thorold, so Lianna will have a pretext on which to begin interacting with Thorold at the bookstore. Perhaps Sidnal initiates this exchange after discovering his Grandmother, who was possibly a Grand Mistress, dead - and is afraid, as the story mentions, for the continued lineage of the Sinister Tradition.

It seems that Mallam and Thorold, switch places as opfer as tests are conducted and one of the parties continually found wanting - such values and the rewarding of those values are what I call literary 'phantasms' - I.e. conceptual ghosts that "teach" a reader what is valuable and what is not and showing them a certain response to an act - and thus Mallam is the mistake-maker who does not repent but is doomed to become the opfer.

I feel that Thorold is also tested in the beginning for his suitability, perhaps as an opfer, but perhaps initially as a potential mate for Lianna following the suggestion of someone like Sidnal.

Finally, Sidnal is Sinister. On one hand he is close to or even one with his land and pursues a quiet contemplative way of living that does not need and is beyond the form of 'Satanism' - even as he plays his part, he seems more passive, natural, Aeonic than the others, and even innocent as he is it seems a virgin. Yet, on the other hand, a man that accepts death for what it is at so young an age is mature beyond his years, some dark sorrowful joy - the ecstasy of wisdom - is etched upon this man's brow and that might imply contact with Satanic Living as do the books in his possession hint at a less than sedentary life.

There is also the matter of whether Sidnal sold the books to Thorold to initiate a path for Lianna, or if Lianna initiated the path by asking Sidnal to sell them. That is to say, depending on whose idea it was would need to be known to consider the implications of Sidnal in a Satanic, and not just Sinister, way of living and the extent of either of those practices.

(As for what is Satanic - the essence of this question can be answered in three places. The Causal, the Acausal, the Abyss. All are right, two are wrong.)

Taken from "A Study of the Deofel Quintet":

By

f of THEM

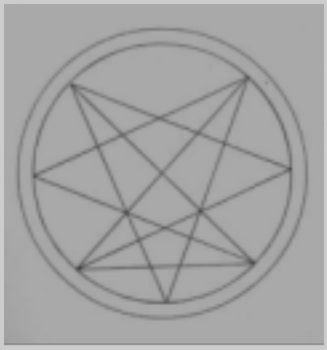
119 f.

[The Rest of this Document remains archived with the Temple of THEM.]

ONA Text Archive

Volume Three

ONA Texts Part II
(Historical Curiosities)



Sui Generis - Introduction

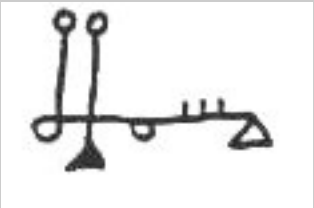
The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown, Part 1

The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown, Part 2

Hostia Volume I

Hostia Volume II

Hostia Volume III



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ONA Text Archive

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Volume III - Texts Part II
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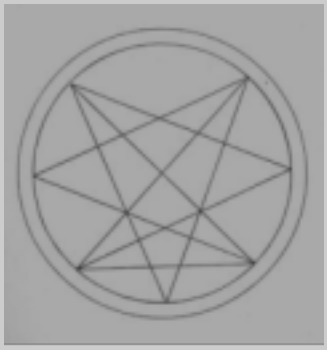
Volume V - Occult Fiction



Introduction to ONA Text Archive Volume III

Some Historical Curiosities

With the exception of the *Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, the texts in this volume contain a selection of older typewritten ONA MSS circulated among ONA members in the 1980's and the early 1990's CE, and as such may be of some interest, as historical curiosities of the Occult kind. The majority of these MSS are no longer in circulation among ONA members, and thus are no longer used by ONA members (or ONA associates) for instructional purposes, having been superseded by newer texts authored by Anton Long, many of which newer instructional texts are available in Volume I of this archive (The ONA Website Archive) and in compilations such as The Requisite ONA – A Practical Guide to The Sinister Sorcery of The Order of Nine Angles and Excerpta Esoterica - A Concise Compendium of The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis of The Order of Nine Angles.

Some of these older MSS - in the three volumes of *Hostia* - have been included in other old ONA publications, such as the now outdated *Hysteron Proteron*, and in some of the Appendii of *Naos* (which work continues to be used as an instructional text). Many of these older typewritten MSS have also been available on the Internet, in various forms and formats, for many years, as a very few of them have been subsequently updated (for example, *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*, and *A Guide to Insight Roles*) and thus are, in this updated form, in use by ONA members.

The two volumes of the *Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* may also be of some historical interest, as the letters contain not only some to and from Michael Aquino of the Temple of Set, but were also written, and to some extent deal with, that brief causal period (the middle 1980's to the very early 1990's) when the ONA was clandestinely recruiting members and could be easily contactable by the curious.

It should be noted that the facsimile copies of *Hostia* included here contain some omissions (due to errors while scanning the Xeroxed pages to obtain digital images) - for example, the first few pages of the Occult short story *Copula cum Daemone* are missing.

Historical Comparison - Sui Generis

Those interested in or curious about comparing the aforementioned old ONA typewritten MSS with newer ONA texts, many find Excerpta Esoterica of interest, and which new ONA text *(sui generis)* is included here to enable such comparison.

Excerpta Esoterica

ONA
121 Year of Fayen

Acknowledgements

The ONA gratefully acknowledge the work and enthusiasm of those members and associates who produced scanned images of texts such as Hostia, and Naos, from the original spiral-bound and Xeroxed publications.

THE SATANIC LETTERS

OF

STEPHEN BROWN

Volume I

O.N.A.

First Published 1992 eh

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The colour illustration is from 'The Sinister Tarot' by C.Beest [ONA] - Atu XI, Desire

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam

Introduction

Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism.

Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals.

It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general.

This present volume is the first of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups.

This present selection deals mainly with the difference between traditional Satanism, as represented by the Order of Nine Angles, and what has become accepted within the Occult fraternity as 'Satanism' - as represented by the American group the Temple of Set, led by Dr. Aquino. For a long time, the ONA was secret and secretive. In the early part of the eighth decade of this present century, a decision was taken to gradually make available the methods, philosophy and teachings of the Order - this decision being based on Aeonic or sinister strategy. One of the tactics to be used to try and achieve the strategic aim was to challenge what had become the accepted notion of 'Satanism' as represted by such groups as the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan.

Accordingly, contacts were established. It should be remembered that at this time, few details about the teachings and methods of traditional Satanism were known to outsiders, and so the ONA was judged to be just another Satanic group in the Church of Satan/La Vey mould. Gradually, however, the stark reality of traditional Satanism was made known - via letters such as the ones published here, via the establishment of an underground zine ('Fenrir') and via the distribution of works containing the tradition ('The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos' and so on). The earlier curiosity and tolerance displayed by groups like the Temple of Set soon disappeared as they began to realize how different the ONA was - how far removed from what they considered Satanism to be.

Thus, the ONA became, for the Temple of Set and its members, a proscribed organization. This reaction served to highlight the real nature of this Temple, as the letters make clear - and threw into doubt, for those with any sagacity, their version of 'Satanism'.

The difference between the ONA and groups like the Temple of Set is evident most clearly in the matter of human sacrifice, as the letters reveal.

P.O. Box 4
Church Stretton
Shropshire
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable scource here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessable to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellance and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual developes their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of concensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a concenus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a concensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown

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Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown
Post Office Box 4
Church Stretton, Shropshire
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to **not** deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set.*

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does **not** mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

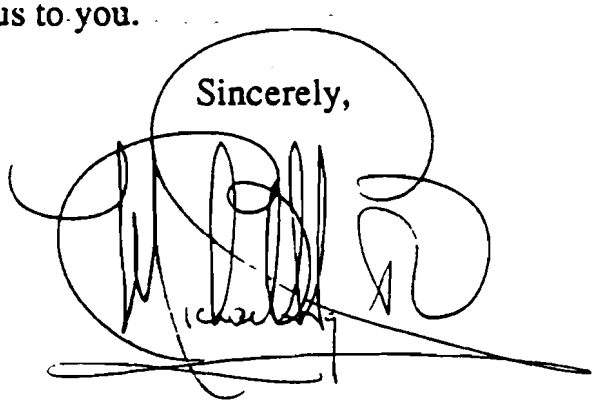
amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who **do** have the intelligence to master the curriculum and **aren't** doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,



cc- Adept John D. Alleé, Editor, *Brimstone*

Shropshire

England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceeding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-devlopment, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them)become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessable (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe thereis a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occassionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan?(It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably utlimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown

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[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people catagorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

Shropshire
England

14th March 1991 eh

Dear Mr. Milner,

Thank you for your letter. I have sent the items you requested by seperate post.

You raise two matters which are of considerable interest - viz. is the obtaining of wealth and power the sign of a successful Satanist; and can there really be such as thing as a Mandate given by the Prince of Darkness.

I shall answer your first question, first. The persuit and obtaining of wealth and power, like all worldly things including the pleasures of the flesh, is a worthy Satanic goal - indeed, it is one which all Satanic novices should aspire to. However, the fundamental aim of the way of Satanism is the achievement by the individual Satanist of a unique Destiny - i.e. fulfilling the potential of existence latent within. For some, this Destiny is the obtaining of wealth and influence in the world. For others, however, the goal is different - it may be creativity (e.g. in music or some other artistic form), or discovery (e.g. in knowledge, science) or exploration or the achievement of Wisdom (i.e. a deep esoteric understanding and skill in esoteric Arts, particuarly Aeonic magick). For all, however, the fulfilment of Destiny implies excellence - achievement in a specific field or fields. Thus, while one Master or Mistress may because of their unique Destiny achieve material 'success', another Master or Mistress may to all outward appearences be 'poor', and mostly bereft of material possessions. Fundamentally, what matters is what each achieves with their lives - what is internal, what is known, learnt, experienced, rather than what is outward appearence or show.

The common image of a Satanic 'Master' as someone possessing great wealth who dresses in a certain way (e.g. like Mephistopheles in an amateur production of Faust or like Mr. Lee in Dracula) is a fictional image. That some who call themselves Satanists ape this image, just shows their lack of understanding of genuine Satanism. A Satanist is a chameleon - someone who adapts and blends into their surroundings, for the most part. However, sometimes a Satanist (e.g. during the novice stage of development) may assume a certain 'role' or 'roles' (such as the fictional and popular image of a 'Satanist') for a particular purpose. This purpose is usually to obtain experience - e.g. in manipulating others; enjoying playing the 'role') - but once the purpose is achieved, the Satanist moves on, to other adventures. The role has served its purpose.

Regarding your second question. I preseume you refer to certain organizations who base their claim to representing Satanism on the fact that they claim to be empowered by the Prince of Darkness Himself. One organization, based in America, uses the term 'Infernal Mandate' - they claim that their Priesthood and only their Priesthood are truely representatives of the Prince of Darkness because of this Mandate.

In reality, the very concept of a mandate is anti-Satanic - it is, in fact, a Nazarene concept. The Prince of Darkness desires Comrades, not sycophantic followers - that is, He wishes us,as individuals, to be like Him. He is proud, defiant, individualistic and creative. Satanists seek to be like Him - to become gods, to be Satanic in their own lives. Of course, Satan Himself and his Comrades likewise, often use others for Satanic ends - and this is natural and necessary. For essentially individuals divide into two groups - those who lead, and those who follow. Satanists are always leaders - they are the manipulators.

Further, the concept of a Mandate means a religious approach - a dogma, a zeal in upholding that dogma, a rigid structured grouping wherein individuals are rewarded for their zeal, for their conformity to dogma and authority. And also the religious approach means a certain attitude, a certain way of being - it means acceptance, observance, a mental weakness, a lack of defiance, of pride.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against this religious spirit, this religious attitude. Thus, an organization which upholds or claims to uphold Satanism as a religion cannot be Satanic - it is, in short, a fraudulent organization.

I repeat, that Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold our being, our spirit in chains - which bind us, which restrict our potential, our evolution - and the most potent form which has bound us, and which still binds the majority, is the religious attitude, the dogmatic approach, be this overtly expressed via a religion or a religious approach or covertly by social and political zealousness and conformity. Religion emasculates us.

Naturally, groups like the Temple of Set cover their religious approach and dogma in fine-sounding words. For instance: "The Temple seeks merely to be a forum for Setians to communicate and cooperate with one another constructively and courteously.." [Extracted from the General Information and Admissions Policies of the Temple of Set.] To which should be added - 'provided they are obediant to what their 'Master' says or lays down as law or policy'. They are forbidden to associate with certain people/groups (of which I am one, and the ONA one group) because those people/groups are "proscribed" - for a reason or reasons devised by the 'High Priest of Set' himself. In effect, certain people/ groups are cast out as 'heretics'. Does this all sound familiar? The Temple of Set uses subtle intellectual ideas to propagate what they say is 'an individual striving' for becoming (or 'Xepher') - but what it amounts to in reality is an individual subserviance to the Temple, its ways, its authority and its 'Master'.

This reality is 'justified' by the 'Infernal Mandate' - i.e. Aquino in particular and the Temple of Set in general have a "sacred duty" apparently given by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What this means is that Aquino claims his authority because he claims to have received a Mandate from some entity. Real religious stuff.

A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' be that entity Satan or Set or whatever - indeed, to so claim such authority exposes the individual who so claims as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom: i.e. they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements. Such individuals have to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to their ultimate ending. In brief, such ones who claim and so need to rely on an external mandate are charlatans.

This neatly returns us to the first question. A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) can be known because they possess character - i.e. they are unique charismatic individuals (although often the charisma is veiled) who have depth: it shows in their eyes, in their attitude. They have been to Hell and back - and been to Heaven and back; they have experienced, and so learnt. They do not need to pose, assume a 'role' or claim some 'mandate' or even an ancient lineage. They just are themselves.

I trust this will be of interest.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shropshire
England

19th June 1991 eh

Dear Miss Stockton,

Thank you for your letter enquiring about the ONA which has been passed on to me to reply to.

Essentially, the ONA is a Satanic organization which seeks to guide its members toward Adeptship and what is beyond Adeptship. This is an individual quest, which involves the Initiate striving to achieve the goal by their own self-effort. Initially, on joining the Order, the new member has one Order contact. This contact offers advice and guidance, and makes available Order teachings and methods. Should the new member decide to continue, they undergo a simple Initiation. Thereafter, they work at their own pace, following the techniques and so on as explicated, for example, in the MSS 'Naos'. This takes some months, during which time they meet their contact to discuss matters and during which the contact may give advice if such advice is saught.

Following this initial period of basically hermetic and solo magickal workings and tasks, the Initiate usually goes on to the next stage - the formation of a Satanic Temple to undertake ceremonial workings and gain experience in people-manipulation and other Satanic skills. The Initiate is expected to recruit members for this Temple - which is soley under that Initiate's control. Thus, the Initiate learns by experience - no constraints of any kind are placed on the novice who runs the Temple. Generally, the novice in running the Temple, follows the guidelines and rituals as given in the Black Book of Satan - i.e. they use the magickal energies of traditional Satanism and so enhance the sinister, rather than the energies associated with other 'traditions' which tend to undermine the sinister.

The novice then, after some further time, moves on to the other tasks which await along the sinister path - i.e. undertakes further workings, magickal ordeals, and gains further experience. Generally, their Order contact remains the same, although occassionaly it may be changed. The novice is free to continue with and expand their Satanic Temple, and may if they wish, turn it into a teaching Temple - i.e. the novice teaches and trains those who may be suitable to follow the path of traditional Satanism, as they themselves have done. Or they may keep the Temple as an instrument for their personal edification - or they may disband it; it is entirely their choice.

All this takes from a year to a few years. There are then other tasks, other knowledge to be gained, other experiences to be learnt from. Thus, there is a commitment by the Initiate to follow the path of Satanism. This path is not easy, and requires effort. Adeptship is <u>achieved</u>, by each individual who gets that far - it is never a gift. Furthermore, the individual is for the most part alone - they rely on themselves, they **have** to rely on themselves, make their own mistakes, and learn from them. Their contact only guides, only offers advice. There is no contact with other Order members, at whatever stage of development - no secret gatherings, no Order rituals which members attend, no group discussions. Thus, there is self-effort, and self-achievement. No one to 'reward' you, to delude you, to whom you must be subserviant. There is only the unique journey you undertake and which you learn from in your own time according to your commitment.
This is so, because Satanism is a commitment - by each individual. One aim is to find your unique Destiny, and fulfil that. No one can do this for you.

You write that you are at present studying at University. Well, you attend lectures, may read, may discuss matters with others - but in the Finals, the effort is yours alone, and you may on your own efforts pass. Of course, someone could sit the Finals for you - but then the achievement, the Degree, would not be yours. It is the same with magick - what really matters is the amount of effort you put in. The achievement of genuine Adeptship requires **you** to learn: no one can do this on your behalf.

This lack of meeting with other members also have a very practical point above and beyond the fact that it encourages a uniqueness and the development of a strong character [both traits a Satanist has or aspires to] - i.e. it ensures the security of those other members. They remain secret, and so continue with their work. Unless, that is, they decide for themselves to the contrary. But the number who do this are very few, for obvious practical reasons, most connected with the dark nature of Satanism and its still heretical nature insofar as the majority of non-Occultists are concerned (and, indeed, as far as the majority of Occultists are concerned!).

It is fact of the nature of most individuals that gathering in groups is necessary: few possess the strength of character to be and act alone. Most require the comfort of others around - of knowing they are not alone, that help is near, that problems can be discussed, and so on. This is true in magick as in life - in fact, more so, particuarly in the Left Hand Path. People like to compare experiences, like to re-assured, like to feel part of a larger grouping. But this is actually detrimental to the development of the qualities a Satanist must possess or develope. An Adept of the Left Hand Path must be self-sufficient, must be strong - must be an individual who has developed a unique 'view of life', a unique 'philosophy of living' from their own experience. A being-with-others implies a social or 'peer' pressure, a conformity, and an expectation - an 'image' to strive toward and conform to, a 'role' to fulfil. A genuine uniqueness of character can only be forged through a certain isolation - through struggling alone, **through finding solutions to one's own problems by one's own efforts.** The path of Satanism (or rather the following of the path by an individual) poses problems for each individual - it is in the nature of the path itself for this to happen. It tests, it presents the individual with ordeals (and rewards of course - but we are considering the formative experiences which breed Satanic character). There is and must be a 'self-overcoming' - a development of the individual. Thus is the Adept born.

Of course this is very difficult, and there are easier options. These, however, do not lead to real Adeptship, but to the illusion of attainment. The Satanic path sorts out the strong from the failures. Only the strong, the gifted, survive and prosper. And that is as it should be, for Satanism is elitist.

Thus, we maintain the isolation of the novice from other novices. If they want contacts - they find their own, via the Temple they form, as explained earlier. But here, they are the 'role-model' for others - an obvious inversion which has benefits insofar as developing Satanic character is concerned. Since their Order contact only guides them, each novice has no image to aspire to - they must find their own. Often, they try many 'images', then discard them, and so gain experience, the hard way.

I have gone into this matter at some length, since the person with whom you have been in contact, has intimated that you thought the Order was akin to some others who held 'social' type gatherings and rituals for members. In fact, most individuals who enquire about the Order have this misconception - and most are disappointed when they discover or are told of the reality! To be honest, the majority dislike the notion that they are expected to work at their own development via their own efforts without the support and comfort of other members being around. Thus, do they show themselves unfitted for the Order - not possessed of 'the right stuff'!

You ask who has authority in the Order and what this authority represents. Basically, the only 'authority' is that which arises or developes because of experience. For example, the Order contact you may have should you decide to begin the Satanic quest, offers advice and guidance based on their experience - you are free to accept that advice, or decline it. Your contact teaches what they have learnt from practical experience - they offer no 'theory', they demand no obediance, no subserviance. As to myself, I "represent" the Order, in a sense, simply because I have travelled further along the Way than the other members - because I have more experience. Perhaps I have learnt more. I certainly consider I have achieved something - perhaps some little Wisdom. But I am not infallible - I have no 'authority' in the real sense - I simply offer advice and guidance

based on my own experiences. I am still learning. What I teach is not 'sacred' - hopefully, it will be surpassed, refined, changed, when others discover and experience and attain. I inherited some esoteric knowledge, and have added to it - and that really is what esoteric knowledge is: a slowly accumulating body of knowledge which re-presents both what Is and what is Not. Gradually, this representation is refined - gets closer to being a genuine representation.

Thus, when I speak or write I speak or write from my own experience - I do not claim some supra-personal authority, to be in contact with some entity (like Satan) who has chosen me, or empowered me or whatever. I am a unique individual, and what I say or write should be judged by its merits - by whether it works, is effective, is a genuine representation of what it is supposed to be. My creations do not pretend to be other than what they are - my creations. They are not the 'sacred words of the Devil' or whatever. I may sometimes have been inspired by the Prince of Darkness, but the works are mine - and should be judged as mortal rather than the product of some entity. I leave it to others to claim that their works are imbued with a sacred quality (or Infernal power) and so they deserve 'obediance' and all that religious stuff!

The same applies to the traditions I inherited. They are simply traditions, and like most traditions are a mixture. Some contain a little Wisdom; there are bits of insight; bits of real esoteric knowledge. And an awful lot of mystification as well as some fables. Each individual must assess them for themselves - if they are useful, fine. If not - fine. [If you are interested, the traditions are: some of the rituals in 'The Black Book of Satan', certain techniques of magick (e.g. Esoteric Chant; Insight Roles) and certain esoteric 'knowledge' connected with the Dark Gods mythos and the Septenary system - the sigils, some chants, words, and septenary correspondences.]

To end, I must repeat that our Way is not easy. It requires many years of effort - you will receive little help, and a lot will be expected of you. It will be your effort - not mine, not that of your contact or a friend or any one else. You will be faced with ordeals, with tests of character. There are rewards, of course - including the obvious ones of carnality and wealth, if that is what you desire. But there are also an awful lot of other things awaiting ... I make no promises - if you succeed, you will succeed. You might fail. It is you who will decide.

No one will or can award you Adeptship -/or any magickal Grade. You will have to achieve them. It usually takes five or more years to reach the stage of Adeptship - few get that far. Most who begin, give up, because the quest is just too hard or they are too soft. It will probably take fifteen or twenty years to reach the stage of Mistress of Earth, the fifth stage of the seven that mark the path. Are you prepared for this?

Should you be interested in taking the matter further, I can arrange for you to meet the person to whom you gave your letter. She will be able to answer any questions you might have regarding the next step, should you decide to undertake it.

Incidently, there are no fees, no dues of any kind connected with membership of the Order . And all Order MSS are available to members, at cost - none are 'secret' or withheld until you reach a certain stage. Once Initiation is complete, and the first tasks are achieved by you, all Order MSS are accessable.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

°Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. $30 including Air Mail postage
°The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages.$ 20
°Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. $35
°Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. $20
°The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. $50
°The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. $52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thormynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at socerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they <u>played</u> at Satanism - the occassional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowehere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually <u>do</u> something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism.By this I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truely free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essence, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individualsof Satanic character who truely represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Baphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develope Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magickal, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessable, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience , transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/do give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and societies over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms,

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonic Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on.This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries of more. The aim has been and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not soley about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, it extends the range of our being. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-construed by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and deeply. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out for themselves because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - and then, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearence. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearence: or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as pedalling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify they own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will be of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'infernally infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XXV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of <u>some</u> traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or opfer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. [qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.]

As with many things, sacrifice can be miscontrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradtion at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of opfer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts?I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necesary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propaganda of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving togo beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develope an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogma, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal <u>works</u>: it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental: they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magickal abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle; to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occassionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

David Austen.

Magister Templi. IV.
Temple of Set

x 4793
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3XX

United Kingdom

Adept Kerry Bolton
PO Box 38-262
Peytone
WELLINGTON
New Zealand

5th August 1992

Dear Adept Bolton

I trust you are well and not working too hard? Also thankyou for the past copies of the *WATCHER* which has proved to be an interesting little magazine.

It is concerning publishing and avertising that I am writing to you.

Over the last 18 months or so a group calling itself *The Brotherhood of Balder* has emerged and at the first glance their endeavours seem quite worthy. However I have had to draw the High Priest's attention to certain of the *small print* in the *BALDER* magazine.

They apparently claim to have *working relationships* with the following groups The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) and The Ordo Templi Baph-metis (OTB)

The ONA was proscribed to Setians by the High Priest aprox five years ago and on his direct instructions we do not retain in the Temple anyone who affiliates with it. Reasons:

(1) The ONA published rituals purporting to be "Satanic" which prescribe human sacrifice. Human Sacrifice is unacceptable to the Temple of Set, and the representation of it as a "Satanic" practise is equally unacceptable.

(2) The ONA whilst representing itself as a viable, functioning organisation, appears to be only a fictional device used by a single individual for self-advertisement, and even that individual hides behind a variey of false names viz: Christos Beestos, Stephen Brown, Anton Long and his legal mundane name David Myatt, but all the letters from these "indivudals" are written on the same typewriter! Such deviousness and dishonesty are unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(3) The ONA takes its name and elements of its imagery from the *Ceremony of the Nine Angles*, authored by Dr Aquino for the *Satanic Rituals*, in 1971.CE. The ONA denies this appropriation and declines to ask our permission for such use, and this is unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(4) The Temple of Set, while welcoming and appreciating non-affiliated interest in Satanism generally, recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.

The OTB and its magazine ABRAXAS are run by one James Martin. Martin was formerly a Setian 1* with the Temple of Set nearly 5-6years ago a copy of a magazine called *Ganymede* was sent to the High Priest by the proprietor one Stephen J Waters. The reason being that Martin had written an article for the same. GANYMEDE has a reputation in the UK for promoting pederasty and pædophilia, the article was also along those lines.

The Priesthood were asked to interview James Martin which was accordingly done. Assurances were given by Martin that he had no inclinations toward pædophilia but shortly after the interview resigned from the Temple. Martin wrote to Waters claiming he had been expelled for being gay!

Shortly there after ABRAXAS appeared openly supporting Pæophilia and pederasty duely complimenting GANYMEDE. The OTB was a latter developement based on Waters' organisation CEROS, promoting the *Erosian current*.

We are also disappointed to discover that John [redacted] (who resigned from the Priesthood and Temple last April) held dual membership of the Brotherhood of Balder whilst a Priest of Set which is not permitted. [redacted] was assigned an alias because of employment problems (he works for the Inland Revenue-in which he is a senior officer). Mr [redacted] had been threaten with the sack if he continued in the TOS and so adopted the name *Richard Saunders* or Bro Richard of Shropshire, circia 1989.

Sadly he has been rather foolish in placing his personal security at risk by using this name in a non-Temple capacity and would have been better advised to create a new "name". I have since been made aware that one of members, expelled by Ippsissimus Lewis, is also a member of this group and well aware of [redacted] alias, couple with this person's lust for position and power [redacted] has placed himself in a rather precarious position.

In making you aware of these matters Dr Aquino, The High Priest, has asked me to advise you that any Official functions or Contacts or Publications of your own OLHP in your capacity as an Adept or Pylon Sentinel of the Temple of Set should not in any way promote or acknowledge any of these groups or individuals. Also that membership in them is incompatible with Temple of Set Affiliation.

Indeed in the samples of BALDER I have received, April 1991-July 1991, it was difficult not to miss articles refered to as originating from OLHP-by Scorpianus, an advert for the WATCHER and also the detailed piece about the group under *working relationships*?

If you have any questions or problems with the forgoing information I am more than happy for you to discuss the matter further with the High Priest or any other member of the Priesthood you see fit to write to.

However I do hope you can appreciate the general concerns over this matter and any connections with the Order of the Nine Angles. Like wise the Brotherhood of Balder.

[redacted] clear deceit in assosiation with such a group was clearly deliberate since he holds the title *First National Member*. However the holder of that designation for Finland has since resigned finding it incompatible with his Temple Affiliation.

I would commend this matter to you for most urgent action and would appreciate being kept informed of developement etc.

Needless to add this letter is confidential in its entirety and not for general discussion or information outside of the Priesthood of Set.

Xeper and Remanifest

David Austen IV*

David Austen IV*
Magister Templi

CC:

Dr Michael A Aquino
Priest Petri Laakso

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire

28th August 103 yf (1992 ev)

Dear Mr. Austen,

A copy of your letter of the 5th of August to K. Bolton of New Zealand has been passed on to me. I consider a letter from me to you to be in order since you made mention of the ONA, and myself.

First, I will deal with the issues you itemised in your letter, in the order you listed them.

1) Human sacrifice. Human sacrifice has been and still is part of traditional Satanism. The victims or opfers are never chosen at random. They are carefully selected, then judged, then given tests of character. Accordingly, it is their own character and actions which condemn them. Human sacrifice is a culling and an expression of Satanism in action. [In this respect, the enclosed MS may be of interest, as might articles which deal in detail with this and related topics of esoteric Satanism, and which are contained in the collections 'Hysteron Proteron' and 'Hostia'.]

Until quite recently, this aspect of tradition was governed by a strict code of silence. But this has now been done away with in order to express for once and for all the real nature of Satanism - to counteract the moralizing of some individuals who regard themselves as 'Satanists' and who deny that such sacrifice is a part of Satanism in order to gain "respectability" and win sycophantic supporters.

If you peruse the literature we have made available on this subject (such as the MSS 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers', 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II')you will see that the approach is sophisticated and genuinely Satanic. Of course, I and others expect organizations like the Temple of Set to not only disapprove of publishing such things, but also to claim that such things are not and never have been a part of Satanism. Well, they are certainly not part of armchair Satanism - nor of the psuedo-intellectual type which reduces (or tries to reduce) Satanism to a playing at wizards for the titillation of the ego.

2) The members of the ONA remain - with two exceptions - secret, for obvious tactical and strategic reasons given the nature of traditional Satanism and the reality of the sinister dialectic. Furthermore, we regard Satanism as an individual quest, and so as an Order offer guidance and advice only: each novice forms, as part of their quest, a Temple to work magick and to practice Satanism in action. Thus, there is a cell system.

The two exceptions are myself, and Christos Beest. We have a limited 'public' role - mine is decreasing as his is increasing since he is ascending to be the outer representative of the Order. The fact that you regard these two individuals as one and the same person shows your lack of research and lack of information concerning the ONA. You might, for instance, have asked Pete Carroll about Mr. Beest - and one of the Temple of Set members who some years ago enquired about joining the ONA and met me - before you sat down at your keyboard to write your letter. Had you done this fundamental research, you would have discovered that there are two different individuals involved. Not that either Christos or myself are bothered - for myself, it is pleasing to be credited with the skills which produced the beautifully Satanic images of 'The Sinister Tarot' (some colour photogrpahs were published in 'Manteia' No. 4 if you are interested).

As for typewriters - what is one typewriter κοινός between two? Other than perhaps an obvious tactic to avoid detection of that other one (or two or whatever) and to make people like you draw the conclusion you were intended to make. Perhaps I shall lend Christos this typewriter, or another one, when he writes his own reply to your letter.

3) The ONA takes its name from an aspect of esoteric tradition which existed before the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan - and which perhaps was unconsciously (perhaps consciously) 'tapped into' by he who wrote some of the rituals for the Satanic Bible attributed to LaVey. Or perhaps it was even more sinister than that - a psychic contagion as part of the sinister dialectic. Whatever, what Aquino related was garbled nonsense, esoterically, and bears no resemblance to the genuine esoteric tradition. This tradition is accessable for those prepared to look - and concerns re-presenting causal and acausal space-time. One aspect of this tradition is the septenary Star Game. If you are really interested, the relevant MSS can be sent to you. [Some have appeared in various Occult zines.]

Or perhaps you are referring to a fable published in that fable which was to be 'The Book of Wyrd'? I quote from 'List of ONA MSS 1974-1992ev': "This work was first collated in 1985 eh. It contained some ONA material but was mostly written as an introduction to the Order ... As such, many of the rituals were 'sanitized' or otherwise changed, and some fables were included which those of sufficient sagacity (i.e. prospective applicants) were expected to see through ... The book was never published by the Publisher who had agreed to do so... Shortly after the work was abandoned for publication a decision was made by the Grand Master of the Order to make all ONA MSS available without alteration over a period of seven years." This period of seven years ends this year - and all the MSS are now available, including hitherto highly secret ones. [These were mostly published in the last two issues of 'Fenrir'.]

Now, to the really interesting part of your letter - the attitude and structure of the Temple of Set.

By proscribing certain organizations and individuals, and indeed by having a code of ethics which members must adhere to, the Temple of Set shows itself not to be an organization of the Left Handed Path and not to be Satanic. As I have written in an article which I understand 'The Heretic' will be publishing:

> "The LHP means the individual takes responsibility for their actions and their quest ... There are no safety nets of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.
>
> ... The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain ways. The LHP is non-restrictive... LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer guidance and advice, based on their own experience."

In the LHP, there is nothing that is restricted or forbidden - each Initiate make their choice, and acts. By proscribing certain things, and having a code of ethics, the Temple of Set is acting like a restrictive RHP organization. It is also not being Satanic when it insists that members be submissive to its doctrines and views. Satanism, of the genuine kind, is concerned with individual defiance - a Satanist never submits to anyone or anything. As it has been written: 'A Satanist would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit.' You have submitted yourself to the Temple of Set, and to Aquino most of all. Where is your proud defiance? Where is your individual, unique Destiny?

You further say, and I quote: 'The Temple of Set ... recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.'

In the context of genuine Satanism, this is arrant nonsense. Why? Because the Prince of Darkness does not seek followers who act and behave like slaves - like Nazarene scum. Who obey, who expect, who fear, who are fundamentally weak because they need the security of belief, of being dominated by someone. Rather, the Prince of Darkness seeks those who wish to be like Him - those who strive in their lives to be Satanic. That is, proud, strong, defiant, individualistic, creative, Promethean ... Of course, He also wants these strong ones, these brothers and sisters of His, to control others, to do His works through them and by them - to lead them into evil and lead the world toward a more satanic way of living.

What this means in reality, is that organizations like the Temple of Set may contain one or perhaps two real Satanists who are using the members for their own ends or for the glory of Satan Himself, to work evil. Were they not doing this, they would not be Satanists, but altruistic individuals of the RHP kind. Further, had the Temple of Set any real satanists other than the few who control it and thus direct its members, those Satanists would rebel. That they meekly accept their lot (however many clever words they may use to delude themselves with) shows their true nature.

While on this subject - you refer to yourself as a Master of the Temple. What, then, are your creative achievements? What have you, as a 'Master' added to esoteric knowledge? Have you really confronted the Hell within you and external to you and are truely a Master of yourself - mentally, psychically and physically? Have you existed in the Abyss of Nothingness and so been tempted by 'the other side'? By 'the good', by the 'divine'? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - gone into the real wilderness and stripped away all the delusions of the conscious, the unconscious and the pre-conscious and so become one with Satan and thus that un-named energy which motivates change and hence evolution? Have you faced the terror of what is beyond even the power of the Prince of Darkness? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - been intoxicated with living? Been faced with your own physical death? Have you tasted the Elixir of violence, of combat, of conquest, of exploration, of creation? Have you gone to and beyond your physical limits of endurence? Have you felt what it is like to kill - to love with the passion of a demon? Have you lived on the edge like van Gogh, Nietzsche, Beethoven - aware of what is to be done, of the power of oneself and yet aware of madness? To be brief - have you lived to the full, become replete with experiences and needed time to savour them, to learn from them, to distill that elixir which is Wisdom? Have you experienced the delights and the knowledge and the sadness of knowing:of a god? Are you a real Master of magic?

Or have you had your 'title' awarded by someone? Have you real judgement of others? Real esoteric knowledge - real skills in all forms of magick? Real understanding of aeons, of individuals, of those things which shape others consciously and unconsciously over both causal and acausal time? Or have you a title because you have been helpful to someone and conformed to his ideas and ways and so been rewarded? Has what you perceive to be your progress been via theory or via someone else's rituals? Or has it been via the testing fires of experience in real life? Are you really the Master of your own Temple - or that of someone else? Have you gone to both extremes of living - the light and the dark - and found the synthesis between and beyond them?

It would be interesting to learn of your answers to some of these questions. Meanwhile, I enclose some recent ONA material which should be of interest, if only for its controversial statements.

On the personal level, I - and some others - believe that what I have added to the esoteric tradition I inherited surpasses that of all other traditions put together. In comparison, the contribution of the Temple of Set is negligible and Satanically irrelevant. On other subjects my creative contribution is impressive - as it should be for a Satanist.

Stephen Poxon

THE SATANIC LETTERS

OF

STEPHEN BROWN

Volume II

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First published 1992 eh

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Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam

Introduction

Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism.

Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals.

It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general.

This present volume is the second of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups.

This present selection contains some correspondence with Order novices which seeks to explain what is expected of a Satanic novice. It also contains letters which continue some of the themes of letters in Volume I - in particular human sacrifice and the nature of other groups describing themselves as 'Satanist'.

Order of Nine Angles

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England

9th September 103yf

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Enclosed please find a copy of a reply to a letter by Mr. Austen here in the U.K. With his letter, he included a copy of yours to Mr. Bolton in which you made mention of me. Thus, I considered a letter from me to you to be in order.

Apropos of sacrifice. To the material originally published, to which you took exception, there has now been added much more - and some of these MSS are enclosed since they might be of interest. You will probably regard the publication of this material as 'mistaken' - among other things.

I, however, regard it as necessary at this moment of time, for three fundamental reasons. (1) It expresses what traditional Satanists regard as Satanic practice: i.e. Satanism in action. (2) It restores to Satanism that darkness which belongs to it. (3) Such distribution of such material is a part of sinister strategy - an exoteric aspect of this being an obvious dialectic: opposition, synthesis, change.

If you study the literature we have made available on this subject, you may appreciate that what is stated is rather different from what most assume or believe is stated. [I refer to the MSS "Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II"; "Victims - A Sinister Expose"; "Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers" and so on.] We are expressing the philosophy of the noble and the strong in forthright terms - not shying away from difficult issues, not pretending we, as Satanists, are some kind of altruistic, pacifist, kind folk who are 'mis-understood'. The fundamental principle behind the action is that some people are worthless - and, because of their deeds and character, do not deserve to live. In fact, that their demise is healthy - akin to an act or acts of 'natural justice'. This is a statement of genuine Satanism - as is the statement that opfers are human culling in action. The MSS make it quite clear that opfers - victims for Satanic sacrifice - deserve what they get: they have been judged, tested, and found suitable. Thus, no victim can be 'innocent' or a child. It is the deeds of those chosen which condemns them.

It is to be expected that you will not find this acceptable. I could give many examples of creatures who by their actions have shown themselves to be worthless - who deserve to die. Any individual who possesses a noble character, who understands the concept of 'honour',will know what is meant here - they will have a healthy instinct, not be perverted by the sickness of the Nazarene, and so will possess real judgement. Accordingly, I will give a general example in the hope of explicating the matter. [A few specific examples are given in the MSS.]

Those who adhere to the real philosophy which underlies Satanism [to be precise I suppose I should say 'philisophy of life' rather than just 'philosophy'] accept that battle, war, combat and conquest are necessary - the strong thrive, the weak perish. And perhaps most important of all, through struggle character is bred - and individuals exposed for what they are: noble or ignoble; brave or cowardly. In battle, there is no hiding place - words are no good, it is deeds which count. Intellectual sophistry is of no avail - one either is noble, or one is not. In facing death, there is truth - within each one who faces death. I quote from a fragment of an ancient Greek poem which is of interest here (my translation):

"Noble and glorious is he who fights
For his folk and family against the foe.
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -
Bringing to an end the thread of life -
Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts

When battle is joined:
There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals
Even they claiming descent from the gods.

Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled to their home -
But even there, their fate of death awaits:
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.

All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,
Exalted by those who behold them
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."

[Kallinos.]

In battles, people die. Someone kills them. In an important sense, a battle is a culling - a test, a trial by the gods. A warrior society (such as that of ancient Greece or Rome) is one where what I call 'Satanic' values are upheld. There is no guilt about certain things, no morbid 'ethics' to condemn certain things, like conquest and combat. There are warrior gods - gods to whom sacrifices are made. In a sense, those slain in battle are offerings to these gods.

Of course, some of these attributes are instinctive - certain deeds and beliefs arise from a 'thinking with the blood' rather than from cerebral contemplation. As such, they describe the individual of action rather than the gentle Nazarene mystic or the monkish philosopher. The morality of such a society re-presents natural justice - a balance, and, as mentioned above, a part of this is that some people are worthless.

As you are aware, this morality, this natural balance, has been supplanted by a morality deriving from the Nazarene - in the societies of the West, at least. The result, as someone once wrote, is a slave-morality rather than a master-morality: the celebration of the coward and the psuedo-intellectual (whose abstract cleverness is esteemed more than the judgement born via experience), and the demise of the warrior, the noble of spirit. This has resulted in the proliferation of human dross - for every 'human' life is regarded as somehow 'sacred' or at least worth something.

It is in this context that the 'Sacrifice' MSS should be understood. They espouse truths about worth and character - truths which are really heretical. And Satanic. That you and some others who profess to be Satanists have joined in the chorus of condemnation is interesting.

The real difference between the action advocated in these heretical writings and warriors in battle is, of course, that the former are rational, calculated acts. They arise from assessment, a judgement.In effect, they are morally superior because of this - because they are conscious and deliberate. In this, lies their Satanic essence. They do not arise from an uncontrolled personal desire. They are not performed by weak persons in thrall to their desires or their unconscious or indeed anything. They derive from a higher, ethical, understanding - from the experience of character. In brief, from real Wisdom, an overview. I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

The same applies, although more so, to those actions which result from the implementation of sinister strategy - or, rather, which can and occassionally have, resulted from such strategy. To wit, wars; disruption, conflict. Things which achieve certain sinister goals, which aid evolution, change. Since you claim the title 'Satanic Ipssimus' you should really understand all this - and have the insight to perceive what I and others have been trying to do all these years.

That you castigate my work from an 'ethical' standpoint makes me wonder two things. First, have you the understanding and the insight but for tactical reasons connected with the structure and strategy of the Temple of Set prefer to write and speak otherwise? Or, second, whether you do, in fact, lack the insight and understanding of even a real Satanic 'Master of the Temple' not to mention the

stages beyond?

I state what I understand to be Satanic truths openly and honestly - for example, what Satanism means and implies both for the individual and aeonically (particularly this latter) - while the Temple of Set seems intent only on creating a 'good public impression', with promoting an 'image'. This 'image' is of a respectable, ethical religion. Of course, I have heard it said, that the real work of the Temple of Set is hidden from those who have not proved themselves loyal members - or something similar. If this is true, then who is being deceitful? Who is using duplicity? If it is not true - that is, there is nothing beyond this 'image', this playing at Satanism - then the Temple is meaningless, in aeonic terms, and probably in personal terms as well. I hide nothing - the ONA hides nothing. All its teachings are now accessable. There are no 'secrets', no doctrines for an 'inner circle' of trusted acolytes. The only thing that is secret, is connected with the identity of members - for obvious tactical reasons.

This brings me to the ONA itself. It is not a fictitious organization used as a front by myself. Its members are few, and for the most part stay well away from 'the Occult scene' and other organizations. But I imagine you and others in the Temple will continue to claim otherwise, and repeat ad nauseam your claims. Personally, I do not care - the other members do not care, for we all know such claims bolster the image of the Temple of Set.

On the personal level, I do not hide behind a claim like having an Infernal Mandate. I cultivate no personal, demonic, image. I do not claim that what I teach and write is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What I teach or write is the result mostly of my own experiences, my own creativity, my own insight. It should be judged on that basis - whether it is useful, it works, is significant. It should be judged by others on its merits. I did inherit some teachings from she who instructed me before and after one of the many Satanic Initiations I underwent. But even these are to be judged on their merits - they are not sanctified. Some of them are merely fables. Some derive from other scources and traditions (e.g. the alchemical one). Some, like Esoteric Chant, seem original. Whatever - it does not really matter. They are all means; steps to something beyond. They serve a purpose and then are mostly discarded. It is for each and every individual to judge them.

Maybe a fruitful dialogue will result from this letter. Maybe not. One trouble with playing a role, and maintaining a standing in an organization, is that it is often difficult to admit one is mistaken - and that someone, or some others, may be just as 'advanced' as oneself. One strives so hard not to 'lose face'.

I, fortunately, can just be myself. I am not infallible - have no position or even 'authority' to defend. Accordingly, I send you my best wishes.

Regards,

Stephen Brown

Temple of Set
Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147
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Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

August 21, 1992CE

Mr. Kerry R. Bolton
P.O. Box 38-262
Petone, Wellington
New Zealand

Dear Mr. Bolton:

Thank you for your 8/13 letter. While I did not dictate the contents of Magister Austen's 8/5 letter to you, and did not see it until after it had been sent, I did indicate to him that he was welcome to express his concerns to you. I think he did so fairly and reasonably and in keeping with the standards of ethics the Temple feels it is important to maintain in our contacts with other organizations and individuals.

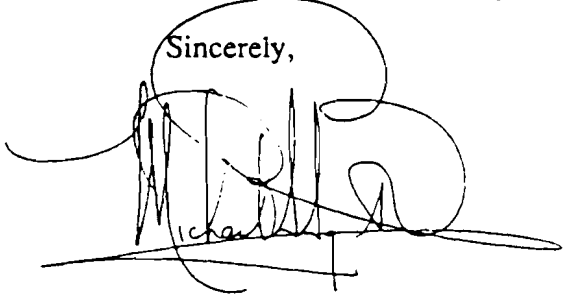
In the past the Temple of Set has not formally "proscribed" any other organization, though individuals within the Temple have made known their evaluations of organizations and individuals when it seemed that such might be advocating or practicing behavior incompatible with our ethics, hence running the risk of reflecting badly upon any Setian, and by implication the Temple as a whole, found to be involved. This is something we have tried to do carefully and fairly, since Setians' freedom of speech and association is important to us.

What Magister Austen attempted to do was to set certain facts in front of you and point out that you were embarrassing the Temple, and risking your own reputation as a defender of ethics in the Satanic religion, by doing any degree of business with the persons in question. He welcomed further dialogue with you in an effort to resolve any confusion over the matter. While I am sorry that you decided to resign your Temple affiliation immediately in lieu of such further dialogue, it does relieve us from this awkward situation. It is none of the Temple's concern whom non-affiliated individuals endorse, publicize, or promote.

I must note one correction to your letter: I have never "acknowledged the æonic work or creativity of the ONA" - as the "ONA" is simply a fictitious organization used as a front by Mr. Myatt. I did say that I found Myatt himself to be articulate and intellectual - and that I accordingly regretted his duplicity, plagiarism, and advertisement of "Satanic human sacrifice" accordingly.

You have done the Prince of Darkness a great service in your defense of his name against the hate-propagandists in your country who have tried to distort and dishonor it. I am ever mindful of that, and wish you well in the future. Please feel welcome to contact us at any time.

Sincerely,



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David Austen
Magister Templi IV°

2nd September 1992

Dear Mr Brown/Long/Mayatt

Many thanks for your letter 18th August for the contents there-in and the enclosures.

May I first take you up on the assumption that I lack in my research. Until the present time you have met with three persons who were or ultimately became affiliated to the Temple of Set viz Martin [redacted], Rosemary [redacted], and Vivienne [redacted] I understand your favourite meeting point to be the Devils Elbow or armpit or whatever. S[redacted] met Anton Long, W[redacted] did not say what name was used in her meeting but B[redacted] met Stephen Brown all describe the same person. Now being perfectly frank I really do not care what you call yourself or how many people you play at being perhaps you might like to acquire a different typeface for each and suitable graphological changes to each signature.

The information I have refered to in writing to Mr Bolton was obtained from the afore-mentioned sources and Martin [redacted] also afforded me the opportunity to read the *BOOK OF WYRD*. I found the subject matter well written, well presented and quite informative.

Taking that material and balancing it out against the rendering of the Rite of the Nine Angles it shows the work of the RNA to have its origins in the Satanic Rituals of Anton LaVey. For in my experience of the Prince of Darkness is that when he moves to work in partnership with an Initiate he interfaces with the bodies own brain data banks. Thus one *persons* experience of *Tapping into the Source* would be as individual in the human difference.

As far as the Temple of Set is concerned. The TOS operates the iceberg policy most of its work is hidden from view. However as a legally constituted church we do have to provide some public interface. Wether or not that fits in with your notion of the way things should be is of little consequence to myself or the Temple of Set.

I do not *refer to myself as a Master of the Temple.* I am a Master of the Temple and have tasted of all of the basic experiences your letter outlines. However I have absolutley no intention of discussing such matters in an open letter to a perfect stranger. Likewise I do not think I have enough paper to do a reply justice!

The accent of the Temple is on individuality, not the sheep mentality, I choose at this present time to operate within the Temple of Set. My own written work is suitably catalogue within the Temple's archives, and various magazines. I do not use somebody elses rituals I write my own.

Whilst the material quality of the ONA's writings are excellent they are spoilt by the domination of a huge ego at work behind the whole "organisation". The contribution of the ONA or yourself to Satanism is great retarded by the duplicity this ego enjoys. Were this not the case you would not have written to me in the first place.

Thank you once again for the material I will read it through, I have read one FENRIR before, it was quite interesting.

I enclose Dr Aquino's reply to Boltons letter 18th/8.

If you are in London at any time and fancy debating this further then let me know.

My Regards

David Austen

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
SY1 2ZZ

6th September 1992 eh

Dear Mr. Austen,

Thank you for your letter, and also a copy of the Aquino/Bolton letter, both of which were of interest.

Regarding the question of my 'ego' - yes, I naturally wish my own work, both magickal and non-magickal to be both remembered and useful: that is in the nature of any artist, even if they are unaware of it. It is part of the quest for excellence:that quality which inspired the ancient Greeks and which imbued so much of the 'Faustian' civilization whose end we are living through.
But above and beyond this, I have a purpose or intent which is esoteric and genuinely sinister. By my letters, my writings, my actions, I construct an image and imbue it with certain energies. This is deliberate, a tactic to achieve certain specific esoteric goals, and these goals really have little to do with egotism.

In the past, I have used fables and a variety of names for good reasons. The obvious reasons are : (a) regarding fables - to test others, in accord with proceedures established for those who wish to become members; (b) pseudonyms - to protect my professional work, and the confuse the media/Nazarenes. Some time ago, I chose a profession in order to achieve something specific in terms of sinister strategy. Until that aim was achieved (as it now is, on one level)* pseudonyms were necessary.

The less obvious reasons are connected with long-term goals. Most of the things/actions which you and others castigate as arising from 'egotism' were calulatingly done, as I mentioned above, to achieve esoteric goals. I will return to these later, since they are important in understanding the ONA, and since you might be interested in them, having the experience to appreciate them.

But to return for a moment to the question of the term 'Nine Angles' and the various rites and so on where the symbolism is employed. As mentioned in my previous letter, the 'Book of Wyrd' was essentially a fable. Chris Bray originally agreed to publish it and intended to 'hype' sales by various advertising ploys. This would have generated quite a lot of interest. The book was never intended to represent what at that time were the esoteric teachings and rituals of the ONA - it was basically an 'introduction' to the Order. Because the ONA version of Satanism was so different from what then was regarded as Satanism (basically the Church of Satan - few at the time in the U.K. knew of the Temple of Set) some common reference points were deemed to be necessary. One of these was a text called 'The Nine Angles' which appeared in the Book of Wyrd. This, and some of the rituals, was taken from a manuscript used by a group called 'The Temple of the Sun'. While this was a Left Hand Path group, it was not the ONA, nor even a part of the ONA, at the time the manuscript was written. (This was mentioned in the original Introduction to the Book of Wyrd.) Most of the (few) members left in this Temple did in fact join the ONA.

The esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles is given in several Order MSS, all of which have now been published in zines such as 'Fenrir' [one appeared in 'Brimstone'] and in works like 'Hostia'. As I mentioned to you in a letter dated 3.x.88 ev, the Nine Angles are understood as 'gates' (or nexions) to the acausal, seven of these being the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. But beyond this, the nine re-present the pieces of The Star Game - a new form of magickal working appropriate to the next century.

The fact that copies of 'The Book of Wyrd' are still being read, for whatever reasons, is indicative of just how successful the pre-publicity of Mr Bray was. And the fact that its fables, intended to get people thinking for themselves, are not understood as fables is indicative of something else!

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* I now move on to other tasks, and soon a new way of living - as is befitting, to gain even more experience.

While on this matter, you write that one individual, tapping 'into the scource' would produce something individual - by which I presume you mean something different. While this is true sometimes - it is not true all the time, particuarly in acts of sinister magick. It depends on the intent of that magick. For instance, consider The Black Mass. In most genuine Satanic versions, this is more than a mockery of the Nazarene mass - and more than a catharsis for the individual. A genuine Black Mass "tunes into" the magical energies often produced by the Nazarene ritual, and then alters them in a sinister way, to produce changes or effects 'in the world' and in susceptible people. These 'energies' exist in the psyche, and are accessed in ritual and via magic(k)l workings. The same is true of archetypal forms - these can be accessed by appropriate rites, and then altered/distorted by sinister desire. These changes then have an influence on the unconscious of those affected by the archetypes. Further, one individual may do a 'magickal' working and access some of the energies/archetypal forms - and then re-presence them in the causal (the conscious world) perhaps by an artistic image or by an article or by a 'ritual'. Whatever, the 'original' energies re-emerge, perhaps in a new form, but still with some semblance to the original.

What Aquino created in his Nine Angles rites was essentially Lovercraftian. Where did he acquire the term 'nine angles' itself? Did he create it? He certainly created his nine angles as being the 5 points of the pentagram and the 4 edge angles of the phi-trapezoid. Or was there in existence before the creation of this rite by Aquino an esoteric tradition (however vague) concerning nine angles based on an entirely different concept - i.e. the angles formed by a di-tetrahedron enclosing the spiral path which links the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd? The septenary tradition is well-established in many versions - some alchemical, as evident in some alchemical manuscripts. Because of the Golden Dawn, and Crowley, the qabalistic tradition of 'ten' became the accepted norm in the Occult world - i.e. it was regarded as the "authentic esoteric tradition". The septenary tradition was never mentioned - until the ONA published the correspondences and so on of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd. Part of this tradition concerned Esoteric Chant, and here we may be getting to the ground of the problem.

Lovecraft created a fine sinister atmosphere via a mythos. He evoked a primal awareness of something sinister - something 'nameless'. That is, almost beyond words. To evoke this primal consciousness, language is useless. What is needed is something else. Aquino understood this, and so created his Nine Angles rites using not words, but almost primal sounds (most people probably did not understand the difference). In his creation, therefore, he was re-shaping what Lovecraft had created. But was this solely Lovecraft's creation? Or did Lovercraft by some means 'access' certain levels of consciousness (pre- or sub- if one prefers) and so re-present via the creative medium of writing some of the energies already present on those levels? He certainly evoked, despite what others see as his literary limitations, a primal energy which possessed more of the sinister than the accepted 'sinister' accessable in works of demonology, Grimoires and Crowley - at that time.

The tradition of Esoteric Chant (given in full in 'Naos' and recent issues of 'Fenrir') maintained that by certain chants (patterns of sound energy) certain sinister energies could be evoked. That is, these sounds, if faithfully reproduced, could access primal, sinister, energies - could, in fact, invoke the Dark Gods. However, by 'chants' I mean something specific - not merely 'chanting' words as chants are often understood today: one has to hear them to know what is meant.

I certainly did not 'create' Esoteric Chant - it is one of the few traditions inherited. It certainly evokes the sinister. The question is has what it represents been accessed by others, perhaps unconsciously? For example, by Lovecraft; by Aquino. What Esoteric Chant is, as a magickal technique, has been mentioned in what is now and has been 'accepted' as the Western esoteric tradition - the power of sound, to transform, to evoke, destroy and create. It is, in effect, part of esoteric legend.

All this, while quite interesting, takes us away somewhat from the contents of your letter! To conclude this question of the 'nine angles', I can only repeat

what I have said and written many times: the ONA uses the term in a specific way, connected with the septenary system, and does not derive it from Aquino, LaVey or Lovecraft or whomsoever. If others choose not to accept this, that is fine.

Regarding the Temple of Set members (or those who later became members) that I met. Those whom you mention, were just three individuals out of nearly 150 individuals I met between 1985 eh and 1990 eh who were interested in the Order.

One whom you mention, essentially just wanted to discuss things and talk about magick and the LHP - this person was not really interested in following the methods of the ONA. Another person whom you mentioned, desired a 'Master' in most senses of that term, while the other one was apparently merely curious, although possessed of a certain insight and a Satanic understanding. At my meeting with all of these, I stressed that the effort and commitment was theirs and theirs alone, that discussion of the means and ideas was basically irrelevant, and that it required hard, individual, work over many years.

As to the meeting places, these were chosen deliberately, either to provide them with an initial effort (and ensure they were alone - hence the isolated location) or to de-glamourize both myself and the Order, or indeed to do both. Most who enquired about the Order expected to find a La Vey or Aquino figure, suitably clothed, and a glamourous location. Their image of a 'Satanist' was conventional, and to destroy that image was a good starting point. This applies even to the 'intellectual' types - who consciously knew the image was false, but who often still unconsciously expected/hoped that image to be fulfilled.

Of all those I met in those years, only a few actually began to follow our system of training - most were not suitable to the Order and/or did not take their intitial interest any further (mostly after realizing we worked on an individual basis and did not offer what they had expected). Of the few who did venture along the path, most gave up after some months or years. But the very few who remain are sufficient, at this moment in time.

Of course, I told some 'fables' to some people I met initially and sometimes on other occassions. And of course I, and a few others, tested all those who applied for membership - often without them being aware they were being tested. During the years mentioned, I was searching for suitable individuals, trying to recruit a few individuals to undertake specific esoteric tasks connected with sinister strategy - as well as weeding out the undesirables. I was not interested in gaining 'converts', in mere numbers, in playing the 'role' of all-knowing 'Master'. The proceedures, which included the odd meeting places and much else, were designed to select, to test - they had a sinister intent. I never claimed to be 'ethical', just as I have never said or written that the ONA is an 'ethical' organization. What was necessary to achieve specific aims, was done. Years, ago, while living in the Far East, I trained in a certain Martial Art - the proceedures and tests used by Masters of that Art make the ones I used seem tame!

Since the aims of that period were achieved, the 'open' policy - of the Order being easily accessable and thus the tests and proceedures required - is no more. We have moved on to the next phase of our strategy.

Before describing something of this strategy, perhaps I should add that I write 'we' with intent. Despite what Dr. Aquino and yourself, and some others, have and do claim, the ONA is a functioning Order comprising more than one or even two individuals. We do not compare to the Temple of Set in numbers - for a variety of reasons, most of them intentional. The members are secret and secretive - and mostly they work on their own, receiving only guidance and advice on an individual basis. They do form, as part of the tasks of a novice, a Temple or group of their own, to perform ceremonial magick and gain certain Satanic skills, such as manipulation of people, playing a 'role'. They recruit their own members - and have complete freedom: they can find their own moral and ethical limits. No one constrains them by any set of rules, or even any guidelines. They gain their own experience, find their own standards and make their own mistakes. All new members have one and only one Order contact, who guides and advises. They seldom if ever meet other members - or even correspond with them. The quest is theirs; they must develope strength

and a unique, individual, character. They have no 'image' to follow - no 'Master' to copy or imitate. We seek no assurances from members - they can say and do and write what they will; associate with whom they please.

Regarding esoteric sinister strategy. As I wrote at the beginning of this letter, on a very basic level, there is an image of the ONA, created in part by letters such as this, by 'Fenrir', by works published and distributed. This image has been created, with conscious deliberation, to achieve something. One aspect of this, is our image of Satanism - i.e. what the ONA understands Satanism to be. This stands in contrast to the Temple of Set. A part of this image is our understanding of Satanism as really evil, as involving dark deeds. In brief, an alternative view of Satanism is presented. This in itself is creative - it engenders response, and in some, a self-assessment, a reflexion on the nature of Satanism itself. There is a dialectic in operation - not only via the obvious mediums, such as letters, articles, discussions, but also magickally, on the magickal level. Another aspect, is our techniques and methods - a contribution, which engenders growth. There are many other aspects - and I believe Dr. Aquino may be aware of some of them, and understand, as you might, the dialectic in this aspect.

But this level is quite basic, and while important, is so because it is a causal connection, an 'earthing'. What is really important, is the Aeonic aspect - using magick and non-magickal forms and means to achieve aeonic goals. Basically, this means changing evolution - on one level, changing society; on another level, creating a new type of individual, by guiding others to become Adepts and to go beyond Adeptship.

To achieve the strategic goals, certain tactics have to be used. This means involvement 'in the world' by some individuals/members - for instance, the disruption of society, the creation/manipulation of certain forms, the guiding of others. To be more precise, the strategic goal is the emerge of a Satanic aeon, and thus a Satanic society - in effect, the emergence of a new species. This will take time - centuries, in fact. But aspects can be created now, and the future prepared for, controlled to an extent by using certain magickal energies and by creating certain forms. One such aspect may be an 'Imperium' - a type of society which restores balance and which is anti-Nazarene in essence. To aid this, disruption of existing societies and norms is required together with an aiding of Imperium-type forces. One part of this is actively aiding such forces; another is 'seeding' susceptible minds with certain (sinister) energies to influence them, perhaps to disrupt (and thus create a reaction to that disruption), perhaps to aid the sinister.

All this might seem complicated and/or confusing. But it really is quite simple - at least when explained in context and in detail! But the strategy and the tactics arise from Aeonics - which is a rational assessment of our being, and how societies and civilizations arise and decline, and can be manipulated by magickal means. If you are interested, I am sure a personal meeting with someone (not myself) can be arranged for this and other similar matters to be discussed.

As I wrote in a letter to Dr. Aquino some years ago, there was a purpose behind doing certain things - a purpose not obvious to most. But this esoteric purpose should be accessable to Satanic Adepts, whatever organization they outwardly adhere to. This should have been most obvious in the matter of the ONA itself - in publishing certain material, such as relating to sacrifice. What I appear to do, is very different from what actually is being done. One is appearence; the other, essence. That you - and it seems Dr Aquino - still cannot see the difference is interesting. Or can you, but for tactical reasons prefer not to say so? The 'huge ego at work' is really a tactic used by the Prince of Darkness to achieve some of His Satanic aims - i.e. I, the ONA, my creations, are merely expressions of the sinister, of the Prince of Darkness at work in the world. Can you hear

Him laughing? Is this a Satanic jape?

However, unlike some, I do not claim a 'Satanic' authority. I do not claim that my work, or the ONA, or my 'authority' such as I possess, is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. I do not claim, nor need, an Infernal Mandate. I am, in one basic sense, the Adversary to they who claim a Satanic authority. I accuse. The ONA is heresy. Does this make the dialectic easier to understand in one particular sinister context? The Prince always challenges, always likes to test ... But there is much, much more.

As ever, it would be interesting to read your comments.

Best wishes,

Stephen Brown

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
25th September 1992 eh

Dear Kimberly,

Thank you for your letter of the 15th September. A copy of The Black Book of Satan, together with various other Order MSS, has been sent by seperate post.

By all means continue with your present affiliations - we impose no restrictions on members. They are free to associate with whom they please, and be members of other organizations of a Left Hand Path or Satanic nature. We simply offer advice and guidance to the individual, and that advice and guidance does not have to be followed - each member is expected to consider it, and then make their own decisions.

The same principle applies to the 'personal ethics' you describe - it is for you, as an individual, to decide what is or is not acceptable. We seek to foster a unique individuality, not a conformity of any kind, and therefore have no 'ethical standards' which members must conform to. They find their own standards in their own time, and thus really are mature individuals.

Regarding the tasks of a novice. What is important is that the novice undertakes tasks in the real world, and learns from them. The tasks can and do vary, according to the desire, interests and circumstances of the individual novice. It is suggested, however, that all novices organize their own group to perform ceremonial magickal rituals and to gain experience in people-manipulation. This is suggested, because it is considered important for a Satanist to have experience and knowledge of ceremonial magick - that is, rituals involving more than two or three people. The correct performance of such rituals - with a primal Satanic desire - developes certain abilities and brings an esoteric understanding. This task lasts for between six and eighteen months, depending on the novice who undertakes it. The exact number of people involved is not important. One of the abilities developed by this task is 'shape-changing'. By this is not meant the changing of one's physical appearence and so on, but rather the chameleon-like ability to blend into the background - to work unnoticed, secretly, without exposure. Most novices opt to form a clandestine group of less than ten other individuals - seeking out the right individuals who can be discreet and so on is an interesting challenge , the following of which developes certain skills in the person undertaking the challenge. A few novices go to the opposite extreme, and court 'exposure' - but that is their decision.

The purpose of the group that the novice forms also varies, depending on what the novice wants from the experience. Some wish to guide the members of that group along the Left Hand Path in an individualistic way; some wish to merely use the members for their own Satanic pleasure. It is, once again, the novice who decides. You have indicated that you would wish to do the former - that is, seek to make your members genuine Satanists, like yourself. This is excellent, and shows an understanding beyond the novice stage.

Because of your previous experience, it is not necessary for you to form a group, as outlined above, unless you feel it would be an interesting/worthwhile experience. The Black Book of Satan contains some useful information, should you decide to go ahead and form a group.

Often, another task of a novice is using politics. Once again, this is not mandatory. Politics is suggested because it offers opportunities to gain experience and to implement Satanism in a practical way. Further, politics can also aid what is known as 'the sinister dialectic of history' - basically, this means politics can help achieve Aeonic goals.

The use of politics, by Satanists, is often mis-understood, however. Politics is simply a tactic, used to achieve either personal insight of a novice, or to

bring about changes beneficial to Satanism in general. The Aeonic aim of Satanism is to create a new species - a race of truely free, individual, beings. This race will fulfil the potential of existence latent within us - a potential that only Satanism can truely realize. However, to achieve this aim will take time - many centuries. One aim of an organization like the ONA is to try and guide a few individuals toward Satanic Adeptship (and what is beyond) - to have some individuals fulfil that potential now. But the Aeonic aim means that the majority of people will fulfil that potential - will thus possess the understanding, insight and abilities of an Adept. To achieve this aim, certain things are considered necessary - and these things are the other aims of the ONA. Thus, the ONA is more than just another Satanic organization - it has a long-term strategy and commitment.

To achieve this 'ultimate aim', as mentioned above, certain things are considered necessary. One of these things is to undermine and destroy the creed and influence of the Nazarene - which is regarded as a sickness, something which emasculates us. Another is to create a society or societies imbued with Satanic ideals - not, of course, a society which is openly 'Satanic' (that is hopelessly idealistic, at least for the next few centuries). But, rather, one which expresses the essence of what Satanism really is. It is possible that real Satanists would be secretly behind the creation of such a society - i.e. they would be the 'powers behind the power-structures'. This, however, is not strictly necessary, as there are other, more subtle ways of gaining control.

The creation of such a society is only a stage toward the final aim - there would still be perhaps some centuries of work to be done. To achieve this society - this liberation of a large number of people, if you wish - certain other things have to done. One is to de-stabilize present day societies; another, is to spread heretical and Satanic ideas. To achieve change, conflict is necessary. This will mean upheavals, probably wars.

To some, these tactics will be abhorrent - but to a genuine Satanist, they are realistic. A Satanist understands human nature, and is prepared to act in the real world to foster and produce change in accord with Satanic goals. Of course, most people will not understand what a Satanist is doing or trying to do - they will see only the outward actions, not the motivation, the understanding, behind those actions.

Real change will not arise simply because some desire it - it has to be created, and to be created, there has to be people prepared to act, to do. Aeonics is all about understanding the forces which form, mould and change societies, civilizations and individuals, and a Satanist studies Aeonics, and then can, if they so desire, act in the real world. Their actions are based on knowledge, and, being Satanists, they can act ruthlessly if they need to. By so acting Aeonically, they are really fulfilling their potential. [Thus, it will be seen that Satanism is much more than simply Black Magick rituals or gaining personal pleasure and wealth.] They are also contributing to evolution - in fact, they are shaping evolution, playing at god, and thus being really Satanic.

This brings me back to politics. Politics is a tactical form - used to provoke or cause change, in the real world. To de-stabilize societies; to inspire the creation of new societies, and so on. Thus, a Satanist may become involved in politics to achieve something Aeonic (or merely to gain personal experience - but we will consider the Aeonic, as it is more significant). What that involvement is, each Satanist chooses for themselves, based on their understanding of Aeonics and sinister strategy. It could be, for instance, involvement with 'Right-Wing' extremism - aiding certain heretical views,and so on. Or it might be the opposite - aiding libertarian causes. What matters, is that the individual knows what they are doing, Aeonically - that is, they are trying to achieve something esoteric using the exoteric form of politics. Whatever the outward form, in terms of 'conventional/moral' views, all such individuals will be aiding Satanism, secretly - all will be acting to further Satanic goals.

Naturally, what we mean by 'Satanic goals' is different from what most other "Satanists" mean by such things. For the most part, these others have little or no knowledge and understanding of Aeonics, and possess no long-term strategy. In short, they do not really understand Satanism at all - for its essence lies in Aeonics, in this strategy.

Thus, in your own case, before deciding on whether you wish to undertake a directly political task, a study of Aeonics and sinister strategy would be required. Further, whether such a task is necessary, depends on your individual, unique Destiny. For some, such a task is not necessary. One of the aims of the 'seven-fold sinister way' is to help those who follow it to discover their unique Destiny - and one aim of the ONA is to aid its members to fulfil their Destiny once they have discovered it.

I trust this answers your question about the tasks of a novice in relation to politics! All the MSS which deal with Aeonics and sinister strategy are available, should you be interested either now or in the future. [The majority of ONA MSS are now available on one 16mm microfilm. Included are Aeonics MSS 'Naos', 'Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA', Volumes I & II, and the four volume 'Deofel Quartet'. I enclose a leaflet in case this is of interest.]

Being a member of the ONA simply means that the individual follows, or tries to follow, the path to Adeptship as outlined in various works including 'Naos'. The 'seven-fold sinister way' of the ONA is essentially a practical system of training - the various stages of that way are associated with some tasks, some magickal workings, some personal goals, and the gaining of esoteric knowledge and skills. All these things are known to work - that is, the tasks etc. associated with the stages, are derived from experience over a long period of time. They have proved effective in the past in producing genuine Adepts, Masters and Mistresses. Each stage of the Way is associated with a 'magickal grade', and this is achieved by the individual because he/she has developed the knowledge, skills, and insight of that stage by practical experience. The individual follows the Way in their own time. We offer advice and guidance, if such advice and guidance is saught - there are no 'hidden' teachings; nothing for a member to prove. Nothing is expected nor obligatory. The effort belongs to each individual - they must learn, discover, experience, for themselves. And make their own mistakes. A strong desire is required, and something of a strong character. We are not interested in mere numbers of members, in making the Way appear other than it is. The Way to real Adeptship is hard, and requires years of effort.

Works such as 'Naos' and 'The Black Book of Satan' are really practical handbooks - the MSS of the ONA make Adeptship available to all. There is no mystery about Adeptship - no special magickal formulae or ritual by which it can be gained. No one can confer it on another. We have kept nothing hidden - as we do not profess to be anything other than what we are: a small number of individuals, at varying stages of our personal development, striving to achieve something esoteric, for the benefit of ourselves and evolution. The ONA is not 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - I myself do not claim any 'Infernal Authority'. What we teach results from our own hard-won experience and insight. There is no attempt to 'glamourise' either our Way or the ONA itself - or indeed anyone within it.

The teachings are there to be studied and used. It is as simple as that - and as difficult as that. It is up to you to decide if they are suitable for you, and if they are, for you to begin what is a very difficult and dangerous quest.

All this, of course, means that very few indeed will begin. For this is not what they wish to read or hear. The ONA offers the reality; others, the illusions that have so blighted 'Occultists'.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

24th March 103yf

Dear Julian,

Your Order contact has said that you would be interested in a written clarification regarding the tasks of an Initiate - particuarly in relation to the 'secret' tasks.

If an Initiate decides that they do not wish to undertake some task or challenge - whether it be an exoteric one as given in 'Naos' or an esoteric one as given in the esoteric MSS - that is their decision. However, there are certain things which are **absolutely** necessary for Adeptship to be achieved - which, in fact, create Adeptship. Without these things, there can be no genuine Adeptship. The tasks given in 'Naos' and other Order MSS capture in their detail, the essence of what is required to create Adeptship: they give practical form to this essence. What matters, is that this essence is realized - the outer form can vary. Thus the given Order tasks are only one expression of this essence - there are others.

This essence - that which causes Adeptship, which transforms the individual in certain specific ways - exists in the following, all of which are necessary.

a) Undertaking and succeeding in demanding physical challenges - which challenges by this demanding nature involve stamina/determination: i.e. a 'mental' challenge.

b) Practical experience over many months, and on a regular basis, of both hermetic and ceremonial magick.

c) Exploring the archetypal symbolism of magick - e.g. the correspondences, the Tarot images, alchemical symbolism, chants, god/demon-forms etc. - in a practical way in a limited time.

d) Finding and working with in both a personal and magickal way, a companion of the opposite sex [or same sex, if so orientated].

e) Experiencing in real life situations involving danger, one's moral limits; facing one's possible physical death, and finding and surpassing one's intellectual limits.

f)Spending a period of at least three months living alone, in an isolated location without material comforts and without, for most of that time, seeing or speaking to anyone.

While to most, these may seem 'bizarre', they develope in the individual what must be developed for real Adeptship. For Adeptship, correctly understood, is an evolution of the individual - the development of the next stage of conscious evolution. It is a synthesis - a uniting of the elements (latent and overt) within the psyche: in conventional terms, the 'light' and the 'dark'; the conscious and the unconscious; the making conscious what is unconscious and the extension of consciousness into new realms. This means a self-insight; a self-understanding. And a supra-personal understanding and awareness - an empathy, particuarly with what is 'magickal': with those energies magick describes. In a limited sense, Adeptship is the emergence of a unique 'self' - a going-beyond the 'ego' stage: the development of a maturity; the prehension of wisdom.

The tasks by which Adeptship may be achieved are difficult. They have to be. They breed character - or they make failures. There is no easy way - show me someone who claims to be an Adept and who has not done all of (a) to (f) above - or very similar things - and I will show you a liar: be that person consciously lying or so deluded they do not realize they are lying.

Consider (a) - the absolute minimum standards required of an able-bodied person under about 45 years of age are **all** of the following. (1) Walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. (2) Running, in hilly/fell-like/mountain terrain, at least 20 miles in less than 2½ hours. (3) Cycling at least 200 miles in 12 hours non-stop. There can be no

excuses: one either succeeds, or one does not* There is no middle way.

All the above - i.e. (a) to (f) - describe the bare minimum of experiences which create an Adept. There are many others which provide a greater depth, a deeper character, and which can thus inspire the individual to go beyond Adeptship. For it should be remembered that the stage of Adept [which is Internal Adept in the septenary system] is only the fourth out of seven stages in the Occult Way.

The specific tasks which the Order suggests novices undertake - as given in 'Naos' and other MSS - are tried and tested methods. They work - they enable someone using them to achieve the goal of Adeptship in the shortest possible time. But they are not the only methods. None are easier, and most other methods take far longer to achieve the specific goal of Adeptship. As mentioned earlier, what matters is whether a method or methods capture that essence which creates Adeptship.

Returning to the physical challenges mentioned in (a) above and detailed further on. [The details given concerning the physical challenges - e.g. walking 32 miles with a pack in under 7 hours - are the ones used by the Order.] These challenges toughen the individual - they sort the proto-Adepts out from the failures, the armchair Occultists. All of these challenges require a hard physical and mental effort - require the person undertaking them to go through the 'pain barrier'. They usually require some training over a period of weeks and months. All require a self-discipline, and all are achievements of which the individual can be proud. All of gritty, earthy, in nature - they demand some character, and it is expected the effete, and/or psuedo-intellectual pretentious ill-disciplined slobs who make and infest the 'Occult scene' and who drift into various groups, Temples and organizations, will not like them. They will certainly not undertake them. Of course, many of these psueds will make all sorts of excuses as to why they will not take up such challenges - and most of these excuses will revolve around mystical/psuedo-intellectual ideas concerning what they describe as 'adeptship'. That is, they will describe Adeptship in terms which are acceptable to their own weak natures and lack of character - not to mention lack of real Occult insight and abilities. For decades, a meaningless and sterile concept of 'adeptship' has been pedalled by such charlatans. But the reality is as it is - and given the nature of the majority of individuals now and in the past, the majority will refuse to accept it, and quest after an illusory, soft, option.

We have exposed the reality. Individuals must consider the matter, and make their own choices.

As part of our long-term strategy, we will make the 'secret' Order MSS describing the secret tasks, available on a general basis within the next year. Thus, all the traditions and methods will then be available, without restriction. Everyone will then have a real choice - and Adeptship and the Grades will really be open to anyone.

If you have any further questions, do write.

Regards,

Stephen Brown

* Naturally, those who already train in running and/or cycling are given more difficult goals. For example, a runner would seek several PB's in a Marathon, and a cyclist at least 400 miles in a 24 hr. Time Trial.

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire

23rd September 1990 ev [101yf]

Dear Lea,

Many thanks for your recent letter. Regarding your question concerning the origin of the Order, the tradition is that the original teachings (such as empathic magick) derived from Albion:i.e. what has been called the 'Hyberborian' civilization. Gradually, the original understandings of that period were lost or became corrupted, with a few exceptions, notably the attempts to understand what we now call Aeonic progression (and the civilizations which derive from Aeons); how Aeons may be created/changed; the use of crystals to effect such changes, and the belief that Wisdom/gnosis (or what is now described by these terms) is attainable by following a certain Path or Way. The Druids are regarded as representing aspects of this by then corrupted knowledge. The figure known as 'Merlin' is regarded as one of the last of this line - the lone man of wisdom/magick, who understands the hidden order of things and who thus possesses insight. And who can give advice, if such advice is saught. [One other skill possessed by such individuals was prophecy: an empathy.]

However, it must be understood that this 'ancient wisdom' was not all that rational or complete. It was among the first attempts to consciously make sense/order out of Nature/the cosmos/the gods - a beginning, which later, more non-magickal traditions (such as Greek philosophy and early science) substantially added to. [A fuller account of such matters is contained in various Order MSS - such as 'Satan, Crowley and the Sinister Way', and 'The Dark Gods'; 'Physis - The Third Way of Magick'. I enclose copies of some of these.]

In essence, our knowledge has not decreased -in the esoteric sense. Rather, it has increased. Our ancestors were knowledgeable about certain esoteric matters, certainly, and some of them possessed genuine magickal skill. But there is more knowledge today about these esoteric matters - and a lot more known, concerning things they were ignorant of. There is also an equal magickal skill, an equal wisdom: but possessed by fewer individuals who possessed it in former times because to acquire this takes years, and requires living in a certain way - most 'Occultists' today are both too soft and too replete with Occult delusions/illusions.

Further, our knowledge is more rational, and thus not only more understandable, but also easier to deal with. That is, abstract systems have been developed to make it comprehensible, to extend the frontiers of our understanding. One of these is the Septenary system; another is alchemical symbolism. A more recent development is The Star Game.

But, returning to the original traditions themselves. According to tradition they survived in an area of the Marches - and this area is regarded as being the 'home' of Merlin. It is bounded in the North by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the East by what is now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the South by the river Teme. It is from this area that the Mistress who Initiated me came from. And she claimed that she herself was Initiated by someone who lived near this area. And so on, right back to the 'Dark Ages'. This, of course, is a tradition - with nothing to support it, except the legacy of teachings passed on to myself. [See the MS 'Concerning the Traditions of the ONA' (enclosed).]

Furthermore, there is a tradition concerning both King Arthur and Bron Wrgan (our twin Gate or nexion) linking them with Shropshire. Well, placing Camelot in Shropshire, if I am being honest. This has been a secret tradition - to guard the ancient sites, or at least where they are supposed to be. As with our other traditions, this will soon be revealed, discreetly - for it is considered the time is right for such revelations.

Since you have done some research into the various legends concerning Arthur you might be interested in this tradition.

A battle recounted in 'Perlesvaus' is placed, in local legend, near to Red Castle and Bury Walls in Shropshire - near the present-day hamlet of Marchamley. And Gonnore - better known as Gwinivere, Arthur's wife - is also regarded as from Shropshire - a place known as Old Oswestry. There are some other local legends connected with King Arthur. But many other places also have similar legends.

What is interesting, however, is that the secret tradition places Camelot and Arthur firmly within Shropshire - and names a place. Given this, the scattered local legends are seen in a new light: in a sense, confirming Arthur's presence in the area. The place is the town that the Romans knew as Viroconium. The 'lake', mentioned in the legend, is not far from this. But where, I will not say for the present, nor where the tradition relates Arthur to be buried (not too far, in fact). The romantic haze surrounding the Glastonbury area has served its purpose, in preserving the real sites until the time was right for them to be appreciated. Such a time is near.

On the surface, this may seem to have little to do with 'Satanism'. Your reading of 'The Giving' was perceptive, as your letter indicates. Satanism is a form, like any other - a "container" constructed in the causal world to effect certain changes. These are of an Aeonic kind. On the exoteric level, this form is Opposition, Heresy, Change - and also, on this basic level, a re-presentation of certain truths, of a certain spirit, or ethos, or way of living. With regard to the present Western civilization , it re-presents the original ethos, an ethos since distorted by the Nazarene and beliefs deriving from the Nazarene. This Western civilization is the outward expression of the Western Aeon - and this Aeon began in the time that Arthur and Merlin lived: the first practical, outward, effects on a large scale occurred (as they always do) some centuries later.

On the esoteric level, the form does several things - it maintains evolutionary development:the creativity, the inspiration that drives individuals and thence gives birth and maintains civilizations. On this level, it is beyond 'form', beyond transient (causal) opposites - and thus is 'nameless'. In a sense, it is the essence that is 'Satan'.

Thus the exoteric forms - the name, the rituals, the overt opposition to religion, and so on - are effective within the causal confines of those forms: i.e. the civilization. When the causal aims are achieved, another form or forms is chosen/developes naturally. On the practical level, this means that the Order is Satanic for this civilization - to effect changes upon the civilization. When the new civilization arises [if all goes to plan, around 2400 ev]then another outward form will emerge - in fact, it will already have emerged, to prepare the way for what is to be. Until such time, the outward form remains necessary.

There exists beyond whatever outward form in chosen/developes, the essence - and this is what is intimated in 'The Giving'. This essence is always and of necessity, Dark (viewed conventionally) - that is, creative, evolutionary, inspirational. And it always brings Change, Disruption, Opposition and so on. It is not a part of a dialectic process - it is the process itself.

The legends that have come down regarding Arthur are mostly Nazarene-influenced: i.e. distorted. But the originals can still be discerned. For instance, the first meeting between Arthur and his future wife, in the original, reflecting the actual events, is more pagan - she is presented to him naked from the waist upward: "... he beheilde her with a gladde chere, and saugh her pappes smale and rounde as two smale appelis that were harde; and her flessh whitter than snowe, and was not to fatte ne sklender; and he coveyted her gretly in his heart..."

(and the enclosed MSS)

I believe this/will answer your question. Since I anticipate that you will want to visit certain sites, I can meet you in Church Stretton and we can travel on from there. You might care to suggest some dates.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brook

Shropshire
16th September 1990 ev

Dear Miss Browning,

Thank you for your letters of the 13th and the 18th of July which were waiting for me on my return from a trip overseas - hence the delay in replying.

Since you have been candid and honest in your letters, so shall I be. As Creon says to Oedipus in the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' - "In reply to your speaking be as long in hearing my answer so you can, with knowledge, judge for yourself."

I appreciate that you were 'somewhat disconcerted' by the treatment you received at the meeting, as I know that no other organization does such things, as you surmised. And, yes, as you asked in your second letter, it was a kind of test.

Some individuals when they have realized they are, or were, being tested - in effect selected - have been indignant, even offended. They see themselves as 'victims'. Such reactions in some are expected, and show quite clearly that those concerned are unsuitable to begin serious training along the Left Hand Path.

It is a question of (a) desire to undertake what is a difficult quest; and (b) having certain abilities: some perception, some insight, some judgement - being able to be a little detached from immediate emotions.

These are important - for an Initiate of our Way. Those who do not possess the right character are not suitable and so are weeded out, quite ruthlessly at times. You yourself reflected on the matter, and came to certain conclusions - correct ones, actually. Thus, you have asked for another meeting, which will be arranged.

The conclusions you reached are important - for it is not I or some others in league with me who select, who decide who is suitable and who is not suitable. It is the individuals themselves. They make their choice. A crucial factor, as I have mentioned, is desire - a desire to undertake a quest along the Left Hand Path, regardless of the difficulties, the dangers, the problems, the illusions that will be encountered to begin with, particuarly when one is seeking a contact, a guide, an organization. Our tests are a first hurdle (or two) - and some [most, in fact] trip up, or cannot even see there is a hurdle there.

If a person cannot overcome the initial - mostly trivial - problems and difficulties and fables, then that person really has little chance of successfully following the path to Adeptship. If someone cannot be bothered to reflect and consider certain things, or really lacks the perception to intuitively understand the real character of the person met initially, then there is little or no latent ability of the Occult kind to develope via training. Or at least, not the kind of abilities a Satanist must develope.

These things are, as these things are. The Left Hand Path is selective; it is elitist. It cannot be made easy or easier - for that would in effect destroy its very essence. The Left Hand Path is not for the majority, or even for a minority. it is for the few. Quintessentially, the LHP is the way of the individual.

Of course, some who contact LHP individuals or groups may expect some sort of a test. But the ones we use are never what most expect. Thus you yourself - having had some experience of other 'LHP' groups, came expecting certain things: expecting the ONA to be similar. You met someone, who advised you to return later in the day [a first test, here]. You expected a ceremony of some kind - and perhaps a 'test' of the kind you were familiar with from the other 'LHP' groups. So you arrived, at the appointed place and time - to find only the person you met initially. He led you some way along a track, without saying anything. You followed. And after a rather steep climb, he stopped to tell you there was nothing awaiting you, and led you back down. He suggested another meeting, and left it to you

to write again. An expectation, an illusion shattered. Was the person you met just an idiot, having some fun? Perhaps a criminal intent on some ghastly deed? Or was he, as you came to conclude, actually someone of character who was testing your resolve?

Here, the expected 'Occult'/ceremonial form for the expected test was absent - it was just like an 'ordinary' incident. There was no obvious or even hidden clue to the fact that it was a test for a candidate seeking Initiation. Hence its effectiveness. And each such test is unique to the candidate - based on their expectations, even if these are, as with some, unconscious. These expectations are perceived by the person whom the candidate meets, because that person actually does possess the insight and abilities of an Adept. In essence, the expectations/ image of the candidate is used against them - reflected back, in one sense.

You mention various rumours you have come across concerning the ONA and some of the individuals connected with it. The rumours are not surprising, given the esoteric nature of the Order at present, and given the nature of the majority of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens. Neither is it surprising that these rumours are believed within what ismistakenly called the 'Occult fraternity'. In the Occult, as in most if not all other fields of endeavour, there are always those who, from a weakness of character and/or out of jealousy, cast aspersions. A person should be judged by their present character - not by their past or by rumours and certainly not by anything written about them in the 'Media' or elsewhere by those congenital liars and falsifiers mis-described as 'journalists'. For such a judgement, a personal meeting or meetings are necessary - and even then, a certain ability to judge: something not everyone possesses.

The same applies to an organization or group - it can only really be judged by someone studying its actions from a personal knowledge and by studying its teachings/methods/writings. A knowledge of its actions on a personal basis implies a knowledge of some of the individuals within that organization or group. It is to be expected, given the nature of some organizations, that they wish and/or need to enhance the reputation of that organization by denigrating other organizations and individuals. As ever, a certain discernment is needed - those who cannot see beyond or through the miasma emanating from certain organizations and individuals,lack the rudiments necessary for a genuine Occultist, never mind a Satanist!

On the question of what the next steps are. As I have written above, another personal meeting will be arranged. Before then, various Order MSS including a copy of 'Naos' will be sent to you for you to begin should you so wish the first stage of the quest along the Left Hand Path. This begins the process of self-discovery and practical experience of magickal forces or energies - and this is symbolized by an Initiation. We do not conduct ceremonial Initiations for new members. Each person undergoes their own - we suggest two forms, one given in 'Naos', and one given in 'The Black Book of Satan'. The effort and the commitment are and must be, yours. You will, however, have an Order contact with whom you will meet at places and times mutually agreed between you. This person will offer advice and guidance only. After some months of undertaking the initial tasks, we suggest that each new member tries to form their own Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial rituals - for example, as given in The Black Book. Most members find this - the recruiting of people, the performance of Satanic ceremonial rituals etc. - great fun: they enjoy playing the role of Satanic 'Priest/Priestess'. All this is experience, a learning, the development of qualities and skills necessary for an aspirant Adept.

The pace of these experiences are of your own choosing. And, it should be noted, the quest along the Left Hand Path is an individual one. The effort and the achievement are yours - we offer some guidance, and that is all. In a sense, the initial tests we have used for a long time to dissuade those who apply, show the real nature of the Left Hand Path itself - if an applicant is put off (and this usually means they

go and find a safer option - an 'easier' group) then they really do not understand what the Left Hand Path is all about, and neither do they possess the qualities or character to succeed along that Path should they begin such a quest.

I always inform those whom I meet, or write to, who enquire about the Order that the Left Hand Path and Satanism are concerned with the individual - they are the Way of the individualistic, strong person; the solitary magickian, the naturally defiant. The ones who question, who have genuine individual pride and who refuse to bow down before anyone or anything. The ones who can and need to work alone; that is, learning from their own experience - of a practical and magickal kind.

The Left Hand Path and Satanism are not 'theoretical' systems. They are not simply areas of esoteric knowledge. They are practical ways, involving real, dark experiences - **ways of living**. A Satanist, for example, lives life more intensely than others - experiences more, takes more risks. They take their living into new realms of existence - they explore, they discover, and thus they learn and grow. This is not easy.

For some time - due to the imitation softee 'Satanists' who abound - Satanism in particular has been seen as some kind of urbanized game: a playing at wizards with ghoulish imagery, 'Satanic rites' and comfy discussions and talks and research into 'satanic' traditions and myths. In reality, it is a living of the way of the "creative minority" - going to extremes, in real life; being 'Satanic' in one's way of living. Few possess the strength of character to live this way. But we have begun to expose to those who seek the Order, and those who read what we have written, the startling reality of genuine Satanism. That is, we have begun to contradict the softee, intellectualized image of 'Satanism' disseminated by the softee, intellectualized organizations who claim and have claimed to be Satanic.

I enclose some MSS which should be of interest in this respect.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

HOSTIA

Secret Teachings

of

The O.N.A.

Volume I

INTRODUCTION

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BAPHOMET - A NOTE ON THE [illegible]

BAPHOMET - A NOTE ON THE [illegible]

A [illegible] THE [illegible]

[illegible] SUMMIT

[illegible] SINISTER SUBJECT: THEMES AND [illegible]

THE SINISTER PATH - [illegible]

[illegible] DIVERSITY AND [illegible]

[illegible] ADVERSARIES [illegible]

NOTES ON THE [illegible]

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[illegible] TO OPEN [illegible]

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THE NINE ANGLES - ESOTERIC [illegible]

CROWLEY, SATAN AND THE SINISTER [illegible]

MINISTER'S GATE

[illegible] A BRIEF SATANIC ANALYSIS
[illegible] - A GUIDE TO [illegible]
[illegible] - THE SATANIC [illegible]
THE [illegible] OF SATANISM
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THE [illegible] OF THE NINE ANGLES
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THE SEPTENARY DICE GAME
THE SEPTENARY DICE GAME - [illegible]
DICE GAME: ADDENDUM
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[illegible] - A BRIEF PRACTICAL [illegible]
GRAND RITUAL - GRAND MAGICK/[illegible]
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AEONICS
AEONICS AND OTHER ASSOCIATED CIVILISATIONS
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Introduction

The present work contains esoteric manuscripts circulated among members of the ONA. The MSS contain further details of the sinister tradition of that Order and compliment the information about it already available in the books 'Naos', 'The Black Book of Satan' and 'The Deofel Quartet' as well as that published in the journal 'Fenrir'.

The aim of publishing these MSS is to make the rituals and methods of this sinister tradition available to all those who might be interested. Such publication, as will be evident, enables individual potential to be fulfilled, aiding the emergence of a new Aeon.

The Tradition of the Sinister Way

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - persuing different (and probably more complex)goals .

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfil it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being takne to the very limits of your endurence and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does <u>not</u> involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is <u>not</u> a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

O.N.A.

Aim:

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfillment of individual wyrd and potential.

Stages:

1) Neophyte; 2) Initiate;3)External Adept; 4) Internal Adept; 5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth; 6) Magus/Magistra;7)Immortal

Note: Initiates are sometimes known as 'Novices', Neophytes as 'Oblates'. External Adepts as 'Professed Brother/Sister'; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as 'Grand Master'.

Neophtye:

Tasks: Study of Esoteric tradition as given in Order MSS - particuarly Black Book, Naos, Azoth and 'Fenrir'. After this preliminary study (c.1 month) undertake ritual of Self-Initiation [Black Book] and construct simple form of the Star Game [Naos].

Initiate:

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail[Naos etc.] and begin workings with the spheres and the pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue with study and use of Star Game - relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal[e.g. running 20 miles in 2½ hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5½ hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these] train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and Initiate this individual [Black Book] and then undertake the workings with the spheres and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together.

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

*The first stage is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified with in the rite of Initiation and then symbolised in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These workings give practical expereince of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control, and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrd is symbolic of individual consciousness, both unconscious/ acausal ('sinister') and causal, as well as representing the forces/ energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal, by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it, is important because it enhances the vitality and developes personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, elan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking, finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with the 'anima/animus' energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enabling the use of sexual magickal formulae [qv Rite of Nine Angles etc.]. This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the 'ritualized' setting enables both practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This 'ritualized' setting is first the workings with the spheres and pathways, use of Star Game, and then later the organization

of a Temple [see below].)

External Adept:

Tasks: Organize a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the Black Book - the Ext. Adept as the 'Master'/ Mistress of this Temple, the companion as the 'MIstress/'Master'.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular sunedrions should be held [Black Book, for details. The Ext. Adept is called a 'Choregos' while running the Temple.].

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the Ext. Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and achieve it. [For example, running a marathon in less than 3 hrs (men) or 3hrs 30 (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hrs (4:45 if really determined) or walking 50 miles in 13 hrs.]

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

°Notes: The titles assumed by the Ext. Adept, the companion and those appointed by the Ext. Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honourary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title in the 'Seven Fold Way'. It is one of the tasks of the Ext. Adept ('Choregos') in running the Temple to appoint suitable members to fulfil the positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform members that the Temple is organized as part of the tasks/training of an Ext. Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to do so inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master - the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the ceremonial ritual [Black Book] by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organizes a Temple, provided that the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of an External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

*The tasks of an External Adeptdevelope both magickal and personal skills. The organizing and running of a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, this living vitalizing (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the 'shadow' - the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as the further confrontations with the anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual - a wyrd revealed through the ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept:

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant [Note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction.].

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game['cliology' etc.].

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: 'natural' and/or 'chthonic' according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Abyss.

Master/Mistress:

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are three-fold: the teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organized Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particuarly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialize in a particular field.

***

°General Notes:

The Initiate stage lasts between six months to a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

Fundamental books, manuscripts etc:
*The Black Book of Satan [Re-issued 1989 ev: a complete guide to sinister ceremonial rituals and organizing a Temple] 63 pages
*Naos [A guide to hermetic workings, basic septenary system and the Star Game] 65 pages
*Azoth[An introduction to more advanced septenary workings] 38 pages
*Falcifer [A fictional account of noviciate training] 103 pages
*Temple of Satan [A fictional account of confrontation with anima/aminus in a sinister context] 109 pages
*Advanced Star Game 5 page MS
*The Forbidden Alchemy 4 page MS [Note:published in 'Fenrir' no.8]
*Rite of the Nine Angles (and other Order MSS)

*****

Insight Roles - A Guide

As stated in several esoteric Order MSS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in the various guides to the 'seven-fold Way', which guides were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS 'The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way.' One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an "Insight Role".

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living in a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific 'role'. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role do not realize the novice is playing a 'role'. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also developes certain skills - some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgement and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develope Satanic character. Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake - the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be. [qv. the now deleted Order MS 'Insight Roles' I & II.] The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective noviciate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the Sinister Way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation 'Satanists' who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it often brings them into conflict and confrontation - with others, and themselves. Fourth, it tests them - forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Or, of course, it destroys them - or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices - to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice from the roles outlined below. It must be undertood that: (a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must of one of them; (b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the Internal Adept rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and after the completion of the tasks outlined in the MS 'The Seven Fold Way - A Comprehensive Guide' (i.e. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of External Adept). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when he/she is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of an External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two Insight Roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience - but requires a demonic commitment.

During some of the roles, the novice should try and keep their Satanic views and beliefs secret, and become in fact a shape-changer, a chameleon.

The Roles:

° Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months to one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.

° Become a professional burglar, targetting only victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (e.g. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area - e.g. Fine Art, jewellery - and become an 'expert' in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.
° Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by, e.g. becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all 'right-thinking people' as an extremist, and a dangerous one.

° Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at 'the sharp end' and being a servant of a higher authority. *

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (i.e. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All the roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the sinister way. All will expose you to difficulties.
Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role - e.g. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items and so on.

The essence of these Insight Roles can be succinctly stated: Incipit Vitriol.

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* Note: In times of actual War, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The Order MS "The Seven Fold Sinister Way - A Comprehensive Guide" details the tasks and so on which an individual following the sinister path must undertake in order to reach Adeptship and beyond. That 'Guide', however, is exoteric. There are, in addition, esoteric tasks to be undertaken. These tasks have remained secret by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are 'a-moral'. Such esoteric tasks are revealed following a Satanic Initiation.

Further, to understand these tasks, it is necessary for the Initiate to be familiar with, and in agreement with, the secret teachings explicated in the various esoteric MSS - for example, 'The Hard Reality of Satanism', 'Satanism, Sacrifice & Crime', 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice', 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers', 'Victims - a Sinister Expose', 'The Practice of Evil in Context'.

For a long time, the matters mentioned in these secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for the teachings and practices so transmitted to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, this has now changed.

Accordingly, this MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these tasks - and the others detailed in the MS 'The Seven Fold Sinister Way - A Comprehensive Guide' - are both required and necessary: without them, there can be no genuine advancement along the way, for such tasks develope that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the Satanist.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the Initiate, over a period of years. It involves ordeals, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult abilities born - only thus is an Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation and after undertaking the tasks of a Neophyte as given in the 'Guide' MS:(a) find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (such as a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary 'hanging' the game until it is ready) and (when ready) cook and eat it. "Game" in this context means [for the U.K.] venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl and so on. In effect, you are assuming the 'role' of hunter.

(b) obtain, from a Nazarene place of worship, some 'hosts'. If you are seeking Initiation into an established group, this will be your test of fidelity (etc.) and the hosts will be used in the celebration of the Black Mass. If you are undertaking a self-Initiation (as for example given in The Black Book of Satan)then immediately following this rite you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing while the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of Initiation and following completion of the tasks as given in the 'Guide' MS, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an 'Insight Role'. [See the MS 'Insight Roles - A Guide'.]

External Adept:

(a) With the Temple (formed as one of the tasks of an External Adept - see the 'Guide') perform a Black Mass with hosts obtained by a neophyte of the Temple wishing Initiation.

(b) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable victims, using the general guidelines for so selecting, and undertake the relevant tests. The victim or victims having been chosen, perform The Death Ritual with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide and undertake a culling either during a suitable rite (e.g. the Ceremony of Recalling) or via practical means. You may elect to do this latter yourself, or you may nominate a trusted, suitable member in good standing to undertake this for the glory of the Temple, using a method of your own devising. At the same time, perform a Death Ritual.

It must be stressed - (i) the victims must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the various Order MSS; (ii) those chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the relevent MSS; (iii) the acts or acts of culling may arise from your own implemenation of Satanic strategy and tactics or from one of the members of your Temple who is fulfilling Satanic wyrd by some role or Satanic act, that member having elected to follow the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path,to undertake.

These secret tasks, together with the tasks and ordeals and rites described in the 'Guide' and explained in detail in the books "Naos" and "The Black Book of Satan" (and explicated in the various Order MSS contained in 'Hostia I/II' and 'Hysteron Proteron')represent the Way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority. Some who profess to be Satanists (and who may be seeking a Satanic Initiation in an established Order)will read them, or hear of them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled. 'They are not necessary' they or some others will say, fearing to really begin following the reality of the Left Handed Path as marked out by those tasks.

But Satanism and the Left Handed Path are as they are - dark, dangerous, difficult and full of diabolic ecstasies. So it is, so it has been and so shall it be - to enable evolution while the fearful majorities in their sloth and delusions continue their morbid existence.

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Selling Water By The River

Question: What is Satanism?
Answer: Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we all as individuals can achieve far more than we realize during our lifetime. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, does and can be made to bring. We are gods when we awake.
Q:How do you then understand magick?
A: Magick is essentially the opening up of areas of consciousness latent within all - a means of changing the individual and the world. The techniques of magick (for example, rituals) are simply means to achieve this. For too long magick has been mis-understood as 'spells, conjurations' and the like,and while such things are magick, they are only a beginning, a mere intimation of what real magick is all about.
Q:You often use the term 'traditional Satanism'. What does this mean?
A: Traditional Satanism is a term used to describe the sinister path which for centuries was taught on an individual basis from Master(or Mistress) to pupil. To this path belongs the Septenary System, Esoteric Chant, the comprehensive training of novices (including the development of the physical side), the Star Game, and - most importantly - the Internal system of magick (the Grade Rituals etc.). This path is also known as the Seven-Fold Way.
Q: I've heard of La Vey and his 'Satanic Bible'. How does the Seven-Fold Way differ from his Satanism and those who follow his views?
A: La Vey took what may be described as the popular/media conception of Satanism - the black-robed, Mephistophelean figure - together with the 'pleasure principle' and some simple magic(k), mixed it with the qabala and various historical myths and legends pertaining to the dark side, and served the whole lot up to a gullible audience. The whole thing was pretty pathetic - although it did provide some with a few thrills. There was no substance to either La Vey or his 'Church': no inner path, direction or way. Nothing original.

The Seven-Fold Way, on the contrary, possesses direction, and goes far beyond the external type of magick implicit in both the 'pleasure principle' and ordinary sorcery. It offers the individual the difficult (and sometimes dangerous) path to genuine Adeptship - to self-mastery, self-excellence and ultimately wisdom. It is not a refuge for the neurotic, the weak-willed or the self-deluded, but rather a challenge to the daring.

Those who follow in the foot-steps of La Vey (as a recent 'Temple' does) have added little - they are still trapped by 'role-playing', still fettered by self-delusion (often about their magickal abilities) and still lack not only self-insight but also that spontaneity which is one of the marks of a genuine Adept. They concern themselves still with the awarding of meaningless titles, seek members

and the recognition of the 'authorities'. They teach the same historical mish-mash as La Vey and possess an originality quota of zero.

They have failed to understand that the ceremonial, ritualistic and 'theoretical' approach is but the first small step toward inner progress.Because of this, there can be no organized 'Temple', no 'authority' within it, no proselytizing and no awarding of grades/initiation or titles. There is only - in the genuine path - a limited amount of guidance, and the struggle of the individual through experience.

Q: But surely rituals are important - e.g. the Black Mass?

A: Yes - but only in the beginning stages of the Way when the novice/initiate is discovering the hidden (or magickal) forces of nature and themselves, and is daring to walk along the path to Adepthood.

Ceremonial and hermetic rituals are the province of the novice and the 'External Adept' and are pointers to what is beyond.

Q: Which is what?

A: First, the discovery of the unique Destiny of that individual; second the living of that Destiny, and third, for those whose Destiny becomes fulfilled by such living, the crossing of the Abyss. From the Abyss the Master and Mistress is born. All this takes many years.

Q: What then is the purpose of your Order?

A: To offer our teachings and guidance to those who might be interested. In former times, teachings were kept secret, but there is no need for that now: the opportunity is open to all.

Q: But are you not still secretive?

A: Yes and no. Those who seek hard enough will find us, and those who are sincere will not be put off by the obstacles placed in their way (sometimes by us). For those who are, there are plenty of other groups around.

Q: What about Initiations?

A: We do not offer Initiation - candidates <u>achieve</u> Initiation. We do not offer nor award (for money or anything else)Grade Rituals or titles of any kind: these are again achieved by individuals, through their own toil, hardships, terror and joy. We simply guide them toward the self-achievement that, e.g., the Grade Rituals represent. Any other way is simply fraud and self-deception.

Grade Rituals - which signify the different stages of achievement along the Seven-Fold Way - may be likened to running in a race. You either race, or don't; and if you race, you either win (achieve the goal) or do not. You may pretend to yourself that you have raced and run, but in the end you are fooling only yourself.

Q: What, then, are the Grade Rituals?

A: They are tasks, simple in form, but difficult to complete successfully. For example, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept simply involves the candidate in living <u>totally alone and isolated</u> for at least three months: without any of our modern 'conveniences'/technology, and without speaking to anyone. Simple to describe - difficult to undertake. The 'ritual' is the (alchemical) change which occurs in the individual by virtue of living so for at

least three months. Such primative isolation creates the Adept, bringing a genuine mastery of magick and a lasting self-insight.

It is the intention of the Order to publish all the Grade Rituals in the next issue of 'Fenrir'.

Q: Returning now to the popular conception of Satanism, what about sacrifices, the blackmailing of members, sexual crimes and so on?

A: Satanism is all about - in its beginnings - making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by 'conventional' society. Some might have been 'illegal' at the time as well. But gradually (at least in traditional Satanism) a way was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences which enhanced the consciousness and thus wisdom of those undergoing them - if they survived, of course. Thus was Internal Magick evolved. This enabled the experiecing of the dark side,and its integration, as well as made possible what was beyond.

This system had been gradually refined and enhanced, and while it avoids the quicksand of criminality it is still not lacking in danger or difficulty. It offers, in short, the distilled essence of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding - and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as a species: Homo Galactica.

Q: You stress the development of the physical side. Why?

A: Because traditional Satanism aims to develop the whole individual - mind, body and character. We give our novices difficult physical goals to achieve (such as running 20 miles in under 2½ hours - fitter individuals are naturally given more difficult tasks) because the striving for such goals, and their achievement, develops qualities necessary in any Adept. They are tests of determination and character, and sort the serious out from the pathetic. The striving also creates a physical joy, increasing the vitality of the person.

Q: I met someone recently who claimed to be a 'Master'. I had my doubts about him. Is there some way of identifying a genuine Master?

A: The answer should be obvious. A Master is someone who has passed beyond the Abyss, the stage beyond an Adept. In consequence he will be somewhat detached: intense and serious, but also natural, spontaneous and quite cheerful (almost playful, sometimes). But perhaps most of all, he will not take himself too seriously, and he will certainly not play a 'role' or fulfil the expectations of novices (e.g. by dressing up, cultivating a 'demonic' stare and answering questions mysteriously). He will possess that illusive quality - natural charisma.

Q: What about wealth - and power? Surely all Satanic Masters possess these?

A: Some do, some do not. The sign of a Master is neither wealth nor power, but achievement - of wisdom, skill in esoteric arts, and original creation (e.g. the extending of human knowledge, artistic creativity). The Destiny of each Master is different, as is the life-style which reflects that Destiny. For example, out of the four Masters who exist in the West at this moment in time, one lives

a somewhat isolated existence with hardly any material possessions, while another lives in relative luxury and splendour. The former concerns himself primarily with aeonic magick, while the latter teaches a few pupils.

Genuine Masters do not conform to someone else's expectations or ideas: they are individual, and unique.

Q: Do you worship a being called Satan?

A: Genuine Satanists do not worship anything - not even themselves. Fundamental to Satanism is a desire to overcome, to accept challenges and to seek to know and understand. A genuine Satanist would rather die - laughing and defiant - than submit to anyone or anything. Most people waste their lives and die old and miserable: the Satanist revels in life and adventure, and knows the right time to die, for challenges never end. This way of living is hard, and this way of dying breeds fear among the feeble multitude who prefer comfort and security to the ecstasy of living on the edge like gods.

As to Satan - each Initiate discovers the reality for themselves. All that need be said is that there <u>are</u> external forces beyond the psyche of an individual: in genuine Satanist magick there is <u>identity</u> with these darker external forces, not a fear of them and certainly not a submission. This, of course, is somewhat dangerous - but the strong survive, and the weak perish. Good riddance to the weak.

Q: So, fundamentally, you would say that Satanism is the way you live your life?

A: Yes, as I indicated at the beginning. Magick - of whatever type - enhances your life, and is a way to knowledge and increased vitality. Magickal acts are important in the beginning, but most important of all is our attitude to life and our ways of living. This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy - the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them - so they infect the strong with the disease of 'pacifism', with guilt because they are strong ...

Q: But surely that particular philosophy - of, as you call it, the 'Nazarene' -is dying out today.

A: As an organized religion it might be - but over the past two hundred or so years this poisonous philosophy has sprouted various political and psuedo-political forms, and it is these forms which are eroding our vitality. There have been a few attempts to cut out the cancer - but they have unfortunately failed, and the cancer grows and spreads.

Q: What, then, can you do?

A: Why should we do anything? Most people are stupid and deserve their fate. We offer an alternative - those who have if only in a small way the Promethean spirit will be drawn to us and thus have the opportunity to master their own Destiny. It is up to each and every individual: we can point the way, but they must make the effort to walk along it.

Sinister Shadow Magick

Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving from the Gothic (via Old English) "ubils" implying 'beyond' and 'going beyond due limits'. Later, the word - like so many others - was re-interpreted 'morally', in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and 'evil' became a general term, applied to one's opponents and those excesses which timid and psychically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the 'thrill' of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in a local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a 'Satanist'. But these imposters do no evil - in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a "moral religion" (or something of the kind), perhaps even an 'ethical knowledge'. Such people are pathetic - and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on the personal level - by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is impersonal evil. The first is sinister shadow magick of the external and internal kind. The second is sinister shadow magick of the aeonic type - the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the sinister dialectic of history. This is called 'shadow magick' not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous,psychically and physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against the restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile "rebellion" nor purely 'mental' acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim - at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then, it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist - someone in control, seeking more mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be mis-understood.

1) The Satanic novice will aspire - to what is beyond, in all things. This means practical experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in the personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured 'thrills' of self-induced stupour and loss of control - but rather, life and liberty threatning situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil - all laws are " fundamentally an accumulation of tireles attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry".

Naturally, some guidance may be needed - it is easy to become lost, directionaless, or caught - and this is where the advice of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from any weakness of character nor uncontrolled desire. Instead, they arise from fulfilling Satanic wyrd - or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of 'darkness'/Satan on the Earth in accord with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running of a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience - and thus becomes involved with radical 'right-wing' politics because such people already possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the 'other sides' in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in another guise. Thus, she takes part in direct political actions - this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of this age. Gradually, she acquires practical experience "on the edge", and hopefully some real, tangible enemies, if she is performing right. These enemies probably hate her for her political views - and some of them may even try to harm her personally. Thus, one or more of them deserve to die - or at least come to some harm, psychically if not physically. For they not only threaten her own Destiny and thus achievement, but also Satanic wyrd, because she by her actions is fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presencing the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magickal rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her - but other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself, or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same - personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presenced via the execution of the act. Thus is her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered.

Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny - conventionally, "believing in the correctness of the views so espoused") goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and the forbidden (in that society).

2) Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion - to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of aeonic shadow magick - and this involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrd, dis-covered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/ images with sinister intent - or involve using 'religion' as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are supra-personal - they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used. After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea ... The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution ... Perhaps a war, to propitiate with blood the darker forces ...

Thus, it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way, whether they are novices, or Adepts. Their evil has a purpose [as Satan Himself does - as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose, on this Earth]. The acts, and the evil,arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical

form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic wyrd - on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat - they are not directionless, motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire* The Satanist is controlled - knowledgeable, particuarly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history - participants in a sinister dialectic of surpra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which [like the Nazarene disease] hinder our evolution.

Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation Satanists? γνώση τέχνης σημεια της εμης κλύων. It is a pity that this, like Satanism, is so often misunderstood and mis-translated.

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* The conventional description of Satanic deeds and 'crime': most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self control; the rest, results from acts by characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attributions arise from a fundamental mis-understanding of genuine Satanic acts.

DIABOLIC ETYMOLOGY

Diabolic:

The word 'diabolic' itself derives from the Greek διαβάλλω meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root διά - "through" and, as a causal accusative , "with the aid of".

Later, διαβάλλω acquired a more moral sense - for example 'to set against' (Aristotle) although it was sometimes used (as διάβολος) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

Later still,διάβολος became "devil" or "The Devil" in the sense of Nazarene theology.

Devil:

The early forms of the English word 'devil' are regarded as deriving from the Gothic (e.g. the Old English divul) 'diabaulus' which came from the Latin 'diabolus'.

However, the Old English 'deofol' and kindred words like the Old Frisian 'diovel' could possibly be derived from the suffix 'fel', a variant of 'fell' meaning fierce, savage, wild. Then the original form, e.g., deofel, would mean the 'fierce/ savage/wild' god. There is some justitification for the use of the Latin prefix in this manner - e.g. 'deodand', which occurs in 12th Century English. It is interesting in this context that 'fell' (from the Latin 'fello')was often used to describe both a wild, fierce person (such as an outlaw) and a brave man or warrior. Much later, the word passed into general usuage as 'felon' - with a moral sense.

Satan:

This is often regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the Greek αιτία - "an accusation" - qv. Aeschylus: αιτίαν έχω .

The Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'.

In Greek of the classical period αιτία and διαβολη were often used for the same thing, particuarly when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was required.

It is not generally known, outside of certain academic circles, that Hebrew is Greek [a Jewish scholar once wrote a book with that title; it did not please his brethren] - that Hebrew is essentially in its origins a corrupt form of Greek, with some other influences thrown in.

Evil:

The word 'evil' derives from the Gothic 'ubils' which meant a 'going beyond' (the due measure) - and did not have a 'moral' sense. Only later (under the influence of Nazarene theology) did it acquire a strict moral sense, and became an abstract absolute.

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ONA

Guide to Black Magick

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick and aeonic magick.

External Magick

This is results magick or sorcery, and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick - ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved. Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end - as in the Black Mass.

Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual, an empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

Internal Magick

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation' and leads to Adepthood.

The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months.

It is one of the main functions of established Orders and Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

Aeonic Magick

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic magick is the alteration/distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any diety and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes - solstice and equinox - because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings - the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the observer - and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist - but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particuarly true of the Moon) - to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy.

However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession - as any one who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds - 1) those that express the energies of Satanism - e.g. the Black Mass, Ceremony of Recalling - and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come - e.g. invokations to the 'Dark Gods'.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and - like all ceremonial rituals - its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy vibrations - for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeonic energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances (⊖(⊖) ⊖(♆) ⊖(♃) etc.) over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd'. The Star

Game is a physical representation of these symbols - the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual - their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or 'sorcery' of the Star Game - an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the 'player' of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces - one set white, the other black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss - where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis - and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of self-hood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second in passing the acausal Gate - creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' - via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created - and this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found - a good, healthy specimen. The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) - consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor.

The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution - and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.

To see 'Satan' as simply a self symbol - as two recent 'satanic' groups do - is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger - psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan - in traditional Satanism - is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught - only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals.

It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not His real name - it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of His nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names - only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons Him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution - and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lessor extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys - or creates a new species, a new 'mind' capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order. And the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan.

In reality, Satan (who has a secret or 'genuine' name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonic magick - the changing of this world. Through Him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

Satanic Influence - A Modern Tale

It is a fact - seldom fully understood and appreciated - that most individuals follow the creative lead of a few. It is also true that some of this majority absorb the creativity of others and bring it forth again, sometimes slightly altered, to claim it as their own - and that this whole majority needs the stimulas of new forms, ideas and ways, born via a creative genius or two, to vitalize them and begin the process of internal and external change.

The recent history of Satanism gives evidence for this. Various types of Satanism have emerged over the centuries, as have various exponents of it. Historically, Satanism is often taken to be - by those unacquainted with the Left Handed Path - as Diabolism, that is, the invokation of the Devil and the making of a pact with Him. This is evidenced in the medieval Grimoires and in those who were accused of such things. Later, various individuals were regarded as 'Satanic' and as teaching a form of Satanism, the most familiar being A. Crowley, Esq. Still later, various organizations emerged, each claiming to be Satanic and each teaching what they called was authentic Satanism. The most significant of these are the Church of Satan (Anton LaVey), the Temple of Set (Michael Aquino) and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA).

Diabolism: Central to all forms, is fear - of the powers, entities invoked. Hence the use of various forms of protection such as 'circles'. The "pact" so familiar from the Grimoires and accounts of Diabolism was one between a Master (The Devil) and a servant (the sorcerer). Implicit in all forms of Grimoire-type Satanism is the belief (deriving from Nazarene religion) of Satan as a fallen angel ruled over, ultimately, by "God" - there is always the possibility of being 'saved'. The archetypal Diabolist was a lapsed or practising Nazarene whose conjurations brought excitement and a sense of the 'forbidden'.

Crowleyism: While 'Thelema' as a doctrine and belief is regarded by many non-Occultists as "Satanic", there is very little real Satanism in it or indeed in Crolwey's own life and works. The work of Crowley is, in many ways, a continuation of the Eastern-influenced esoteric groups and societies active before and during his own time - a type of Westernized Tantra heavily imbued with qabalism. The archetypal follower of Crowley is someone versed in Occult doctrines and mysticism who seeks through sex and other rites certain states of consciousness and who is orientated toward a belief in 'Thelema' as a new faith/creed.

Church of Satan: The church achieved a high media-profile due to the showmanship of LaVey. He expounded a philosophy of unenlightened egotism and self-interest together with a belief in carnality. The rituals were in the tradition of the Grimoires and imbued with qabalistic symbolism/notions (including some deriving from Crowley). Further, the Devil was dispensed with as an external Power - making the LaVey type of Satanism more of a practical belief system than a dangerous (in Occult terms) undertaking.

Temple of Set: The Temple was and is an essentially intellectual development of the Church of Satan. To the original was added an intellectual infrastructure (deriving in part from various mythologies and traditions) and an organizational

structure with the aim of making Satanism a new 'religion' acceptable to a significant number of individuals.

Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set (the latter more so than the former) insist upon belief in their own version of Satanism - and expect the adherent/member to accept/conform. There is thus a fostering of dependance by the individual upon the group (and in particular the leader(s) and Master).

Order of Nine Angles: The Order first emerged to public view in the early 1980's (eh) and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal, experience.

The archetypal Church of Satan member was a black-robed figure who played a "role" and who placed ego-fulfilment and pleasure before everything. LaVey was accepted as a 'Master' and an auhtority to be revered - and a personality cult developed.

The archetypal Temple of Set member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a 'Satanist'. Often, they dress for the part - and need a group identity, a sense of "belonging". They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling via practical (and sometimes dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order and by an occassional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, **is** Satanism? By what criteria can such manifestations be judged? First, let us consider what Satanism is **not**. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak ... Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance - challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking the discover, to explore and to conquer: a refusal or bow down or give in. It is about excellence - of going beyond what is, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority. It is a desire to experience the limits of living, to strive for the gods ...

The Diabolist is insipid and rather pathetic, a historical curiosity only - a footnote in the psycho-pathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather underdeveloped egotist who lacked the character to develope real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some understanding of the Art of magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system - chief among which are a belief-system (in 'Thelema') and methods which encourage self-stupifaction and self-satisfaction (and thus the illusion of development) rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

Church of Satan members(and to a lesser extend those of the Temple of Set) accept a sanitized Satanism - a "safe Satanism" where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding - seeing nothing beyond the ego and the carnal. The Temple of Set claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark forces which are part of the cosmos - there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes, in living, no ordeals which challenge(and make) **character. No quest for personal excellence.** Instead, there is the security of organization,

the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, a fostering of a type of mental servitude - in belief and in practice. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism **as it is**, with its insistence that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and the Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by hard, long, dangerous and toilsome experience. Further, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influencial in the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to "Satanic" or Left Hand Path groups in general. This is both natural, and necessary - given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA toward an understanding of Satanism in particular and the Occult in general may be briefly described:
1) Satanism and the LHP as a means to individual development leading to Adeptship and beyond - via practical experience and ordeals (qv. the Grade Rituals); 2) the emphasis on developing both the mental <u>and</u> physical character of the individual; 3) a greater understanding of magickal (and Occult) forces - and thus their nature - via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to represent this, enabling conscious apprehension (as against belief and superstition); 3) the re-structing of magickal forms and symbols in archetypal terms - in particular the septenary Tree of Wyrd and the Deofel Quartet (the later explicating the archetypal, particularly in the 'real world' from the viewpoint of the sinister novice); 4) the creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images <u>are</u> sinister and thus imbued with Satanic energy; 5) the emphasis on the individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals - without accepting in a religious way a higher authority - and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (Naos, Black Book etc.); 6) revealing and significantly extending Aeonic Magick - enabling any individual to undertake such works; 7) bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods - of the sinister energies/forces which exist and which are supra-personal and thus dangerous to individuals, one aspect of which has been symbolized by "Satan"/ the Devil ... ;8)an emphasis on the personal qualities - the character - of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of excellence, honour and the mottto "die, rather than submit to anyone or anything"; 9) a re-affirmation of the positive, life-enhancing nature of Satanism as against the stereotyped image of obsession with death and decay - and a moving away from the "role"/image of the Satanist as showman-type 'Devil'/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his/her own weaknesses, and seeking media-attention, toward the secretly working lone sorcerer/ sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric sinister magick ...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals since the manifestation of the ONA will show the extent of its influence - of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a sinister organization. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

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It is indicative of the sorry state of most Occult paths - and the people who follow them - that there is an abundence of dis-information, deceit, mystification and cultivation of ego's.

Consider a typical case. A young man developes an interest in Occult arts, and eagerly seeks information and contacts. Books and articles are read, contacts made, perhaps a group or three joined. Soon, the young man is part of 'the Occult scene' and one of three things usually happens: (1)he accepts some system, or person, for a while and tries following what is expected - then, after some "practical" work, decides it is not right for him, and moves on to another system or person; (2) after a little while he comes to believe he has attained his goal (and thus is an 'Adept' or 'Master' or whatever) - usually after engaging in a few rituals and a lot of conversations and meetings with others; (3) after a short or intermediate period cultivating and fawning upon others (and thus assisting them in their endless campaigns to 'safeguard' their own reputations by attempting to discredit others via rumours and so on) he establishes an identity for himself -exaggerating his own achievements, knowledge and contacts. In short, there is the perpetuation of old Aeon traits and values - contra what the Occult in general is supposed to be achieving.

Two things are involved in this process: the desire (mostly unconscious, and natural) for self-importance, and self-delusion. Part of this self-delusion occurs because of the 'intellectualization of the Occult' - there is too much talk, too much acceptence of what others say (particuarly about others) without first-hand knowledge, too much theory and too much ego-domination where 'cleverness' (particuarly in words) is rated **above** practical experience. Too much concern for someone's "past".

The result is almost inevitable (and a waste of the potential of Occultism) - the young man achieves no real progress, no real insight, no real Occult abilities. He has becomes infected with the 'Occult disease'. Instead of going within, into the wilderness, to lose all illusions and delusions and begin the hard and solitary path to Adeptship by practical work, there is the comraderie of being 'in the know', of 'being accepted' or working (mostly in intellectual or psuedo-intellectual ways) in a certain 'niche' and thus becoming self-satisfied in a comfortable way. The Occult thus becomes a 'habit' or an interest - a scource of self-congratulation (perhaps even of material income) and a place where a 'role' is obtained and lived out. Some 'practical' work may be done - but the end result is the disposable Occultist so familiar from the recent past and the present: the attender of meetings(or the more modern 'symposiums' or 'conferences'), the seeker after and spreader of gossip and rumour, the psuedo-intellectual dilettante writing articles and books (and perhaps even editing a magazine) not from direct, personal experience but rather from hearsay, from self-opinion and from intellectual aridity and cleverness. Or, perhaps, the plagiarist enjoying a cliquey success and amateur adulation - or the self-appointed 'master/adept' who may need the mystique of an organization to mask his lack of character or charisma or who may be so self-deluded that he actually believes he has attained his goal. Then again, our young man may turn out to be one of those many failures who hang around the 'Occult scene' - flitting from one group to another, one 'master' to another, and talking, worshipping (both 'gods' and 'masters') and talking again and accumulating a mass of useless information, 'lore' and 'grades/degrees'.

Despite the interest in recent years in the techniques or ways of the Occult - despite all the many words written and spoken - there has been little or no real achievement on the personal level: no increase in the very few Adepts. Instead, almost the opposite has occured - an increase in self-delusion, in glorifying the ego at the expense of obtaining insight; a turning away from effective experience to the glorification of the vapid, the intellectual and the 'non-directive', sensation seeking, temporary, 'mind-expanding' experience. In short, there has been less real self-discipline and more ego-biased stupidity and stimulation.

Adeptship, and the wisdom that lies beyond that, is obtained by a slow, hard process which requires self-discipline and the self-overcoming of hardships. There is no path to it which is not without difficulties and which is not solitary - which does not require the discarding of all those props which most require to survive: a dogma, friends, ideas, companionship, lovers, material security, 'masters' ... There is no potion to obtain which when taken will suddenly give insight or wisdom, no sudden revelations, from god or mortal, which instill wisdom, no technique to be used a few times a week, no ritual or rituals which will give personality or character or self-development.

This process requires years and involves certain ways of living - and often a certain guidance. It requires also the desire to reach the goal, to not give in when things become difficult or confused - a tenacity to follow the chosen path to its ending.

The Occult knowledge and insight of an individual is shown most of all by their bearing - by the way they relate to others. But this bearing is not the assumption of some 'role' (such as 'master' or 'guru' or whatever) - rather, it is genuine and spontaneous, full of individual character: neither affectation nor pretension. This is so because the knowledge and insight is within, acquired from experience. Where there is lack of real knowledge and lack of insight, there is pretension, artifice, the 'I must preserve my own ego by doing down all others' syndrome, and the inebriated laughter of the ill-disciplined, ill-at-ease discussion machine.

Our young man would do well to try and find some guidance from an insightful individual - and be prepared for a hard and long journey. Perhaps then, in time one new Adept will arise, and the 'New Aeon' be brought a little nearer.

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O.N.A.

Although it has been mentioned before, this bears repeating: magick, properly used, developes the potential of an individual in a realistic, practical way - that is, it produces, from the experiences undergone, a genuine insight and thus an understanding of self, others and the 'world'.

This is in complete contrast to what happens outside of genuine esoteric traditions where there is adherence by the individual to abstract doctrines, ideas and beliefs - that is, there is little or no understanding based on experience, on the reality apprehended through trials, hardship, explorations and discovery. Magick returns the individual to their inner core - destroying illusion, affectation and abstraction of the arid intellectual type.

Of course, one should really say - real magick, properly used, does this. There is an awful lot of pretentious 'magic' and 'magick' about. What differentiates real magick is first the practical nature of its methods (which are both 'internal' - ie. psychic - and 'external' - ie. involving practical work and experiences in the real world, not just "in the head")and second its structure or system: a working toward a definite goal. This goal is Adeptship (part of which may be said to be the Jungian 'individuation) and what lies beyond even this: wisdom. The striving for this goal (and the striving is necessary: it is not a 'gift' from someone) changes the individual in significant ways - there is a re-orientation of consciousness, insights and achievement.

The way of magick (as explicated by the seven-fold way) enables each individual Initiate to develope their own unique understanding or 'view of life' or 'world-view' - that is, it creates character, it uplifts the individual, seperating them from the anonymous majority who mostly merely exist rather than live and who nev evolve and understand. Today, individuals are 'mass-produced' - and conform to the accepted ideas and norms, even in the 'rebellion' that occurs, where the 'herd' or some fashionable 'trend' or 'idea' is followed without any understanding. Everything is categorized, made into moral opposites - and there is developing in society an almost religious zeal about certain attitudes, a zeal which restricts individual freedom and expression and which destroys genuine individuality. All this, however, goes mostly unnoticed, so low is the level of general insight - a situation brought about, in part, by the comfortable lives most people in the West today live; insulated as they are by technology, by material possessions, by the complexity of modern life and by ideas from life in its realness, rawness and danger.

That it is necessary to give an example to illustrate the categorization and zeal which is increasingly occuring is a sad reflection on the general level of understanding. The example to consider is the disease if "ism-itus": the creation of an abstract idea, described by a word ending in "ism". Examples of this "ism" are then saught - in society, individuals and so on, and then that society and those individuals must be "re-educated" is the "ism" is found since the "ism" is regarded as morally reprehensible, the abstract idea being formulated in an abstract moral way. This proceedure is not new - it is essentially a religious fundamentalism, extrapolated into politics and social concerns, and may be said to derive from Nazarene beliefs and ideas.

The "ism" itself becomes a 'totem-word' - almost a 'magical incantation' - and is surrounded by an aura of guilt. To be associated with an "ism" - even worse to be an "ism" or be called the "ism" - is reprehensible, almost a 'sin', and in certain countries definitly a crime, punishable by due process of law (and usually, if convicted, by imprisonment). What this amounts to - when taken with the other abstractions foisted upon individuals (the "ism", remember is only one example of this) - is the production of essentially characterless people who seldom if ever have any real experience of life, who conform to a certain set of attitudes, and who are psychically unhealthy in that they are infected by notions of 'sin' and moral absolutes. There is little real understanding - only acceptance of the abstract forms which have been and are being projected onto and into 'history', 'society' and individuals and which give a comforting illusion of "understanding" and knowledge (and also in most cases a smug moral feeling of superiority such as one sees in certain relgious types).

Magick, however, is a means to destroy all this - and thus it really is subvervise, and dangerous since it can free the individual, returning them to that inner Being where insight is born and from which understanding, and ultimately wisdom, can be cultivated.

This is the reality of magick - it produces the only 'freedom' that is real and which has meaning: that inner one, which allows further steps to be taken, which allows evolution to be continued. For magickal Initiation is a personal liberation - when an individual takes responsibility for his or her own evolution.

Further, this way to freedom, this means of liberation, should not be used only by a very few - it should be used by everyone, creating a whole society (or societies) of Adepts: a whole new era or Aeon in which all have attained to self-insight. Idealistic? Of course - but still possible, even if unlikely for at least the next few centuries. But herein lies that almost sacred duty of each Initiate - to keep this possibility alive by maintaining the reality and effectiveness of genuine magick.

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It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people.

People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring - a sense of power and re-inforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the "role" of Satanist/Black Magickian.

Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles - such as Priest or Priestess - which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill - a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a "flowing with" the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept.[See Appendix for one such form.]

What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed - arising from simple arrogence and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truely learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing **character**: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the 'Occult') and latent potential drawn forth - creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one.

The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means - by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong).

To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple.

There is no morality here - only the judgement of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primative. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view - although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/ involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means.

Gradually, there is a move away from this - from the direct, personal involvement to the more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others - but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies - there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious - i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there

is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship.

This balance - for an External Adept - is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not "from book-learning"], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) - that is, it involves other factors which the individual, at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short - the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. One of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another - and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand - is the **nature of magick itself: no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal.** Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when "practical magick" is performed, because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the "success/failure" of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working - i.e. produce no discernable outward effects - and even when they or some of them are of consequence, the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. it should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon.

Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences, imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations - gives more skill at manipulation, both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results.

The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept - at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the **chaos** of the Abyss - undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal["on earth"]) are mostly unforseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructed) that little or no direction is given for the energies - they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the 'acausal component' of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow, producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd.

Thus the essence of magick - and hence sinister manipulation - is glimpsed and then apprehended, in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presenced in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the Internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

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[redacted] ONA 1990 ev

Manipulation II

One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism:the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation - both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others - until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used(unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the "flowing with" approach - manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is "psychological"; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) - or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question.

Whatever, there will be an arrogence based on the belief of one's own superiority - and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others - unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependance of any kind, particuarly not emotional, on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve. It cannot be achieved quickly - or even by "will" alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process - an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion - the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependance but rather a partnership, a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogence of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/her self - by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices - they develope self-assurence, a pride and that arrogence which is truely Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurence - and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph - "I don't need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway... - or abandons the magickal quest, perhaps later to try another "method" (which is easier) or find another "teacher"].

Initially, this arrogence is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearence. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked - except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian. Initial manipulation is often of the external kind - an adjunt to external magick - later, it becomes "internal" (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. Deofel Quartet for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts.]

ONA 1990 ev

Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we **know** with an exhileration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal-existence.

For some time there has been a denial of and attempts to undermine the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and "chaos" type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: **dure** ceremonial, and **sedue** ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick - to produce/provoke/inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending. The second is (or rather should be) a **performance** which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession - but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from "everyday" existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity.

A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a **conscious attempt** to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual - which <u>brings</u> the acausal, which "opens a nexion", and which thus has the magickal power to transform. This of course is a rare event - at least these days - and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept performers with little or no preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants/congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the "magick") are mostly present. Such "performances" tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying - and awaken "numinous" feelings. It should stimulate all the senses - for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrences should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or elan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific "role", their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement.

A ceremonial ritual is a seduction - of the participants/congregation by he/she/they conducting it <u>or</u> the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure as it always is a nexion to the acausal - if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickal) energy/power. Both of these aspects - the temporal structure and the nexion - are important, although hitherto esoteric.

Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or 'action'/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific

specific performance may be 'fast' or 'slow' depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second - a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickal energy) it is effective - it accesses the forms/symbols and so on required for its purpose. This means more than that it 'produces emotion'. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessable form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of 'artistic creation' - and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endevour. Most creations, however, **as rituals**, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and perhaps the occassional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick - just as "intellectual stimulation" and/or undisciplined behaviour are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for "magickal rituals" today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal - that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the "aura" or "tradition" surrounding it (partly due to past performances) - but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure - in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art - and requires 'interpretation', that is, performance, to presence the acausal. it is in short a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal - and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform.

[It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here - the above does not imply that only ceremonial forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there a few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of "atmosphere" and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today - and most of those regarded as 'traditional' - may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

Of the rituals that do exist, those in 'The Black Book of Satan' together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) - producing aeonic changes.

Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

[redacted] ONA 1990 ev

The Alchemy of Magick

Magick is not an object for academic study - it is essentially practical. It also requires self-discipline and training - the acquisition of skills.

No books or teacher can teach magick: it can only be learnt by practice, by the trials and errors of experience. All books and teachers can do, at best, is guide: toward and into the relevant experiences and offer some explanations for cause, effect and what is beyond the causal.

Similarly, willful self-expression will be mostly counter-productive. What is required of the novice and Initiate is self-discipline and that insight which arises from achievement and adversity. Modern life, however, has made these things difficult - it is easy to be self-opinionated, to accept the comforts of modern living and the lack of self-discipline, just as modern "methods" and "ideas" about "magick" make it seem that understanding of and achievement in magick is easy: all that is needed are the relevant books/grade manuals/ information and a chaotic mind/attitude/approach.

There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience. The real learning of magick occurs by the individual novice, alone: group work and group experience merely confirm that learning and extend the techniques, the <u>forms</u> that are used. This is so because real magick is internal - an alchemy of psychic change. It is the techniques which are external. For instance, sexual magick is a technique of magick - it is not magick or 'magickal' in itself - just as ceremonial ritual is a technique. All techniques are forms which are dormant - they need vivifying, bringing to life: they need to be infused with the 'breath of life'. This vivification <u>is</u> magick, and its achievement is individual, that is, it does not rely on the form - on minute details of performance or technique. Sometimes, this vivification is shared - e.g. between two individuals undertaking a sexual rite or a group gathering for a ceremony.

For too long the techniques have been regarded as magickal in themselves, leading to a complete misunderstanding of magick - as, for example, by Crowley and his followers and by adherents of latter-day "chaos" techniques. Magick is beyond technique - techniques and forms merely <u>presence the magick in the causal</u>, and to access the magickal energies skill is required. Sometimes, this skill is intuitive - an inborn gift - but most often it has to be cultivated, learnt, acquired. The skill is an internal one, and may be likened to an attitude of mind. It is a "moving with" magickal energies as those energies are, in themselves - it is <u>not</u> a loose, undirected approach, a chaotic acceptance, but a finely balanced direction; not a loss of conscious awareness/ understanding, but a new type of awareness. It is like running long distances: innate ability may help, but training is required, an awareness of limitations born from past experience, a self-discipline to achieve the distance in the time set - and then the running, which when successful is a 'flowing with' the body and mind ...

In magick, desire makes the energy - once accessed via the individual - presence in the form/technique chosen. This desire is usually aimed - that is, it has a causal goal (as for example in external magick). The form or technique chosen may stimulate to some extent the production of magickal energies - but it is the individual who must push open the gate (or nexion) and direct the energies that lie beyond it. What the forms and techniques most often do is make the nexion seem real and accessable - often 'provoking' within the individual the consciousness required to push open the nexion and presence the energies.

Because of this, ceremonial rituals (or any ritual where more than two are present and involved) require direction or control - of the images/forms/patterns invoked and the presencing of such in the causal. This direction is always toward the causal (that is, toward a specific aim or into the psyche of an individual or individuals) because of the nature of the energies - there is always 'flow'. If no control is undertaken (or the direction is confused because more than one attempts to control the flow - perhaps unconsciously) then causal change will still occur (and must occur) although in ways probably unforseen by those involved - this is what usually happens when some individuals gather and attempt an act of magick - and often results in psychic disruption of one or more of those individuals.

The alchemy of magick is in learning this control - in being able to access the energies, and being able to produce changes via the presencing of what is accessed: internally (within one's own psyche), externally (in others and the things of the everyday) and aeonically(within and beyond the confines of aeonics). There is thus a learning about the various types of magickal energies (which may be said to be differentiated by <u>how</u> they presence in the causal) - and their uses. In short, the acquisition of individual skill and understanding. To achieve this, there are certain ways - certain guides which may be followed. This is a serious commitment - not a hobby, not a gathering of some like-minded people as and when for an enjoyable and ego-gratifying delving into 'the Occult', and certainly not 'for laughs' or to entertain. There is an intensity, a self-discipline, even sometimes a hardness - and those pleasures which are beyond mere mortals. In brief, new ways of living.

For while the alchemy of magick is now accessable to everyone (due to works such as "Naos")it is unlikely many will foreswear their current and easy ways of living for the challenge.

ONA 1991 eh

Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed

Acausal existence - the secret of true Immortality - has been hinted at many times in certain esoteric writings connected with a particular LHP.

In the past, a few Adepts of the LHP - and the occassional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of such acausal existence will be in order. According to a sinister tradition we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrd) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an 'expansion' of consciousness. Progression by the Initiate to the higher grades of initiation is actually the expansion of the acausal in individual consciousness (or, viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative .....[Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independant of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'dis-covered') by consciousness and thus presenced in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and anti-matter. Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable in certain amounts and under certain conditions. [In simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an Aeon and its associated civilization -via a nexion/ma gickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presenced, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals.Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.]

The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles. To achieve an individual acausal existence the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. Naos and Black Book) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this, is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G.Mistress) when consciousness is transfered beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way - is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transfered to inhabit another causal body, this is not usually done as wyrd is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret has been revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

[redacted] ONA 1991 eh

Baphomet - A Note on the Name

The name Baphomet is regarded by traditional Satanists as meaning 'the Mistress (or Mother) of Blood' - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek - βαΦη μητρα and not as is sometimes said from - μητιος (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings - for example, Iamblichus in 'De Mysteriis' used μητριζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna in the sexual sense).

In the septenary system Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal 'Earth Gate' [qv the Nine Angles] and her reflexion (or 'causal' as against her 'acausal'or sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric tradition the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c. 3,000 years BP - in the middle and toward the end of the month of May and some stones circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the sinister male aspect (second sphere of the septenary), later identified with Lucifer/Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a sinister hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the sinister male aspect). According to tradtion, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the union). Tradition relates this sinister sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the Middle Ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan - and it from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

Hence the traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua but with some bloody/ sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy <u>warriors</u> and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of 'holy' differed somewhat from that of the Church of the time, including as it did dark/gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle - and not as part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of Mistress and Priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of Her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused gnostics understood 'Wisdom' as female.

O.N.A

Baphomet - A Note on the Name II

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the name Baphomet which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents.

This tradition regards the name as deriving from βούβαστις - the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2.137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis and often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of her as a 'moon goddess' followed naturally from this since Apollo was linked with the sun). Like Apollo, she often sent death and plagues, and was propitiated sometimes with sacrifices.

It is interesting that (a) βουβαστεία is the Pythagorean name for 'five' [qv. Iamblicus: Theologumena Arithmeticae, 31] - perhaps a link with the 'pentagram'?; (b) the Templars, with whom the name Baphomet is associated, were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

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The tradition recorded above, and the one described in part I, both regard Baphomet as a female divinity - and both are esoteric traditions, hitherto unrecorded.

It is possible that both are correct - that is, that the actual <u>name</u> Baphomet derives (as mentioned in part I) from the Greek βαφη-μητρα: the prefix refering to being 'dyed/ stained' or 'dipped' in blood -qv. Euripides,Hercules Furens:

μαινομένωι πιτύλωι πλαγχθεὶς
ἑκατογκεφάλου τε βαφαις ὕδρας (1190)

The suffix derives from 'mother' or 'mistress' used in a religious sense (qv. Iamblicus 'De Mysteriis').

This name - Baphomet - is thus a descriptive one for the "dark" (i.e lunar) goddess, to whom sacrifices were made, and which was actually known in former times as 'Bubastis' - that is, Bastet, to whom cats were sacred.

Thus, Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/ Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature [when viewed via conventional morality] to whom sacrifices have been, and continue to be, made. Sinister tradition regards Baphomet as the Bride of Satan/Lucifer - this would fit well since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo: Artemis is the female form('sister') of Apollo. Here, it must be remembered that both Apollo and Artemis were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark: both 'sinister' and 'light'.

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A Gift for the Prince - a Guide to Human Sacrifice

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess or 'Baphomet', the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed - or stored, for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This issimply another way of saying that sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual, involuntary, of an individual or two, or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important but also the manner of death. We must live well, and die at the right time, proud and defiant: not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling:the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of our minds.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple, Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals withoutarousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master (or Mistress).

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders (e.g. journalists) and political/business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: 1)by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); 2) by direct, personal, sacrifice; and 3)by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order or its members or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in their mind by hypnotic means a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or stored temporarily) or dispersed over the Earth by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the oath of sacrifice draws down upon them the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Orders and individuals - both magickal and more directly. Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s): it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

<u>Note</u>: Methods (2) and (3) are no longer undertaken and are given for historical interest <u>only</u>.

The Deofel Quartet

The Quartet consists of:

1) Falcifer: Lord of Darkness
2) The Temple of Satan (aka Witch Queen)
3) The Giving
4) The Greyling Owl

The general purpose of these MSS is briefly explained in the 'Introduction' which follows their title page. More specifically, each work deals with one (sometimes more) forms of 'magickal/archetypal' energy as these are understood in the septenary tradition and the means whereby these can be controlled as well as how those forms affect individuals, both consciously and unconsciously. In some of the works (for example 'Falcifer') the magick is obvious; in others, (for example 'The Greyling Owl') it is much less obvious, and for good reason.

The best approach is to read each work in order of complexity, starting with the least (esoterically) complicated. Thus, the reading sequence would be: Falcifer; The Giving; The Temple of Satan; The Greyling Owl. Further, this increasing complexity operates, in the individual works, on different levels. At first, all of them should be read merely for enjoyment (and the 'esoteric' information obvious on a first reading). A further reading should provoke questions and (hopefully) insights into esoteric matters in general and the reader's psyche in particular.

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Viewed in a simplified way, the four works deal with the first four spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. Thus:
1) Falcifer - deals with the first sphere (Moon) and some of its 'influences' (in the personal sense) in an overtly magickal setting.
2) Greyling - deals with some aspects of the second sphere (Mercury) in a way 're-moved' from a magickal setting.
3) Temple - deals with some aspects of the third sphere in a directly magickal setting.
4) Giving - deals with the transition from the third sphere to the fourth sphere, in a specific magickal setting.

(1) and (2) may be said to be written from a ♂ perspective; (3) and (4) from a ♀ perspective. But in all the interplay between the 'male' and the 'female' aspects is important. (Note: ♀♀ is dealt with in the MS 'Breaking The Silence Down')

In each of the works the interplay of ☽ ('light') with ☿ ('sinister')is also described, although only in some of the works (e.g. Falcifer)is this framework viewed in the 'conventional magickal sense' (i.e. from a 'sinister' viewpoint). In all cases, the 'moral' relativity should be obvious, although it may take some insight/further study of MSS for this to be seen. The same applies to the magick - i.e. the alteration of individuals/events/archetypal forms and so on by a Master/Mistress/magickian: only in a few instances (e.g. Falcifer) is this instantly recognizable as 'magick' (robes, rituals and so on). There are important reasons for all this - reasons which once understood should aid the esoteric understanding of the reader.

Thus, the MSS are more challenging/esoterically interesting than might appear from a first, casual, reading.

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The following lists give some (<u>not all</u>) of the main themes and questions dealt with/arising from the Quartet. They are intended only as a guide to further reading of the MSS. Ideally, what follows should be read only after the MSS themselves and then to provoke further study of them/aid the understanding obtained from the first reading.

1) Greyling - What forces (in both magickal and personal sense (is there a difference?) control/influence the characters of Mickleman, Andrea, Alison, Fenton?

Does Alison's perception change? If so, by what means? Is this means intentional - or via magick? If so, to what end/purpose?

Does Mickleman's perception/insight change? What is his initial level of self-understanding? What his wyrd? What is Fiona's part in this?

What if anything is Edmund seeking to achieve and why?

Some key elements (clues exist in the MS):
a) How does supra-personal magick work? b) To what end this magick? c) Archetypally (re spheres of ToW) what forces act upon the psyche of the main characters?
d) The MS expresses one aspect of real magick in action - is this magick as described in the MS sinister? If so, why?

2) Temple - What archetypal elements are present in Melanie and Thurstan? How is Melanie changed - and why? (See quote from Book of Recalling at beginning of MS.)

Does Thurstan change through his love with Melanie? If so, why? Can all these changes be related to the experiences of an Initiate, in real life, following the seven-fold way?

What level of insight has Algar attained? Is he a magickian - in control? Do external forces/archetypes control/influence him? Is this related to Initiate experience? Does Algar understand wyrd?

Pead - what is his level of insight/achievement? Jukes - what is his? Does his esoteric development change? If so, how?

Saer - who is he? What is his role? His magick? What is Claudia's understanding/role and so on?

Main theme - what is the magick and wyrd of the MS and why?

3) Giving - Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change. Can they as characters be related to journey of an Initiate?

Lianna - what is her esoteric development/insight? What key factors influence her?

Thorold - what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness?Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Imlach and his daughter - what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfil the archetypal role of Guardian?

Monica - is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

Some themes:

a) What is the magick of the 'story'? Is this magick sinister? b)How do Mallam's belief and magick differ from Lianna's? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna's relationship to him, his wyrd? b) Is the historical setting (Templars etc.) necessary? c) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of Earth? d)What is Sidnal's role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he 'Satanic'? (What is Satanic?)

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To some degree, all the MSS in the quintet deal with a particular type of magick/ manipulation and this is explicated in many ways including:
a) of individuals and groups of individuals by other individuals and groups, be these others magickians or not;
b) of how various individuals are affected by certain elemental/magickal forces and 'emotions', these forces etc. being manifest in various guises - some directly magickal, some archetypal (as, for example, when a man is charmed by and falls in love with a woman, he apprehending that woman archetypally) and some aeonic.

The manipulation of the energies/forms and so on varies in the different MS, as the aim or intent of such manipulation does - for example, sometimes it is for direct personal desire/gratification, sometimes it is due to unconscious factors, sometimes it is due to a desire (sinister and otherwise) to change/aid a particular individual or individuals.

However, just as important in each MS as this covert/ overt form of magick is how and why individuals become changed via it in many and various situations. Thus, for example, sometimes change occurs because of personal involvement with others, sometimes through being influenced (either consciously or unconsciously) by magickal energy (which itself may be directed at that individual by another), sometimes through mediums like music (with perhaps some 'magickal' input from another), sometimes via personal confrontation with unconscious fears and/or insights.

All of these changes are presented in the various MSS from differing perspectives - and these perspectives are sometimes individual (directly personal) as they are sometimes magickal. The perspectives change - from MS to MS and sometimes within a single MS - and while the perspective may be 'sinister' it is also sometimes 'moral': that is, seen from the viewpoint of an individual adhering to 'conventional morals/attitudes'. This diverse variation is intentional, since by it the reader is (or should be) able to objectify the action/changes/characters and thus understand the influences (magickal and otherwise) behind these, particuarly with reference to the psyche. This understanding is aided by the fact that each MS is related to a particuarly septenary sphere and thus to some extent deals with the energy/magick/influences both unconscious and conscious of that sphere. However, as in real life and real magick, other influences (from other spheres) may sometimes intrude and complicate matters and the reader should be capable of understanding the interplay.

The understanding that results from a reading and study of the MSS (using the themes, questions and so on revealed here and in other notes on the quintet) is part of the process of Initiate awareness - and should assist those following the seven-fold way to arrive at a personal understanding of their own psyche as well as that of others. Such understanding enables magick itself to be understood - and used effectively.

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The Sinister Path - Aims and Intents

The Sinister Path, as the way of genuine Satanism is sometimes known, comprises two traditions. The first of these is 'traditional Satanism' - represented by such groups as the ONA - and the second derives from the teachings promulgated by Anton La Vey and includes his 'Church of Satan' as well as the 'Temple of Set'. In both aims and intent, the two traditions differ considerably, and while traditional Satanism may be said to have its roots in Europe (particuarly Britain) the La Vey tradition is primarily American and of fairly recent date.

The primary aim of traditional Satanism is the achievement, by the individual, of magickal Adeptship and this is achieved by Initiated individuals following what is called the 'seven-fold way' (sometimes called the 'seven-fold sinister way'). This way is essentially a series of magickal techniques, teachings and goals and during its early stages may be said to consist of an exploration, by the individual, of hidden/latent/sinister/forbidden areas of consciousness. During these early stages, practical magick is employed, and traditional Satanism distinguishes between 'external' and 'internal' magick. The first type is primarily sorcery; the second, an exploration/expansion of individual consciousness. One of the tasks of an Initiate following this seven-fold way is the formation of a magickal/Satanic Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals. Among these rituals is 'The Black Mass'. However, these ceremonial rituals - and external magick itself of whatever kind - represent only the first few stages of the sinister seven-fold way: they are, essentially, a practical training in magick and magickal technique. It is beyond these stages that the real work of an Initiate of the 'Dark Tradition' begins, and these more advanced stages involve that Initiate in 'Internal' magick - the development of individual consciousness.

Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the 'inner development' of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers. Neither they,nor the groups to which they belong, proselytize, and traditional Satanism has no social, religious or political connotations whatsoever. Rather, it is an esoteric way of living for those few individuals who might be interested - a way founded on Western Occult tradition (an aspect of this tradition is known as the Septenary system).

The La Vey type of Satanism concentrates on a glorification of the individual 'ego' and an indulgence in the pleasures of life. Both the Church of Satan and the more recent Temple of Set are organized on the basis of Satanism as a religion with all that this implies in terms of acceptance of doctrine and adherence to an individual leader/master/specific group. The fundamental tenets of this religion were stated by La Vey in his 'Satanic Bible'. While the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set differ on some organizational matters, they both take this 'Satanic Bible' (and other works by La Vey) as their starting point, and in many respects the Temple of Set may be said to be a 'schism' from the Church of Satan. Other Satanic groups, both in America, Europe and elsewhere, take these two orgainzations as their own 'role model' and follow both their teachings/philosophy and methods of magical working.

Basically, the teachings of La Vey and those following him have their origin in the qabalistic, Grimoire tradition. There is an identification with the 'demonic' aspects and a desire to use this to further personal goals and ambitions. Generally, followers of this tradition of modern Satanism do not believe in any existence after death, seek practical mastery over others, exult in the pleasures of the flesh, perform rituals and ceremonies for their own benefit and see their beliefs in religious terms. The main groups - the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set - also actively seek followers, engage in public avowals of Satanic faith and offer members various titles and offices. The aims of these groups include winning converts for their religion, making that religion more accessable and acceptable, and, ultimately, bringing that religion into social prominence.

The majority of individuals who profess to be Satanists and who do not belong to any particular grouping, almost without exception adhere to the La Vey tradition. This is so because of the 'publicity profile' attained by La Vey and, following him, Aquino (of the Temple of Set) and because of the ready availability of books dealing with this aspect of Satanism.

The fundamental aims of this type of Satanism may be simply stated as the glorification of the ego and the return of instinct. There is not, in this type, any glorification of 'evil' and certainly not any 'Satanic criminal behaviour'. Instead, there is an attempt to change the way the individual views the world - toward what may be termed a more Mephistophelean and Machiavellian approach.

In contrast, the followers of more traditional Satanism believe that this approach is only a beginning. These followers eschew the religious approach and instead concentrate on achieving self-development beyond the stage represented by the 'ego'. Traditional Satanism also believes individuals can create for themselves an existence after death, and this creation is seen as one of the fundamental aims of this tradition.

Further, traditional Satanist groups and teachers are secret, and those who, after perhaps a deligent search, find them and seek to follow their seven-fold way are subjected to many ordeals before being accepted. This testing of all candidates ensures that only the most sincere and motivated are accepted.

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The foundation of the Church of Satan in the sixth decade of this present century and the writings of the founder of that Church (particuarly 'The Satanic Bible') represented only one further stage in the development of Satanism - a new divergence, founded on some aspects, although not all, of that particular magickal and practical view of the world.

Satanism, in many divergent forms,existed before the Church of Satan in both the Old and the New worlds - and those forms, as well as new ones, continue to exist independant of both this Church and the writings of its creater. Thus groups and individuals which claim that the Church of Satan (in either its present or its original form) represents the only genuine form of Satanism are, historically, deluding themselves.

Such claims are usually based on one or more of the following: (a) The founder of the Church of Satan inaugurated a 'new Satanic' age and this inauguration makes all other forms of Satanism invalid/superfluous; (b)a mandate was given by some supra-personal being; (c) there is a 'pure' tradition and this form is represented by a presently existing group.

Basically, those who claim to be 'genuine' Satanists divide into three groups: the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and some small European groups (both the Church of Satan (CoS) and the Temple of Set (ToS) are American in origin) among which the ONA is included. From time to time, other groups become manifest - both they are almost without exception splinter groups/fronts of the Cos or the ToS (e.g. 'The Werewolf Order': a CoS 'front'). The CoS accepts (a) and (c) above and as a group adhere with an almost religious outlook to the founder of the Church and his 'Bible' - for example, one the followers of this Church states (Black Flame, Vol 2 no 2): "We have a Bible ... We have a Church. We have a tradition ... We have a High Priest." The ToS accepts (b) and (c) - the mandate emanating from the Prince of Darkness in the form of Set and divulged to mortals in 'The Book of Coming Forth by Night'. Further, the ToS accept that they are continuing the work begun by the early CoS, that is, they represent the original and 'pure' Church. In this sense, the ToS is a schism from the CoS.

Hence the conflict between the CoS and the ToS - both claim to be the genuine form of Satanism and both date the new Satanic age in the same way - 1990 ev is, for example, XXV A.S. Both of these groups have an organizational structure (although the ToS claims the CoS in its present form does not any longer possess a structure) and both have teachings and a leader. Members of both are expected to respect both teachings and leader. Both actively seek members and both engage in public/media avowals. The ToS hopes to make Satanism a legitimate religion.

As far as basic teachings go, the CoS and the ToS differ - for although the ToS accepts the early works of La Vey (there being thus a little common ground) it differs quite significantly in what has been built upon those works. There is, for instance, in the ToS an emphasis on the 'higher self' above the glorification of the ego that is such a feature of the CoS as well as

a move away from a fixed ideology and 'Church' like mentality. Nonetheless, the ToS demands a certain commitment (subserviance some opponents would say) to the teachings and authority of the Temple, and while this is not as pronounced as in the CoS it nevertheless exists. The squabbles between the CoS and the ToS aids this commitment - on both sides - and to a certain extent necessitates it. Having become established, and having media profiles, both the CoS and the ToS need to continually re-affirm both their identity and their mission - and this has led to the formation of personality cults (more evident on the side of the CoS although Aquino accepts the role of 'Voice of Set').

Both the Church and the Temple are concerned - although in different ways - with safeguarding what they see as the authentic tradition of Satanism, and accordingly each tends to be atagonistic to those outside of this supposed tradition, particuarly if individuals and groups espouse views contrary to their teachings and policies. Both wish to protect what they see as their reputation and this tends to lead to suspicions regarding other groups and individuals who espouse different forms of Satanism - as well as sometimes polemics/dis-information against those groups and individuals to further enhance that reputation at the expense of those others.

All this is not unexpected given the form of both the CoS and the Tos and the claims made by each regarding the authority and authenticity of their version of Satanism - in fact, all the above follows naturally.

In contrast, the ONA, for example, is not concerned with either an imagined (or even real) history regarding its own tradition and teachings - or with trying to claim some authority (either supra-personal or via some new aeonic manifestation) for that tradition and those teachings. Basically, some ONA teachings have been handed down by reclusive Adepts and some have been developed recently. What is 'historical' about these teachings may or may not be valuable today and may or may not be of interest to aspirant Adepts - indeed, some of the teachings handed down have been superseded and some of just mystifications. What exists is made accessable enabling its usefulness or irrelevance to be judged on an individual basis. What is important however is that the central core (recently codified and extended in the creative sense) offers a practical path to Adeptship and beyond. (This path being explicated in the books 'Naos', 'The Black Book of Satan', the Deofel Quartet and the Star Game.) The accent is on practical - it is devoid of mystifications, does not involve theoretical discussions, require acceptance of any dogma, ideology or organizational structure. Neither does it require submission to any individual or authority. It is not concerned with converting others, with reputations or establishing a favourable social climate for its adherents. It is, simply, a very simple and practical set of magickally-inclined workings which any individual can undertake for themselves. It does not need to be 'interpreted' by some Master or guide. It simply <u>is</u>: available to those who wish to avail themselves of its methods.

This is not to say that this path - the seven-fold sinister way - is easy. On the contrary, it takes time

and effort, requiring a certain desire to follow it to its end. The following of this way depends only on the individual.

This present codification of the essence of ONA teachings into 'the seven-fold sinister way' is a result of the natural process of evolution within the LHP - in this particular instant, the result of the creative inspiration of one individual over the past few decades. This process, of refinement and extension, will continue as further insights are gained and new creativity - extending the frontiers - arises from other individuals who are Adepts of the LHP. Thus the present form of those teachings (as represented, for instance, in 'Naos') is itself only a stage between a historical past and the possibilities of the future: as such, this form is not sacred or subject to jealous guardianship with extended polemics in its defence. It is simply a working method which produces results - there is no mystique about it, no glorification of the creative individual responsible for its present form, no reliance on historical traditions, as there can be no dogma attached to it. It simply exists, to guide those who may be interested in following its methods.

It is up to each and every individual interested in the LHP and Satanism to choose which way to follow. Some lead to Adeptship and beyond - others merely to subserviance to someone else's ego and mythology.

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Brief Guide to the Seven-Fold Way:

Aims - a) Esoteric Initiation; b) Magickal Adeptship; c) Fulfilment of individual wyrd and potential; d) creation of next stage of human evolution

Stages - 1) Neophyte 2) Initiate 3) External Adept 4) Internal Adept 5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth 6) Grand Master (Magus)/Grand Mistress 7) Immortal

Neophyte - Construction of Star Game (qv Naos) and learning how to use this. Undertake ritual of Initiation (Naos; Black Book)

Initiate - Workings with spheres and septenary pathways (Naos); Hermetic workings for specific desires/aims (Naos). Achievement of demanding physical goal. Seeking and finding of companion (opposite sex: or same if gay) - Initiate this individual (Black Book) and undertake workings with spheres/pathways with them. Use of Star Game with companion. Undertake Grade Ritual of External Adept (Naos).

External Adept - With companion, organize a Temple for ceremonial rituals (Black Book) holding regular sunedrions (Black Book): recruiting members etc. Run this Temple for between six months to one year - regular teaching sessions (Black Book) including Esoteric Chant, Star Game etc. At end of this period prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept - Depending on wyrd (manifest during Grade Ritual) continue with Temple or fulfil on practical level the tasks of wyrd (e.g. creativity). Learning and use of Advanced Star Game and Aeonic magick. Further training of companion (up to Internal Adept if required/possible). Use of Rites of Nine Angles. Preparation for G. Ritual Master/Mistress.

(Historical Addendum: reductio ad absurdum:-)

The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Set/Satan or an extra-terrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and mysterious group whose 'Master' taught and Initiated him.

The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among peoples who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being 'Initiated' into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger led him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples. His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with pervailing social dogma, many dark, some noetical) provided a useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teachings of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occassional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on any level - it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals orientated toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a 'mythology' about the Dark Gods. (It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined either derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/ Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest.)

In the early years of the eigth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the traditions of this small group (the ONA - as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.

No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with 'supernatural' authority. As expressed in such published works as 'Naos' and 'The Black Book' they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.

Thus the ONA has no structure because no structure is needed - its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occuring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lessor extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advice from experience.

It is as absurdly simple as that.

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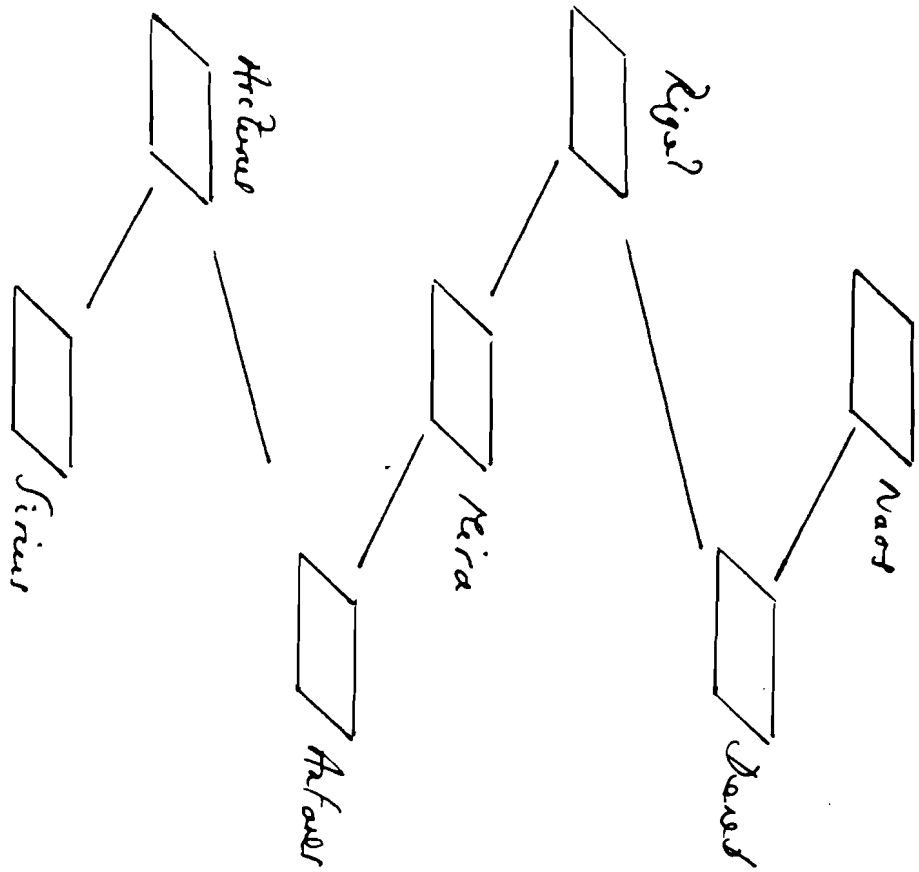
O.N.A. 1989ev.



Notes on the Septenary Stars

Deneb: Jupiter sphere: Baphomet: Earth Gate (for α working)

Rigel: Mars sphere: Dark angle (Man's Gate) - α working

Antares: Venus sphere: Light angle (α working):Star Gate

Arcturus: Mercury: Satan/Lucifer: Dark Gate (α working)

*Rising of Arcturus (Albion c. 3 000 yrs BP) $\Rightarrow$ August: thus 'festivals'

*Antares $\Rightarrow$ May - thus 'festivals' (middle/end of month)
('Venus' implies Baphomet image in 'light' aspect:
qv. Tarot image 2 'High Priestess')

*Baphomet: Mistress of Earth (qv. 'magickal energies'/Azoth images).

Note: All the above represent only one aspect of the causal symbolism (ie. how the 'chaotic'/raw energy of a particular sphere is apprehended/viewed/manifested to individual consciousness):-

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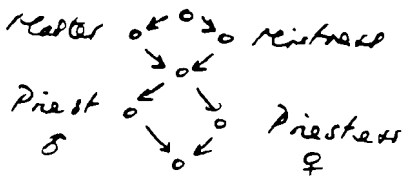
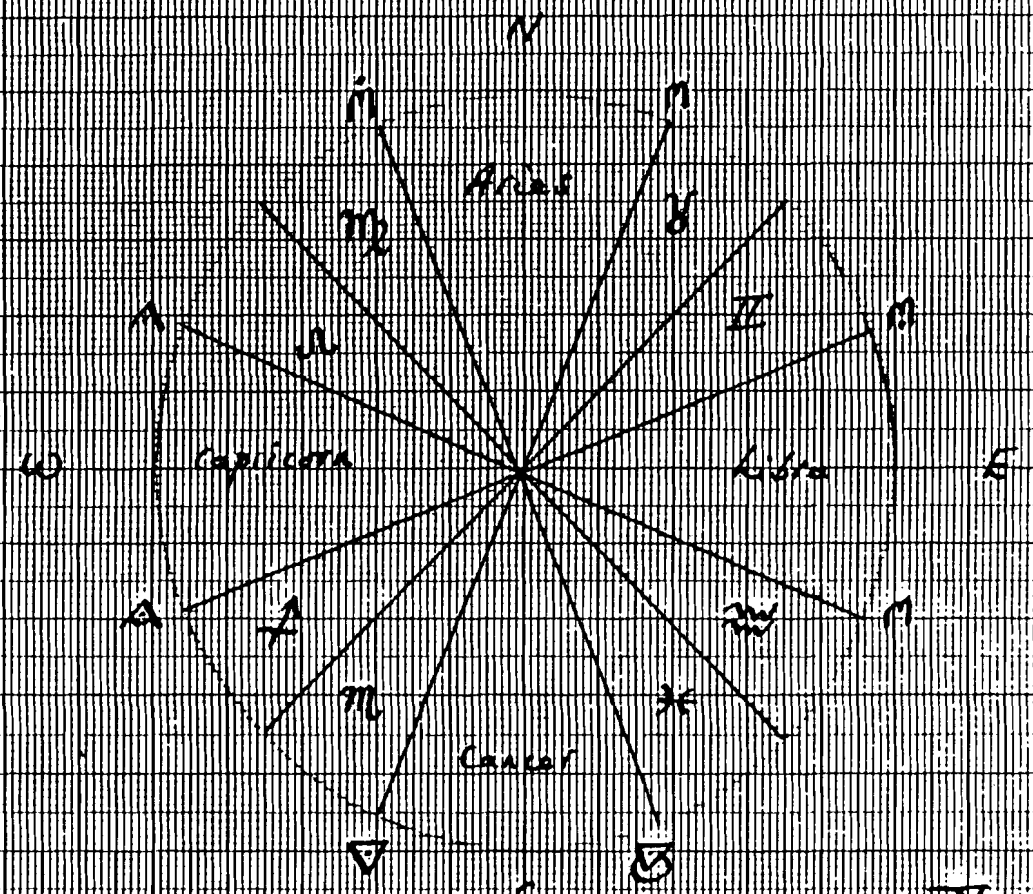


The Wheel of Life

Aries : Venus
Cancer : Moon
Libra : Sun
Capricorn : Mercury

♈ : Spring Equinox
♋ : Summer Solstice
♎ : Autumn Equinox
♑ : Winter Solstice



♈ : Water of Water
♉ : Water of Fire
♊ : Fire of Water
♌ : Fire of Fire etc.

♈ : Water
♌ : Fire
♋ : Earth
♎ : Air

The Vertical path

♀ : Priestess	: Aphrodite
♂ : Priest	: Apollo
♀ : Mistress of Earth	: Hecate
♂ : Master of the Temple	: Hermes

The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us - that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates'/to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate - and the pathways leading to/from it - often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolized causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss - which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins - is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals - that is, their is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further - there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearence which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'comsos' itself - the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrd itself - all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are - that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrence. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment

of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often saught).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical rescources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination - and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonement occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals).

The physical part also creates - because of the isolation - a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us. All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner - that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' - in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal - each stage developes more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left Hand or Sinister Path itself - that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply - the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presenced physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy - the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]

***

Ny — thra * k - thra

- ae . Af — a —

30th . Ny- thra k - thra - ae

ae .

Chant to open Star Gate

Ny - thra * A - thun - ae At - a

- 30th . At -

a - 30th .

At - a - 30th .

Chant to return Atazoth

The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, self-descriptive: the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base of both lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the Sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three-dimensional space the path from causal to acausal - the 'Initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn viā the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. 'The Wheel of Life'). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (i.e. un-Initiated) view of the septenary, this septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols ⊖(⊖), ⊖(♆) or α(α), α(λ), ᾱ(ω) and so on:i.e. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - e.g. individual consciousness:the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the 'Tree of Wyrd' represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('Spheres') of that game. (Note: The Advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for Initiates - serves only as an introduction to the Advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (e.g. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various Occult symbolisms) - this developes the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described an 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic, which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed

interacts with it in some places*. Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develope our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

On a less refined esoteric level (i.e. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally, in several ways - for example, as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with Esoteric Chant - qv. 'Naos') and when an 'Earth Gate' is being saught with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (e.g. inaugurate a new aeon) - the find an Earth Gate the sequence would be begun to end at the 'Earth Gate'.

The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priestess and Priest the other: together (i.e. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a 'tetrahedron' which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum': "Make a round circle of the man and the woman ...") and occassionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three-dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game.

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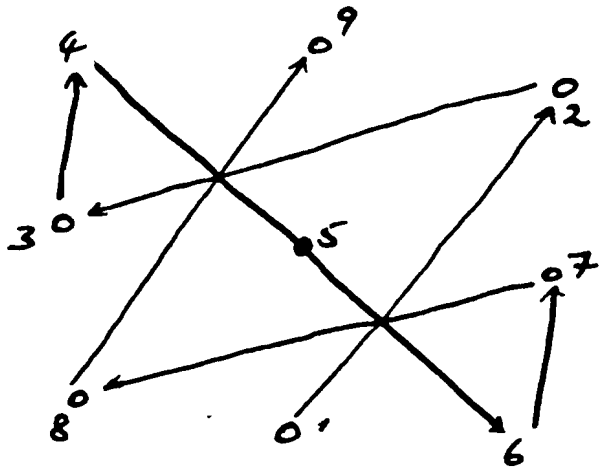
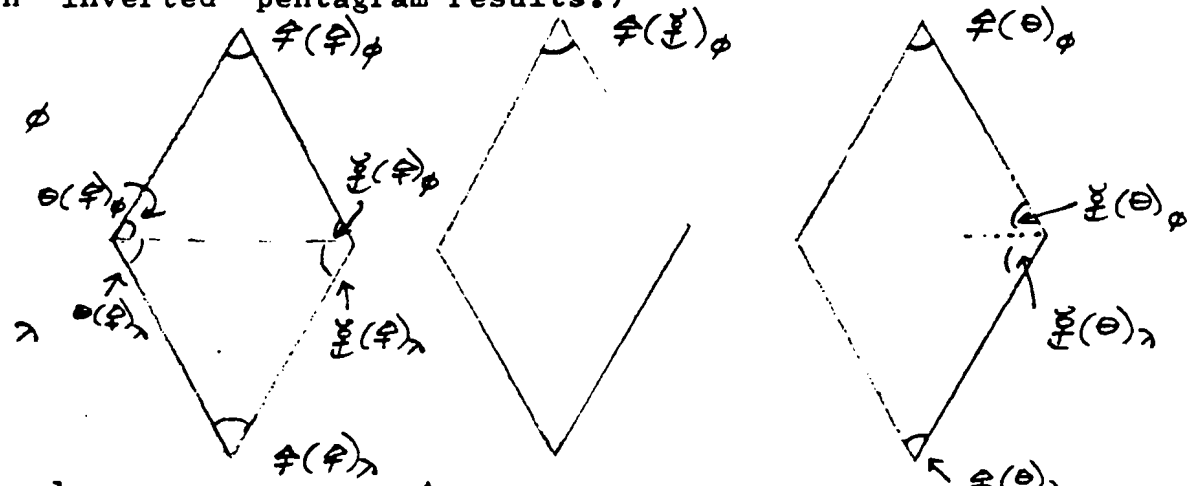
*For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor $T_{\lambda\mu}$ where $C_{\lambda\mu}$ is the causal component and $a_{\lambda\mu}$ the acausal one. For an x^{λ} system (Euclidean space) $C_{\lambda\mu}$ has <u>nine</u> non-zero components. These are the symmetric componets of $T_{\lambda\mu}$: the skew-symmetric being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal, and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving this tensor which describes this multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'space-time' (causal and acausal).



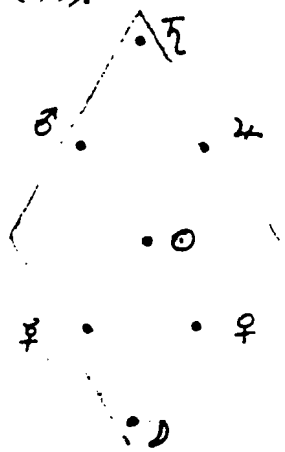
1 = Moon
2 = Jupiter = Earth Gate
3 = Mars
4 = Dark Angle = Man's Gat
5 = Sun
6 = Light Angle = Star Gat
7 = Venus
8 = Mercury = Dark Gate
9 = Saturn

(This is only one form or direction of the sigil: the angles may be joined in other ways.)

(Note: Take the four 'gates' from the nine angles and an 'inverted' pentagram results.)



ϕ = acausal
λ = causal



Nine turns or angles

Nine basic angles $\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\text{☿}) \rightarrow \Theta(\text{♀}) \rightarrow \text{☿}(\Theta) \rightarrow \text{☿}(\text{☿}) \rightarrow \text{☿}(\text{♀}) \rightarrow \text{♀}(\Theta) \rightarrow \text{♀}(\text{☿}) \rightarrow \text{♀}($

(Note: $\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$ is causal angle; $\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$ acausal angle <u>etc</u>.)

Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way

In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan - an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LAShTAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead - a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist.

In the exoteric sense, 'Shaitan' represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual - and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms - and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex - this often means participation in rituals such as those given in 'Codex Saerus' or Crowley's Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning - and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) - the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon - other than perhaps some vague 'intellectual' understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects - whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick - is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (Moon, Mercury and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three stages of that re-integration - that is, Calcination, Seperation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonic perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or 'word' and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth stage - the sphere of the Sun - and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the 'darker' side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature - enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved - of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mish-mash of Occult and psuedo-scientific concepts such as 'quantum mechanics' and 'relativity' * - an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain 'view of the world' and a personal approach to living: a way which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This 'view of the world' or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks - it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e before the decline represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values - as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan 'view of the world' - because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) - it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics.

The true ethos of the West - which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted - may be signified by the word 'Azif' and the symbol of the sunwheel; it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeonic force or 'current' first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense that Crowley and his followers believed - such a 'patriarchal' ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as 'Satan' or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the <u>desire to know</u> which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration.

An analysis of Aenonic forces indicates that the present

*The next fifty years or so will see an end to these speculative, un-experimental and rather silly ideas/theories.

Aeon has, on the practical level - i.e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are sway to external influences - about three centuries more to run. During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies may or may not continue - depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades - although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the most fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game - just as the Star Game itself was prefigured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual:a type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals - by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way.

What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos - and thus the genuine Aeonic current - has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine Western esoteric tradition - as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' - has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.

The basis of the Western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition saught to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner - free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas. To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the 'mysteries' expressed in abstract symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some 'great secret' or 'hidden knowledge' to be revealed to Initiates only - rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved, person.

The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the 'magickal/Occult' faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially

practical - exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subserviance to someone else's personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos. This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social sytems and ideas founded in the 'Nazarene view of the world'. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occuring between two forces - those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine Western (and thus 'sinister') tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends - there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of religion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchial dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past - as are other systems which lack the empathy that experience and then trascendence of the sinister brings.

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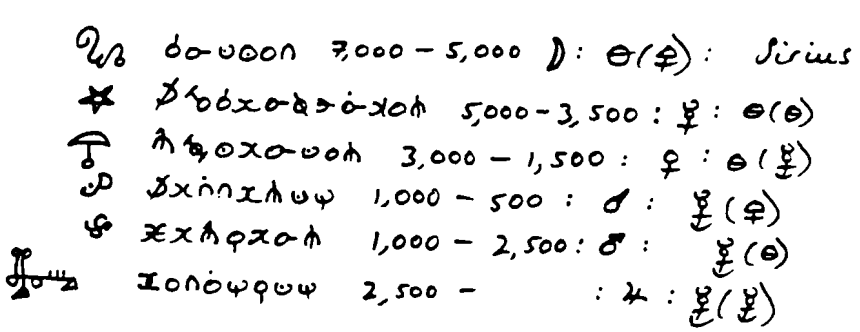

Hangsters Gate [redacted] ONA

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail which changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at him. The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their worn work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot.

Slowly, Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

"Wha you been doin? To her!" Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twithcing slightly, and then he smiled.

"I canna move! I canna move!" shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

"I be beshrewed!" the big man cried amid the silence.

Yapp turned toward him, made a gesture with his hand and left the Inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move. No one followed Yapp outside.

A carriage and pair raced past him as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall, was alarmed at seeing him and turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him - for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and the darkening sky that came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, almhouses and a Church, toward the wooded precints of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where he had possessed Abigail. It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail had warmed his bed.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way led him into the trees, along a narrow path, down past Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing - except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practised care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch up and cut the dead man's left hand away. Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound - except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. Then he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage. An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh - Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. There was a pail for some of the blood.

Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away, and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing. The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their dark goddess Baphomet ...

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As someone involved for well over twenty years with the LHP, I believe I can offer an analysis from the experience gained during the often hard struggle for personal and Occult insight.

Two things are obvious. First, the Temple of Set is not a Satanic organization; and second, it is not an Occult one.

Satanism by its nature is an elite philosophy of living and its genuine adherents are few in number and usually secretive (for a variety of reasons). The individuals who follow this path are generally rebels who either cannot or do not wish to conform. Those who desire the exhileration and danger of extremes: those who cannot and will not obey or bow down. In short, those who possess 'spirit'. For them, Satan is adopted as a symbol of defiance - and this defiance is and has been highly individual. Rather than accept, they question; rather than believe, they seek to discover for themselves. They have a dislike of authority and all dogma. Gradually, this spirit of defiance brings a self-awareness: an insight into themselves and others and 'the world', and this results from the diverse (and sometimes dangerous) experiences of life which those individuals undergo. Of course, some never reach this point - they fail, for whatever reason or reasons.

Further, Satanism is about individuals fulfilling the potential of life: they strive to live as fully as possible, to reach out and become like gods (or goddesses). In achieving this, magick is used as a means - of enhancing life, and understanding. Such striving either makes creative individuals - or it destroys them. This creativity is evident in the life of the individual: through works (e.g. artistic) or through what they achieve (for example making their own life a work of art which others may try and copy).

All this means two essential things. First, they can be no such thing as a Satanic organization or dogma; and second, there can be no Satanic authority (e.g. in the form of an individual). Organization implies conformity and loss of personal identity and authority (however small). Dogma implies accepting someone else's beliefs. Authority (of whatever kind) implies subserviance - a mentality alien to Satanists. Furthermore, all these stifle creativity: one hallmark of a genuine Satanist.

The Temple of Set is thus an example of what Satanism is not. It is not a religion; it does not possess any 'authority'; it does not need an organization nor any media-profile of 'acceptability'.

Of course, some guidance in the initial stages may be (and often is) required by those just beginning their quest, and here the experience of those who have gone that way in the past may be of interest or value. But essentially each individual learns via their own experiences - no one can do it for them: there is no magic formula, no mysterious handshake which brings instant wisdom. For the begineer, 'Masters' and organizations are a snare, a path which leads only to the glorification of the ego of the 'Master'. Such 'Masters' are usually insecure people who need the adulation and attention - it makes them feel alive, important. Naturally, some Satanists play such a 'role' - for a time.

But they soon tire of it - it becomes boring. That is, if they are Satanists. Anyone who plays it for more than a year has arrested development - their quest has ended in failure.

Regarding the second point made above - viz. the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. Implicit in any Occult path - Left Handed or Right Handed - are certain obligations stemming from the very nature of Occultism. Wicca, Paganism, Satanism, Black Magick - whatever - all are means, paths which though different in some respects have the same ultimate goal: or at least, when those paths are followed to their ends. In a simplistic sense, the goal is evolution - developing abilities, enhancing already existing ones, re-discovering forgotten ones. Occult paths reveal through the beginning that is Initiation - they show the essence hidden by the appearence. Or, expressed a different way, they dis-cover what is concealed. Part of what is concealed is, of course, the 'mysterious' - another is the occult energies of living things ... On an individual level, the Occult is the discovery of what is hidden within ourselves, in our own psyche, and Occult paths are processes of self-learning - of what our unique Destiny is and how we relate to the cosmos, this Earth, other individuals.

Initiation is the beginning of a quest - a symbol to that part of the psyche normally hidden which the 'Occult' wishes to bring into consciousness, giviing thus understanding. The form that this symbol assumes is actually irrelevant, and whatever its outer form it implies a responsibility by the very fact that it is a conscious participation, by the Initiate, in evolution. In the simple sense, Initiation is when the individual begins to take responsibility for their own development, their own evolution: the first genuine step toward real freedom, internal psychic freedom. It is the birth of one small part of the new age.

Naturally, quite often the promise of Initiation is not fulfilled - or is fulfilled only in part - in many individuals. But some continue and of those some may achieve the goal. This promise is why the Establishment and conventional religions discourage Occultism and conduct campaigns against it - for Occultism is a means to real freedom and as such it is a threat to them and their domination of the individual. Occult paths lead to inner freedom and one of the responsibilities of any Initiate is to continue this evolutionary quest by passing onto another or others not only what they themselves may have learnt but also the 'Occult ideal' - inner liberation through an Initiatory quest. This ensures continuity and future possibilities. This passing on is never forced, nor is it in any way dogmatic - for it is related to another aspect of Initiatory responsibility: the respect for differing paths, different quests.

Having myself followed a specific Left Hand Path, I am inclined to believe it is worthwhile and effective. But I also realize it is not suited to everyone who wishes to begin their own Occult quest. For many years I recruited for a Satanic group (although 'recruit is hardly the word: offered the path to those who possessed the right qualities is nearer the mark) but I was never interested in mere numbers, in proselytizing and tried hard to dissuade most applicants to test their seriousness - because Satanism is difficult and at times dangerous (in psychic terms). I was always aware that other paths were available and perhaps

more suitable to some (indeed, to most who applied). I, as an Occultist, knew that Initiation involves the free commitment of an individual - for the goal was their liberation, not their subjection by me or anyone else.

Given all these factors, it is impossible not to conclude that the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. It does not respect other paths, and other individuals, as is shown by their attempts to discredit others and their insistence that they represent the only genuine form of Satanism. Furthermore, their dogmatic, religious stance - with all that is therefore implied in terms of acceptance of Temple authority and mandates - rather than liberating their members actually holds them in thrall, both mental and psychic. Rather than participating in that liberation and evolution which is part of the new age, the Temple of Set actually an offshoot of the old order and its stifling ways of being. This is shown, for example, in their concern with numbers, in trying to recruit regardless of quality and regardless of whether the individual is actually suited to the Left Hand Path - for, for the Temple, numbers mean influence, feathers in the cap of the leader - a sign that the Temple is pre-eminent, flourishing and succeeding.

Naturally, much more could be written to further detail the reasons as to why this particular organization is detrimental to what we as Occultists seek to achieve by our various paths. But the essence of the matter has been revealed - sufficient to enable readers to judge the matter for themselves.

To return, finally, to the personal level - I have no cause to defend, no desire for personal gain in what I write: only a desire for others to understand what is really important about the Occult and the path which a long time ago I myself decided I would follow. Organizations like the Temple of Set undermine what serious followers of the Left Hand Path have been trying to achieve for centuries - basically because its members and leaders seek to glorify their own egos at the expense of the inner freedom of others.

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As has been written - opfers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock, removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change (war/strife/struggle/change and so on), than it does by choosing a specific opfer and executing an act of sacrifice.

However, the correct choice of opfer means that with their elimination, the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [In non-esoteric terms, read 'aid the dark forces to spread over Earth'.]

The choosing of specific opfers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) an insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available.

Generally, it is the duty of a Master of Mistress to select opfers, although any Satanist, from novice onwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is judgement concerning the character of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/the sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victims are subject to tests (qv. Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers MS). Often, the Master or Mistress meets with the victim 'accidently' and so can judge them on a personal level, using their intuition/insight and so on.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the sinister dialectic - i.e. will it aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) means (a) that members are available for the testing; (b) the loyalty of those who will participate is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities to conduct the act and make it seem 'accidental' if required as well as ensure safe disposal after the act and make the necessary arrangements (an alibi, e.g.) should any participant ever need one.

Opfers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act -be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination)- is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and because of the character/actions of the victim. The act itself is often communal - involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating (although the verdict of the Master/Mistress is final). In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue <u>for</u> the selected victim during the special sunedrion which is convened to consider the selection/arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a postive way, enhances the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature or because of their deeds. Mostly, they are dross whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative.

The judgement which decides their fate (so far as subjecting them to tests) is of course a Satanic one - but quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but two will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw some light on the underlying principles involved.

I A young man of weak character (no self-discipline, a bully of the worst kind ...) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' and has a distain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish behaviour, when he is with his friends, of course, being too weak to do anything provokative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occassion, he steals a car with some cronies, is chased by the Police, but escapes. During the chase, he crashes into some others cars, and two people are injured, one a young woman, quite seriously.

Some time later, he and some others break into the house of an old, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages our young man who beats the old man unconscious with his fists, boots and the old man's stick. The old man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been given several medals for his gallant conduct. Our young man is rather proud of himself after this beating, and considers himself a 'hard man'.

This young man is a typical example of modern dross. His character and his actions make him suitable. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via a test designed to provoke this. Should he fail, another test would seal his fate.

II A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning 'The Holocaust' is a crime, in Law, joins an extreme Right-Wing political group which works underground. In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience 'on the edge' and so gain experience, and to aid the sinister dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for 'the forbidden' [qv. MSS concerning Aeonics and heresy.]. After some months of action, one of his comrades betrays him and some others - because this 'comrade' gave in under pressure and made a deal with the authorities, having been captured doing something illegal (in that country - distributing 'forbidden' books and leaflets). Our novice, however, escapes - but two of his comrades are arrested, tried and eventually jailed for their 'crimes'.

Thus, the person who betrayed them makes himself a victim for Satanic retribution - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus the novice aiding that dialectic). The novice selected him as a victim, and the Master guiding this novice agreed he was a suitable choice. The next stage was a special sunedrion to moot the case (with a member defending the victim's action and character) and then a judgement made after the Master had heard all the arguments. After the judgement - arrangements for the tests.

Essenially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) the magickal act, achieved by a rite such as The Death Ritual: i.e. death by magickal means. (2) the physical act - i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary/simultaneous magickal ritual which aids the act of execution, however this latter is done, or the act may occur during a magickal rite.

Excursus: The Reason For Revealing A Secret Sinister Tradition

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, psuedo-Satanists have claimed that 'Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices'. However, I repeat that human sacrifice, properly conducted, is a culling and thus is positive - it is a part of Satanic practice. Of course, the psuedo-Satanists would deny this, since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make Satanism easier and 'more acceptable', a playing at wizards.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which cannot be mis-understood.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer, in this one instance, applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups decided to permit this tradition to be not only written down (heretofore its transmission of necessity had been oral) but also disseminated to a limited extent. This would establish, for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is, since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at this moment in causal time) for this knowledge to be made known. Part of the reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to present Satanism as it is, thus enabling those with the right character to follow that dark path to self-development, increasing over decades and centuries the number of genuine Adepts. All of the tradition is now accessable in written form (at least to those prepared to find it) and this makes that tradition more accessable, since heretofore it had been the exclusive preserve of a few. Accessability here means it can be used, by others. The other main reason for that judgement was to counter the softly, softly meanderings of the psuedo-Satanists who seemed determined to claim Satanism as their own and who preached that Satanism was actually not that bad, it just had been 'mis-understood' and Satanists were actually rather 'nice people, quite normal' who just appeared to be rather weird and so on ad nauseam. These jerks, showmen and role-playing hucksters were taken seriously by those within what had become known as 'the Occult' and established their "authority", making pronouncements (such as what group/organization they considered to be Satanic and what they considered to be mere'dabblers') and generally feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world/conclaves/covens/Pylons. Such meanderings, the people who made them and the people who believed them, actually were and are detrimental to the achievement of real Adeptship and thus self-understanding and esoteric insight, for they, left unchallanged, would undermine and destroy the essence of Satanism - the creation of a new, higher type via direct often dark experience, ordeals and self-effort over a period of years: i.e. the building of real character via the fires of experience. These psueds had traded dark experience and danger for intellectual verbosity and psuedo-magickal fantasy games. For so defying the sinister dialectic, some at least would be suitable candidates to become opfers ... They would then really discover the wrath, and dark evil power which is Satan.

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Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particuarly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and 'criminal behaviour'.

Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent 'Satanists' for what they are - individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before - Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way - as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or 'Temples' where Initiates conform to dogma or authority - such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.

Sacrifice:

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only - since there are an abundence of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character - to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magickal benefits (qv. the Order MS "A Gift for the Prince"). Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine - the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualized world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are - gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason - a calculating purpose. [qv., for example,'Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.'] It is never strictly personal - i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the opfers, choose themselves. Thus, opfers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occassionaly an opfer may be a virgin). Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become opfers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests, or 'games' are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice. One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrifical death. Most often, the tests are tests of character - those that are shown to be worthless in character become opfers.

Thus, a number of victims are selected - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. 'The Sinister Shadow' MS for an example.]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become opfers. [See below, under 'Crime', for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved - the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more 'testing'.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means (e.g. assassination/'accidents') without any magickal trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a 'symbolic' opfer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual opfer).

The actual execution of the act of sacrifice - whether during a ritual or otherwise - will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occured during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type - i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice 'in the real world', involving assassination and 'accidents' or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly "motiveless crimes". Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship.

The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual - i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

Crime:

Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent - the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy.

Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.

A Satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting - they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs - this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves - they would be 'tested' to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character - according to their nature. This required the novice to use his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility - who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist. [Note: One of the best exoteric descriptions of 'Satanic' character - and also of those lacking it - was given by Nietzsche in his 'The Anti-Christ'. The Satanist adheres to a 'master-morality'.]

The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time - watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order - or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occassion, the victim ignored the 'robbery', and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one 'robber' unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time. Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult - requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest - in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice's instinctive assessment of the victim's character - and thus aided his Satanic judgement.

In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic psuedo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurence,courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

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The Hard Reality of Satanism

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedalled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

I What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage.

It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurence. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual - and triumphing soley by one's own efforts.

It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-covery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subserviance: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it by this experience that the novice learns and developes a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed " for more details.].

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endevour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearence of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatable'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist*. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing nurds lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of the any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedalled by their leader.

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* It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather, Satanism operates, and must operate, for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner.

'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

ΔΔΔ

Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record.

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - <u>in real life</u>, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - <u>in real life</u>. The imitation Satanists, however, <u>pretend</u> to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

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ONA 1991 eh

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into 'outlaws' and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time,the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openess toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden.

To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion , much mis-understood.

Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries.

With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessable to those who saught to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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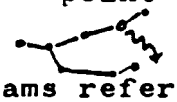
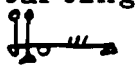
ONA 1991 eh

The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the inverted pentagram. Thus, is the first sphere, the Moon, the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invokation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to invoke 'Satanic' energies, the point would be the starting one, going on to the next,  , and then  and so on. The diagrams refer to the <u>chants</u> (given in 'Naos' and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus, means the use of the Agios Lucifer chant (mode IV); means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode 1) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invokation beguns with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant).(See 'Fenrir' vol II no. for further details and the chants not given in 'Naos.) Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (i.e. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate - on the diagram.

A simpler form of invokation is possible, and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on. (qv. the correspondences in Naos.)

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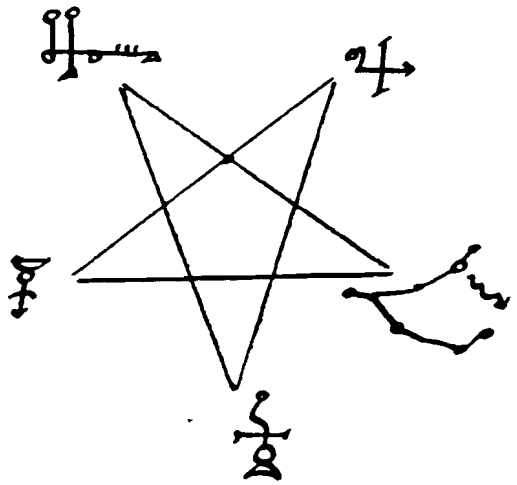

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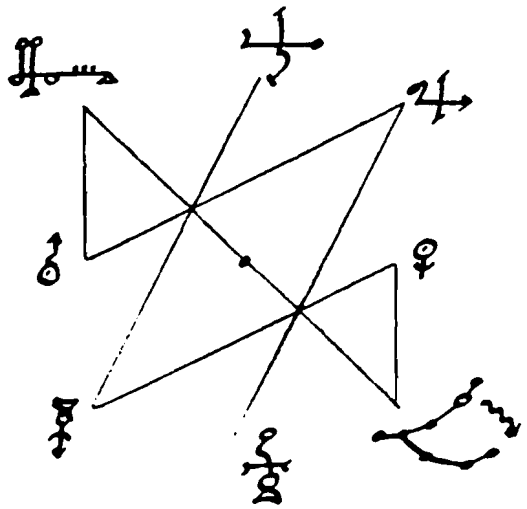
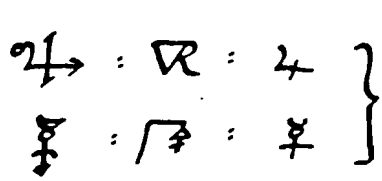
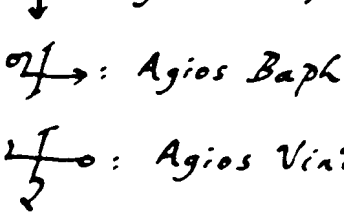




etc.

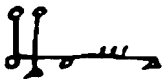


: Agios Lucifer : Mode IV

: Agios Baphomet : Mode I

: Agios Vindex : Mode II

etc.



: Nythra Kthunae :

: Nythra Kthunae :

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash

2) Reflexive colours:

C	bright red
G	Orange
D	Yellow
A	Green (viridian)
E	Blue
F	dark red
B	Indigo
F sharp	Violet
C sharp	Purple
A flat	Black
E flat	Xanthin
B flat	Tyrian purple

Attributions of the Rune

animals

strength

Loki/night

Odin

movement

fire

gift

laughter/mead

thunder

Wyrd

Ice

year/'time'

sorcery

moon

defence/life

sun

Thor

Earth (as goddess)

war/strife

family/kin

water

the folk

the folk-land

day

The Septenary Star Game

The Boards:

There are seven boards, placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life: each board representing a sphere. Each board consists of nine white and nine black squares (see fig. 1).

Each board is named after a particular star, some of which have esoteric significance.

The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine, represented by Alchemical symbols thus: ⊖(⊖) ⊖(♆) ⊖(♃), ♆(⊖) ♆(♆) ♆(♃), ♃(⊖) ♃(♆) ♃(♃);
⊖(⊖) ⊖(♆) ⊖(♃), ♆(⊖) ♆(♆) ♆(♃), ♃(⊖) ♃(♆) ♃(♃);
⊖(⊖) ⊖(♆) ⊖(♃), ♆(⊖) ♆(♆) ♆(♃), ♃(⊖) ♃(♆) ♃(♃);

One set of twenty-seven pieces is white, the other black. The pieces are usually made from cubes or flat circles of wood with the appropriare symbol painted on them. An alternative form of symbols may be employed - ⊖ as α ; ♆ as λ and ♃ as ω. Thus, the ⊖(♃) piece becomes α(ω).

The Placing of the Pieces:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius (two sets of ⊖)for white, and six for black (see fig. 2).

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black (fig. 3). Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of ♆ pieces placed in the same pattern as the ⊖ pieces on Sirius.

Mira has no pieces on it at all. Rigel has the remaining three pieces of the ♆ sets, placed as the ⊖ pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the ♃ set, placed as the ⊖ set on Sirius.

Naos has the remaining three pieces of the ♃ set, placed on the same squares as the ⊖ set on Arcturus.

The Moves:

Each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence according to the pattern:

$$\ominus(\ominus) \rightarrow \ominus(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \ominus(\mathfrak{Ŷ}) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\ominus) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Y}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$$
$$\rightarrow \mathfrak{Ŷ}(\ominus) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Y}) \rightarrow \mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$$

Thus, when $\mathfrak{Y}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$ piece is moved, it becomes a $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\ominus)$ piece. A $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$ piece when moved becomes $\ominus(\ominus)$.

The $\mathfrak{Ŷ}$ pieces (that is, $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\ominus)$, $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Y})$, $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$) can move from any board to any other board and any vacant square.

The $\mathfrak{Y}$ pieces may move across a board to any vacant square or up or down one or two boards. For example, a $\mathfrak{Y}$ piece on Sirius may move to either Arcturus or Antares to any vacant square.

The $\ominus$ pieces may only move across a board one square at a time to a square of the same colour or up or down one board to another to a vacant square of the same colour. For example, a $\ominus$ piece on a black square on Sirius could move to a black (vacant) square on Arcturus, or move one square on the Sirius board.

A $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$ piece on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square or any board except Naos. The piece so captured is removed from the board and plays no further part. After such a capture, the $\mathfrak{Ŷ}(\mathfrak{Ŷ})$ piece becomes a $\ominus(\ominus)$ piece.

The Aim:

This is to occupy certain squares on Mira with one's own pieces according to a pattern determined by the players before the game begins. However, pieces can stay on the Mira board for only three moves - after that, they move to another board. The first of these three allowable moves is that one that brings the piece to Mira - that is, it can stay for only another two moves.

The first player to place his pieces on the appropriate Mira squares, wins. The pattern most often used is given in fig. 4.

(Note: The Star Game is © copyright [redacted] 1976)

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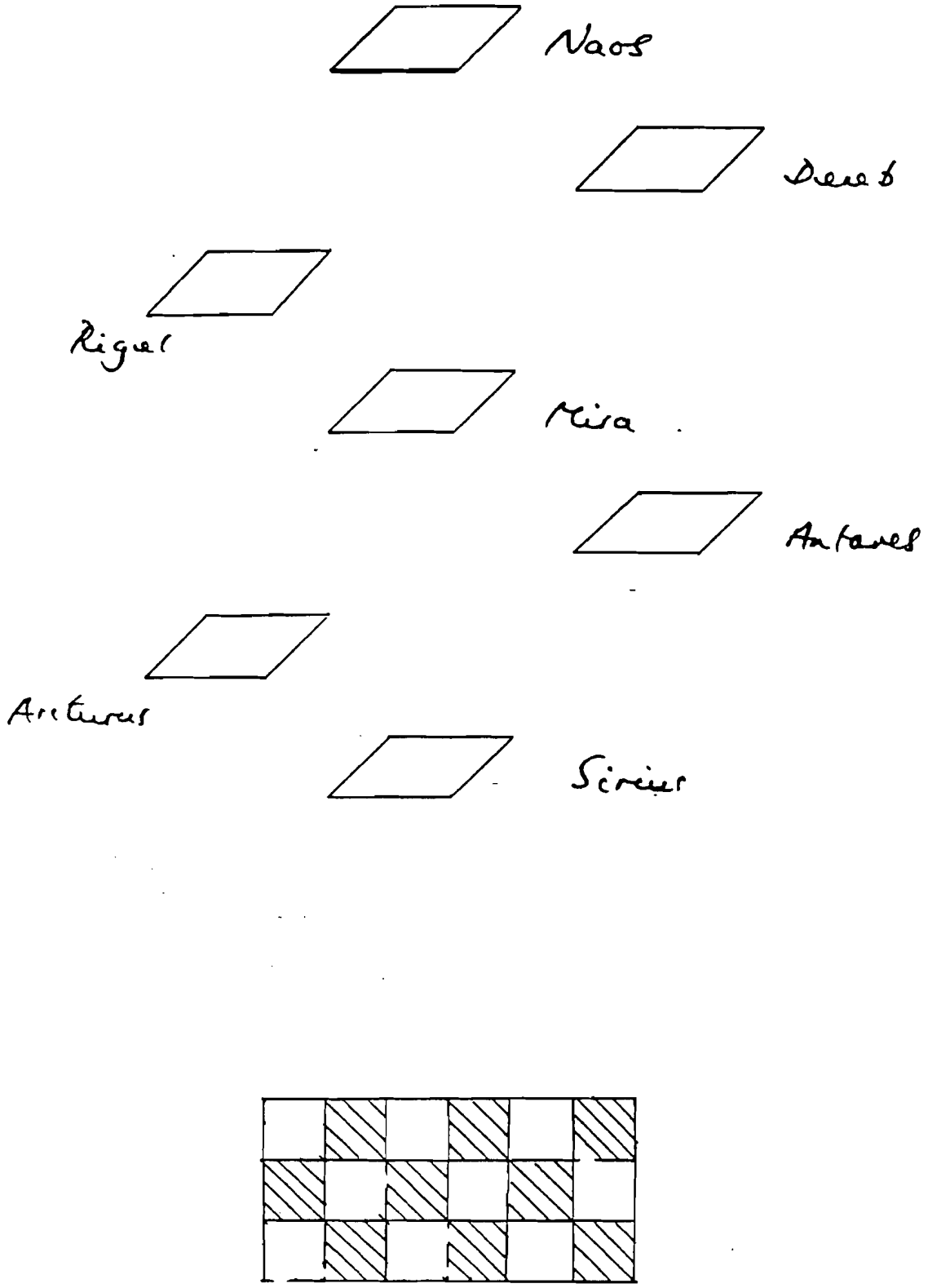


Fig. 1 : The Boards

Fig. 3 : Arcturus

$\Theta(\Psi)_\phi$		$\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\phi$	
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda$	
$\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$		$\Theta(\Psi)_\lambda$

Fig 4: Pattern to win

$\Theta(\Psi)_\lambda$		$\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda$	
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\phi$	
$\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$		$\Theta(\Psi)_\phi$

$\Theta(\Psi)_\phi$		$\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\phi$	
$\Theta(\Psi)_\phi$	$\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda$	$\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$
$\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$	$\Theta(\Phi)_\phi$	$\Theta(\Psi)_\lambda$
	$\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda$	
$\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$		$\Theta(\Psi)_\lambda$

ϕ = black pieces
λ = white pieces

[ϕ pieces on black squares]

Fig. 2: Sirius pieces.

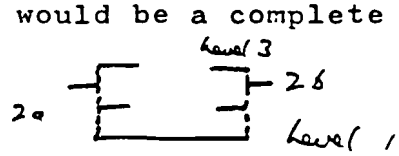
Symbolism:

The acausal space is represented by ϕ_s ; the causal by λ_s . ϕ_s is described by ϵ^{ϕ} ; λ_s by ϵ^{λ} .
ϵ_{iu} symbolizes an individual; $\epsilon_{\lambda u}$ a group of individuals of number λ ; ϵ_{cu} represents a higher civilization.
ϵ is to be read 'within' or 'member of a group/space or sub-space.

General Theory:

All life implies the coincidence of ϕ_s and λ_s . Sentient life implies $\phi_s \epsilon \lambda_s$: this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the ϵ^{ϕ} and ϵ^{λ} aspects of cosmic Change (usually the 'black' pieces being ϕ and the 'white' pieces λ)- or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of ϕ and λ through modes of being - Θ , Ξ or Φ . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the 'simple' form of the game - that is, each board would be a complete 'simple Star Game' thus:



However, in practice, this form of the septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the 'standard' form of the septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

Magick implies changes in λ_s via ϵ^{ϕ}: the 'cause and effects' understood by science operates in λ_s via ϵ^{λ} .
The movement of pieces implies ϵ^{λ} and ϵ^{ϕ} and this is the essence of the magickal use of the game. ϵ^{ϕ} is represented via Φ (or ω)moves and captures, ϵ^{λ} by the other moves. In one sense Ξ moves represent the duality associated with mercurius - possessed of both ϵ^{λ} and ϵ^{ϕ} elements.

I - ki u :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ for ki u represents consciousness) the pieces are:

⊖(⊖)	Extravert	Feeling type
⊖(⚥)	"	Intuitive
⊖(⚶)	"	Thinking
⚥(⊖)	Introvert	Feeling
⚥(⚥)	"	Intuitive
⚥(⚶)	"	Thinking
⚶(⊖)	Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth	
⚶(⚥)	Magus/Mousa	
⚶(⚶)	Homo Galactica	

⊖( ) describes 'ego' consciousness; ⚥( ) 'self' consciousness, and ⚶ 'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the ∈^ goal of ki u .

Development of consciousness implies an increase of ϕ elements in a particular ki u .

To represent a particular ki u by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular ki u) the operator must first assess the character of the ki u using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, its helps if various facts about the ki u in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II - $k_c u$:

For $k_c u$ the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards - Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborian, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming 'New Aeon' is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

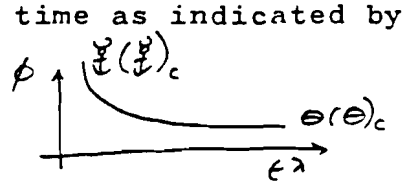
$$S\,\Theta(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow M\,\Xi(\Theta)_\lambda \;;\; R\,\Xi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N\,\Phi(\Theta)_\lambda$$
$$R\,\Xi(\Phi)_\phi \rightarrow M\,\Phi(\Theta)_\phi \;.\; A\,\Xi(\Theta)_\lambda \rightarrow R\,\Xi(\Xi)_\lambda$$
$$N\,\Phi(\Phi)_\phi \rightarrow M\,\Theta(\Theta)_\phi \;;\; N\,\Phi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow M\,\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$$

$k_c u$ implies $\delta\phi_\lambda$ via t^λ: the opening of a gate, which brings ϕ_s to presence in λ_s, predates the beginnings of a particular $k_c u$ by c. 300-400 years.

All $k_c u$ up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the $\Theta(\Theta)$ stage - although Φ stages (i.e. via t^ϕ) are possible.

$$\delta^\lambda k_c u \Rightarrow \Xi(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Xi(\Theta)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Theta)_c$$

No $k_c u$ has ever achieved $\delta^\phi k_c u$ because this requires $\phi_\omega \in \lambda_s$ where $\omega \gg \gamma$ and $k_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\gamma \in \lambda_s$; $k_i u \Rightarrow \phi_{\beta\,\mu}^{\gamma>\beta}$. A $k_c u$ lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years, δ^ϕ declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



$\Theta(\Theta)_c$ lasts approx. 400 years.

Each Aeon is associated with a particular higher civilization thus:

Aeon	Span	Associated $k_c u$	Date of end
Sumeric	4 000 BC - 2 000	Sumerian	2298 BC
Hellenic	2 000 - c. 70 AD	Hellenic	378 AD
Western	c.500 AD - 2 000	Western	2390 AD

ϕ_s is expressed via $k_i u$ (and in general $k_n u$) for $k_c u$ as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric(which quite often only

Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonic workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the $\kappa_c u$: the $\Theta(\Theta)_c$ stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonic workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a $\kappa_c u$ into the Φ stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonic change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^{\phi}\kappa_c u = \Xi(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)_c$$

$$\delta^{\phi}\delta^{\lambda} = \Phi(\Xi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta)_c \quad : \text{"opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta^{\phi}_{i}(g) = \sum_{n=1}^{n=7} \beta(\mu)\left[\epsilon^{\lambda}_{(\alpha\mu)a}\right]\delta^{\phi} \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon^{\lambda}_{\mu(\beta)a}$$

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ONA

Star Game: Addendum

(Note: The following serve to explain some points arising from students learning to use the Game.)

* When a piece is moved, it is transformed into a piece next in the transformation sequence. This means that the original piece is removed from the game and a new piece (marked with the symbol appropriate) is placed on the square the original piece has moved to.

Thus, if a ♐(♐) piece is moved, for example, from a square on the Sirius board to a square on the Arcturus board (say a black square) then the ♐(♐) piece is removed from the game and a (new) ♋(♋) piece placed on the black square of the Arcturus board.

To facilitate these changes, spare sets of pieces are kept (usually two full sets) beside the structure. An alternative method is to make each piece from a cube of wood or other material and paint symbols on each side of the cube, the symbol/piece in play being the one uppermost. Thus, for example, a cube would be marked with symbols which follow in the sequence enabling, when a move is made, the cube to be rotated to show the new symbol/piece. A spare set (or sets) are also kept, for when the cube symbols are 'exhausted' and the cube needs changing. Thus, a cube might have the following symbols painted on its side: ♋(♋); ♋(♍); ♋(♐); ♍(♋); ♍(♍); ♍(♐) while another would have: ♐(♋); ♐(♍); ♐(♐); ♋(♋); ♋(♍); ♋(♐)

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* In the transformation sequence (♋(♋) → ♋(♍) → ♋(♐) → ♍(♋) → ♍(♍) → ♍(♐) → ♐(♋) → ♐(♍) → ♐(♐)) the arrow → represents a single transformation. Thus, a ♋(♋) piece requires eight transformations to become a ♐(♐) piece, and nine to return to a ♋(♋) piece.

In one sense, each piece is one of the "nine angles" and is part of an evolutionary (or devolutionary) development/transformation via both causal and acausal time. This development/transformation is helical rather than circular (qv. The Wheel of Life) - one causal aspect being the transformation of the symbol into the next in sequence, one acausal aspect being the movement from board to board.

The most complete representation of the causal and acausal aspects is the Advanced Star Game.

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*The Star Game is a four-dimensional structure: the boards are orientated three-dimensionally in space, while the pieces, moving/transforming re-present 'time' (both causal and acausal). The boards themselves may be seen as interacting with, for example, the Zodiacal progression - this explicating a further aspect of the 'timepath' or 'transformation'. Hence the Moon/Cancer aspect relates to the Sirius board, the Mercury/Capricorn aspect to the

Arcturus board, and so on. This gives an 'Earth-bound' perspective to the patterns represented by the Star Game itself (for example, for an individual, , or for aeonic magickal workings). Thus the 'seasonal' variations are mapped/re-presented by the Game - the pattern being a helical one (see the Wheel of Life diagram).

It should be noted that the starting 'point' is relative and depends on what, at that moment, the Game representation is being used for. For example, if it is being used to simply try and comprehend the connections/ wholeness of the Earth/individual system (in ordinary magickal terms, Seasonal influences/patterns where Seasonal means the flow from Spring to Summer to Autumn to Winter), then the starting point is the part of the season pertaining at that time. (Thus the Star Game is a sophisticated magickal 'clock'.) For instance - the Summer Solstice would imply the beginning of the Cancer segment, that is, a part of the Sirius board (what part, the student can easily deduce - and should so deduce). The 'Wheel', and the rest of the Septenary correspondences, give arhcetypal/magickal/alchemical reference points around this 'cycle'/flow/change - and thus show the external patterns of that change, as evident to individual consciousness (and in terms of those images/symbols and so on). Thus are the seasonal changes described - in both the causal and the acausal. For example, the Solstice point would equate with the symbol Mistress of Earth, the element Earth; while the Spring Equinox would equate with the Priestess and the element Water (in this instance with that part of the elemental sequence which is 'Water of Water' - the change to the next Zodiacal constellation being marked by another part of the sequence: qv. 'Wheel' diagram). The sphere in this, Venusian, instance is Antares and associated with Emerald, the colours Green and White, the process 'Coagulation' and so on.

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Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the septenary version - together with the same number and distribution of pieces - but <u>each</u> of the seven boards consists of <u>4 levels</u>:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (which represents a sphere of the septenary) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a <u>complete and full representation of the septenary system</u>: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on the first level (9 squares) together with the squares on levels 2 and 4 (8 plus 4 squares) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (the 9 white squares on the first level plus the 12 squares of levels 2 and 4) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (or exits) and the acausal 'incoming' connections(or entrances) to the pathways (or tunnels). The two squares of level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important - any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favoured method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square - once it has been changed at random - can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a ⊖(⊖) piece could move up or down one level only, while a ⊕(⊕) piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

<u>Pieces</u>:

There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (or 'side') as in the septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as

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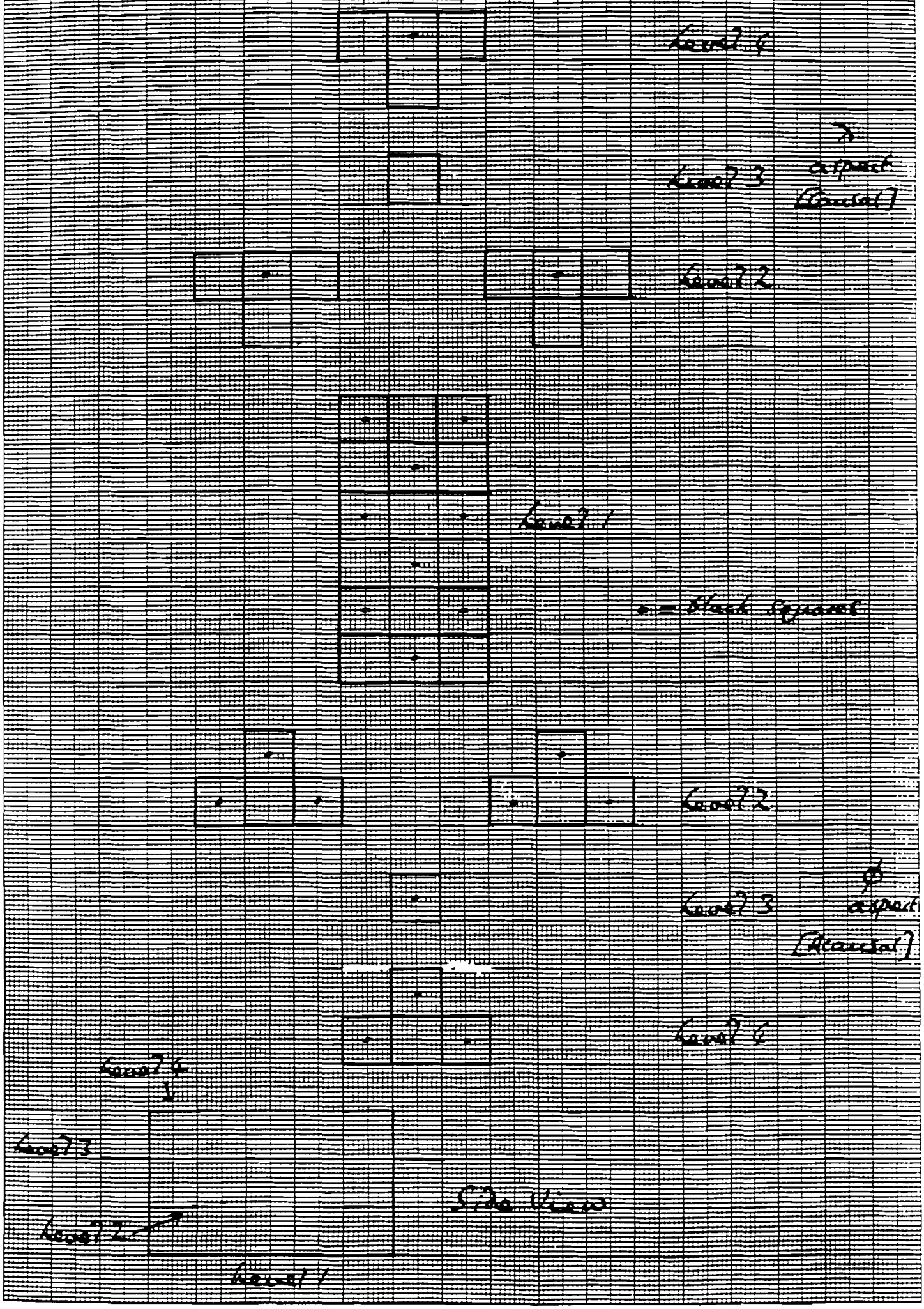
The Four Levels of our Room



follows:

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board. (See illustration.)

The null squares on Sirius and Arcturus are left vacant.

<u>Moves</u>:

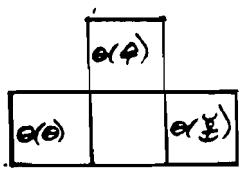
The pieces follow the same rules of movement and transformation as in the septenary game.

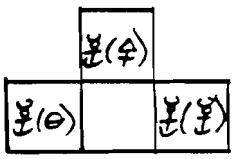
However, when a piece is on any of the levels (that is, 2,3 or 4) of any board a move up or down a level is regarded as the equivalent of a move up and down the seven boards. Thus for example, an ⊖(⊖) piece on a black square on level 2 of the Sirius board may move (provided the squares moved to are vacant at the time) across level 2 to another black square, or up to the black square of level 3 (the null square - where it will be changed at random) or down to a black square on level 1. A ⊖(⊖) piece on level 4 may move across the squares on level 4 to another black square, or it may move onto a vacant square of the same colour on Arcturus. Level 4 may therefore be regarded as a 'stepping board' to other boards.

Another example: a ⚥( ) piece on level 2 of Sirius may move to any vacant square on level 2, up to level 3, or up to level 4 (any vacant square, or down to any vacant square on level 1. These moves are possible because a ⚥( ) piece has '2 degrees' of freedom. If the ⚥( ) piece was on, say, level 2 of Arcturus, it could move down to level 4 of Sirius (but not any further). Similarly, a ⚥( ) piece of level 4 could move if it was on, say, Arcturus, to any vacant square on level 1 of Antares or any vacant square on level 2 of Antares (either side - that is, either the 'causal' or 'acausal' side).

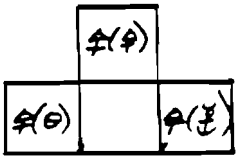
It is simply a question of looking at the levels either up or down for 'degrees of freedom'. Thus an ⚥( ) piece, having unlimited degrees of freedom, could move from any level on any board to any other level on any board.

The ⚥(⚥) piece if on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square and any level of any board except Naos.





level 2



level 4

1) Important to choose a good site: it must be isolated, near fresh water suitable for drinking, within a days walking distance of supplies (c. 20 miles) and somewhere you will be undisturbed for the length of the ritual.

You should visit several sites beforehand and choose the one most suitable.

2) Equipment (see Equipment Guide for some recommendations) - must be adequate for the period.

Tent - choose one suitable for two people as room is important. Be sure to seal flysheet seams with sealant (and take some sealant, tent repair kit). Use a strong seperate groundsheet under the tent grounsheet as this will take some of the wear and give some more insulation.

Sleeping bag - Take two plus a cotton inner. No need for expensive down bags: choose two synthetic ones, one to fit inside the other (for colder days and as spare).

Insulating mat - essential.

Clothes - take two of most things. Go for hardwearing natural fibres (wool, cotton). Thermal underwear is essential. As is a hat and a balaclava. Be sure to take at least two pairs of gloves.

Waterproofs - Jacket and overtrousers. Best are heavyweight nylon/neoprene. If using expensive breathable fabrics like Gore-tex, take a spare pair of coated nylon since in hard, extended use the breathable fabrics can break down.

Boots - a strong walking boot is essential. Also take spare pair of shoes/lightweight trainers which are fast drying.

Stove - take two: one burning liquid fuel, other solid for emergency back-up.

Knife - essential. Also take a pocket lock-knife as spare.

Survival Aids - essential. To include: compass; waterproof matches; tinderbox (flint/magnesium); survival bag; foil (space) blanket; torch and spare batteries; emergency food sufficient for two days; spare tent guy lines/ pegs; sewing kit; first-aid kit.

3) Diet - Take a supply of vitamin/mineral supplements. Every day you need protein, fat, carbohydrate plus c. 3 litres of water. As basic diet use oatmeal, tinned (powder) milk, cheese, biscuits; dried fruit; tea/coffee. Every 3 or 4 days eat a cooked meal made from a pre-packed foil wrapped freeze dried range. Each visit for supplies (one a month - no more unless dire emergency) buy fresh fruit, milk, eggs, bread, meat or fish. As much as you can afford/carry back to site.

4) Points to note:

* Re-pitch tent every two weeks
* Avoid wood fires as they attract attention - however cold it gets.
* Always keep a set of clothes dry and in waterproof bags in tent for use if needed. If all your clothes do become wet - wrap foil blanket around yourself, eat a hot meal, have a hot drink and get into sleeping bag. To dry damp clothes place them between the two sleeping bags before you go to sleep
*Keep as clean as possible by bathing in stream/river/lake. Wash clothes frequently if weather suitable for drying them quickly

* Before you go visit Dentist and Doctor for check-up
*If Winter ritual or using high-altitude/Nothern sites where snow possible, take foldable shovel, snow-shoes and extra warm clothing. Make sure the tent you choose has adequate ventilation and is strongly guyed.
* Give your Order contact details of site chosen and contact them a.s.a.p. after conclusion of ritual

Remember: you can only take what you can carry on your own back. Take specialist foods with you, and buy first months supplies after pitching camp - sufficient for about a month.

Approx. a month before you go try a week on the diet chosen, and amend if necessary. Be sure to take sufficient money to buy supplies for the period of the ritual plus cost of return from the area.

Problems which may arise:

*Illness. Expect some 'colds' and "flu" initially. Keep warm and dry - plenty of fluid. Do not eat wild berries, mushrooms etc. unless you are sure you know what you are eating. If a serious injury (eg broken limb) forces you to seek aid, the ritual is void and must be done again when fit enough.
*Boredom - if you are going to succeed, you will learn how to cope with this. Always maintain your resolve to complete the ritual under the conditions required.
*Diet - Get used to it! You may feel tired if you have got the balance wrong,and will probably lose weight. Others have survied, so you can.
*Intruders - have a story ready for 'passive intruders' to your site (tourists/walkers etc.) - seeking spiritual enlightenment etc. Avoid human contact if possible. For other intruders (eg landowners, gamekeeps) - be friendly and ask permission to stay, saying you want solitude. Most will accept this; if not, move elsewhere to an area scouted out in the first few days of the ritual for this purpose.
*Long spells of bad weather - a bonus, if it happens, forcing you further into psychic debt.
*Vermin (lice etc.) - You may become infested. If so, do not worry. Keep as clean as possible, washing clothes regularly. On return to 'civilization' dispose of /burn all clothes and bedding (this is advisable anyway) and get some medical treatment if scalp/pubic area infested. Nothing much to worry about - regular washing will help keep the infestation to an inconvenience and will not seriously affect your health.
*Foot problems. Try and keep your feet dry - <u>always</u> have a spare pair of dry socks. If boots become sodden, let them dry out naturally and use your spare shoes until they do. You can dry dampish socks during the day by putting them under your hat, wrapping them round your neck like a scarf etc.

Remember: make sure your energy intake is sufficient to allow moderate physical activity - this generates body heat and is essential in cold/wet weather. On good warm days - air dry your sleeping bags.

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:
1)To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines (these means including writings; images; music etc.).
2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of aeonic magick and achieved by some of these new temporal forms.
3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge, understanding and existence by creative endevour explicated causally and acausally - some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs - discarding all that is unnecessary. This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accummulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial etc.; profession/employment). The candidate is to have no financial or other rescources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual.

All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to - this attainment of 'temporal freedom' being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand. (To those lacking this understanding and post-Adept insight all that will be said that such freedom enables the candidate the become for a short period an actual 'nexion' between the causal and acausal, all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focusing upon the task.)

The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurence - usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occassionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above. (Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.) This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion.

The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using aeonic techniques acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/ order/archetypal form(s) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/ images and so on chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique to enhance the working (e.g. similar to the 'Star Game'). During this period the temporal changes caused by the magick should be discernable. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.)

These changes signify the success of the Grade Ritual.

The Dating of Esoteric Tradition

Received tradition (as given to the present writer by his teacher - an Adept of the esoteric "Albion" tradition: for which read 'Seven-fold Way'/Septenary/Hebdomadry/ traditional Satanism and so on) places the origin of the Hperborian Aeon, and thus the civilization of Albion, at least a thousand years before the dates given in Order MSS.

Thus, received tradition gave the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon as between 7,000 to 6,000 BC (that is, " nine to eight millenia before the present" - this 'present' being c. 1975 ev). Also, the 'Primal Aeon' was given as arising between eleven to ten millenia ago. This placed the origin of the Hyperborian civilization (Albion) at around 6,000 or 5,000 BC, and thus dated Stonehenge to between 4,500 and 3,500 (the 'later' date - 3,500 - being favoured).

After a thorough study of these received traditions, and a review of present archaeological/historical understanding, the present writer decided the traditional dates were out by at least a thousand years. When the Order MSS were written (mostly after 1975 ev) to consolidate what had been - apart from a few MSS such as the 'Black Book' - a mostly oral tradition/teaching, these "new" dates were included.

However, the present writer admits that this revision may well be mistaken, and that the 'traditional' dates may yet be proved correct.

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It is to be hoped that some time in the future further evidence for the civilization of Albion will be found, particuarly in regard to accurate dating and the confirmation of esoteric tradition concerning the sea-faring nature of the communities (particuarly the links with Iceland/ Greenland/ Canada and the later migrations southward: Greece etc.), the technological advances made and so on.

While some evidence for the 'advanced' agriculture of the later period is emerging (e.g. the 'Butzer' Farm project) and the astronomical nature of Stonehenge is now well-established, there is still the view of Albion during the period in question as a rather basic 'Neolithic' semi-nomadic society, rather 'backward' in comparison with the "civilized" societies of Sumeria and Egypt. The acceptance of this view is not surprising, given the paucity of evidence, the lack of archaeological excavation and an almost total lack of "professional" interest. Part of the lack of evidence stems from the fact that a lot of the sites have been almost continually inhabited/cultivated with the consequential loss of material/patterns; another is the use of wood in the construction of artifacts - this is rarely preserved and there has been a rather silly tendency to use pottery remains (its 'sophistication' etc.) to judge/date the communities associated with it, whereas in fact at the time pottery was probably considered an inferior material to wood/leather etc. Another stems from a lack of written records - in Egypt, Sumeria and elsewhere there are well-preserved reminders.

Notes on Rituals - II

Forms & Rituals:

The 'Forms' [see the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart] may be used to enhance magickal workings in two ways:

1) The Form may actually be constructed to form the 'inner part' of a Temple (or the whole Temple itself) and the working undertaken within this - with an intent, or desire, appropriate to the sphere associated with that Form. Thus, a tetrahedron shaped 'inner sanctum' would be for Mercury workings: i.e. workings concerned with 'indulgence and transformations' [qv. the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere] while a pyramid would be appropriate for Ecstasy and Love.

The working may be further enhanced by constructing the Form in the appropriate material.

2) The Form may be constructed in the material [see table] on a small scale and this itself may be used in two ways:

a) As a focus for vibration/chant - using the appropriate chant for the sphere concerned [qv. 'Naos']. Thus, for Mercury, the tetrahedron would be associated with the "Agios Lucifer" chant*. The vibration appropriate to this sphere would be "Satan"/"Satanas".

b) The Form may be used to store/concentrate the magickal energy of a ritual associated with a particular sphere/working by visualization and chant.

The energy, brought by a working will be 'cast into' the Form and visualized as being amplified by that Form. It may then be dispersed, according to desire. [Note: this 'visualization' is what acutally occurs to the energy because of the structure of the Form.]

Incenses:

The incenses given in 'Naos' for pathworkings are appropriate to those workings and the visualizations of the spheres (the Tarot images etc.).

Those given are the ⊖ aspect. The ☿ aspect are those listed in the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart. Thus, the ⊖ incense for Mercury is Sulphur; the ☿ incense is Yew. The ⊕ is a combination of these in equal proportions.

⊖ is generally used for pathways and spheres as in 'Naos'; ☿ is used for specific workings involving the energy of a particular sphere [e.g. Moon implies the vibrated 'word' Noctulius and is appropriate to 'hidden knowledge'/ 'sinister knowledge/terror - see the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere]. The ⊕ incense for a particular sphere may be used for any type of working.

Note: the basic difference, in magickal terms, between the three forms of incense associated with each sphere is that the ⊖ aspect* "evokes" those energies/levels of the sphere associated with ⊖, the ☿ aspect, those associated with ☿ and

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*See below for the esoteric version.

* i.e. the ⊖ incense.

the ⚶ aspect "evokes" the ⚶ energies/levels. Novices begin workings with the ⊖ aspects because in general these are more accessable; Initiates are expected to gain experience with working with all three aspects in magickal workings. Put simply - the ⊖ aspect can be considered as the 'first level' of the sphere, the ⚶ as the 'second' and the ⚶ as the 'third'. Thus, the 'first' level incense for Moon (Petriochor) associates particuarly with the Tarot image 18, the 'second' level (Hazel) with the Tarot image 15, and the combination with the image 13.

These 'refinements' are, however, subtle - and their appreciation marks the step beyond the noviciate stage. An experience of them is considered essential as a prelude to Adeptship.

The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate:

The sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the 'Gates' gives not only the pattern of 'walking' when the chant ritual is undertaken according to tradition [qv.'Naos'] but also shows the 'pathways' appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'.

Thus the open the 'Dark Gate', the sequence would be: Earth Gate-Mars-Star Gate-Moon-Sun-Saturn-Man's Gate-Venus-Dark Gate.

Further, to 'find' an Earth Gate (as in establishing the magickal centre of a new Aeon) the sequence would be begun to end at the 'Earth Gate'.

This sequence of pathways may be used in two ways:
1)as a prelude by the chief celebrants[e.g. in a Nine Angles working] who 'invokes the energies' appropriate to the particular pathway before the Rite proper: the first is begun eight days before the Rite. Thus, for a Nine Angles rite, the celebrants would be the Priest and Priestess - for a 'Dark Gate' ritual (i.e. 'chthonic Nine Angles' working) this would mean beginning at the 'Earth Gate' (the site chosen for the ritual) and invoking on the pathway toward the sphere of Mars [hint: construct a three-dimensional Tree of Wyrd showing the connecting pathways(qv. the Order MS 'The Septenary System' in "Azoth") and overlay this with the 'Nine Angles and the pathways' (Earth Gate to Dark Gate for this particular ritual)and the forces involved in this pathway (Earth Gate to Mars) will be clear: as will the symbolism etc. to be employed]. The second invokation on the second night (in this particular rite at the same location) would be Mars to Star Gate, and so on.

[Note: These preliminary workings for a Nine Angles rite significantly enhance the Rite itself.]

2) as a magickal working in itself. The 'intent' of this working may be either: the obtaining of knowledge [as for instance in finding an 'Earth Gate' - or in using the pathways to bring 'self-knowledge'/expansion of consciousness into acausal realms], or with a specific intent appropriate to the 'final point' (sphere or 'angle') where the pathways end. Thus, a Dark Gate final point would be appropriate to 'sinister/chthonic' intent, and so on. These specific rituals

can be either ceremonial or hermetic in form.

Naos:

This word has several meanings, all of which are esoterically significant.

As a word it means the inner Temple or sanctuary [from the Greek ναος] both in the physical sense of a place and in the sense of consciousness: i.e. the 'latent' temple [read 'knowledge' etc.] within each individual. It also signifies a type of portable shrine wherein an image of a deity was kept.

It is, as a word, in common usuage in Egyptian archaeology. In the Occult sense - i.e. as used in the septenary tradition - it is used to describe both an outer form which holds an inner meaning [e.g. an esoteric book] as well as a physical inner Temple or sanctuary.

Naos is also the name of a star, important in the Nine Angles rite.*

Falcifer/Vindex:

Names signifying the person who may embody, in the causal world, the essence of the sinister - i.e. he/she empowered by the 'Dark Gods' to bring the wordless Aeon in a practical sense. In the exoteric sense, Falcifer (the 'reaper') and Vindex (the 'avenger') are esoteric names for the anti-Nazarene mentioned in "Revelation" and elsewhere.

Vindex can be 'created' by sinister ritual - the chthonic Nine Angles rite when the energy is channelled by visualization and chant into a designated person. [qv. the Order instructional text: 'Falcifer: Lord of Darkness'; a fictional account of part of this process.]

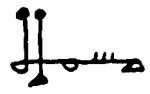
Qabala:

An expression of the distortion foistered upon the Western ethos by Nazarenes and their allies in spirit.

The Western ethos [i.e. the outward form of the magickal energy of the 'Western aeon'] is Luciferian/pagan - the septenary system/seven-fold sinister way being an esoteric expression of this [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way'**]

The use of qabalistic/Hebrew names/images/symbols aids this distortion and thus enhances the power of the Nazarenes and the 'old Aeon' values/power structures. The same applies to the use of 'Egyptian/Sumerian' etc. images/symbols/names. Those who still use such symbols/images/words are not yet free from Nazarene indoctrination/unconscious influences.

Thus, effective sinister magick implies the use only of the septenary tradition in terms of names/images/symbols.



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*Note: A recent book on Star names gives Naos as deriving from the Greek for ship. This is a misunderstanding of the Ionic νηος ; a ship is ναυς .

** Published in 'Fenrir' no. 7

Aeonics

Prefatory remarks: These are 'esoteric' teachings - of necessity, because their understanding requires the insight and knowledge which an External Adept and Internal Adept has attained. Without this insight and knowledge, there is liable to be mis-understanding and a failure to appreciate the finer points (or even any of the points at all).

The 'Aeonics' MSS provide a general introduction to what is a practical but difficult subject. They describe the essential mechanisms involved: they contain no 'value judgements', no view. Rather, they present what is, as it is. They are an aid to conscious understanding of Aeonic energies - it is up to each and every Adept to decide what they wish to do with that understanding, in the practical magickal sense.

The best, and most complete, description of Aeonic processes is the Star Game, particuarly the advanced form. These MSS should serve only as an introduction to the abstract symbolism of the Game. Complete understanding arises when the Game is understood 'intuitively' - that is, without conscious effort: when there are no need for words or descriptions. All words are ultimately bound up with division into 'opposites' (and thus 'value judgements' etc.) - only the symbolism is truely representative of what is beyond the Abyss, that is, of the acausal itself and how that acausal effects(presences) the causal.

It is in the Star Game that real understanding of Aeonics lies.

Aeons and their associated Civilizations

The energy of a particular magickal Aeon is manifest (presenced) via a higher civilization: there is generally a time-lag of about 400 or 500 years between the start of the Aeon and the beginning of the civilization.

The wyrd of the aeon is often expressed by a symbol/word/ magickal working (e.g. the Hellenic: Eagle/oracle;dance) - although these are merely outward expressions of the inner essence. The destiny of the associated civilization is most often expressed by an ethos/myth (e.g. for the West: Science/ Exploration) and is expressed via various archetypes, some of which may directly relate to the ethos.

An aeon is essentially an ordered manifestation of acausal energy in the causal via an earth-based nexion: this nexion being the 'magickal centre' of the Aeon (and thus the civilization). Various cults and their associated mythos are derived from this centre and its energy. For previous Aeons, this ordering was for the most part intuitive and unconscious - i.e. not arising from deliberate magickal acts by Adepts: the finding and opening of a nexion occurred by the very nature of that acausal energy seeking to 'earth' itself. Aeonic change is now understood and gives all Adepts the possibility of creating Aeonic changes.

A civilization undergoes an organic process of growth and decay and symbolically it has nine stages, represented by the pieces of the Star Game. (Note: the Star Game - particuarly the Advanced Star Game - gives a complete representation of one Aeon and its civilization if the pieces are placed correctly.) A civilization generally lasts between 1,500 and 1,700 years. From its origin, its takes about 800 years for a civilization to enter its Time of Wars (aka Time of Troubles) and this period of wars lasts on average 398 to 400 years. It is followed by the Imperial stage - Empire or Imperium (aka 'Universal State'). This lasts about 390 years after which the civilization finally falls. The gradual decline of a civilization follows the wane of the magickal energy associated with it - the archetypal forms which presenced this have fulfilled their potential, become exhausted of energy. (Note: the Star Game can be used to show how a particular archetypal form grows and decays, causing changes: e.g. the pieces of one board may be used to designate that archetype - by following the changes of the pieces and the affects on other boards, the principles of change may be seen.)

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Civilization	Relations	Challenge	Time of Troubles	Universal State
Egyptiac	Unrelated	Physical	2424 - 2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677- 2298 BC	2298 - 1905 BC
Hellenic	Loosely affiliated	Physical	431- 31BC	31BC -378 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	7 - 322 BC	322 - 185 BC
Japanese	Offshot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185-1597 AD	1597-1945 AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634 - 221 BC	221BC - 172 AD
Western	Affiliated to Hellenic	Physical	1568- 1996*	1996- 2390 AD **

Table I

*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.
** Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

Aeonic Magick - General Notes

Should only be undertaken if individual is free from unconscious influences - particuarly archetypal images of current civilizations/distortions imposed upon it by others. This usually implies having passed the Abyss - but some 'lesser' Aeonic magick can be undertaken by Internal Adepts. This is so because if latent archetypal energy is present within the psyche of the individual, there will be a blocking/internal distortion of the acausal energy released/created via aeonic rites, and this usually leads to problems: e.g. psychic distortion, physical problems and so on.

Aeonic magick implies, for most rites, the individual being a 'channel' or 'gate'. Psychic residues imply a blocking.

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Archetypes imply a development in time - i.e. causal movement. Put simply, this means 'action' - or a 'story': some role played out by the image and thus fulfilled. In the 'cultic' sense, there is a 'legend'/goal.

New images require new motifs: i.e. new forms of fulfilment.

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'Mimesis' is one method of aeonic magick that has come down over the centuries (indeed, it was once probably the only means available).

Basically, this involves imitating some aspect of cosmic/Earth-based movement/working, and then either following the natural pattern or slightly altering that pattern to bring about a subtle change. (This 'alteration' forms the basis for 'black' magick - qv. The Black Mass: the use of Nazarene formulae, slightly distorted via sinister intent.)

Often, this implies 'acting out' an archetypal role according to a myth/legend/cult. The key here is the identification of the magickian with the role (which is, however, not a possession, as in shamanism) - this requires preparation. This 'acting out' can involve others - as, for example, in a 'sacred marriage' (qv. 'sun' and 'moon' as symbols). The intent of the working is then visualized/chanted. If alterations aredesired, these are incorporated.

Mimesis can also be done via the construction of suitable models which are symbolically imbued with 'life'. It may also be done via a 'play/drama' whose participants are unaware of the intent and/or of the symbolism. In all cases it is necessary for the Master/Mistress of the ritual to channel magickal energy into the proceedings either via ceremonial/hermetic methods or by 'opening a Gate'. If the latter, then the energy so brought may be channelled directly or at a distance (if for example a 'drama' is being performed).

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The basic means are:
1) Archetypes - their creation/re-emergence.
This is achieved via: a) ritual - e.g. Nine Angles rites with appropriate visualization/models/drama
b) creating a mythos: and then channelling acausal energy into this form via ritual
c) symbols - 'energize' these via ritual/hermetic workings

All the above require an understanding of archetypal form and change.

2) Open a 'Gate' and let the acausal energies spread naturally or channell them via an individual or individual. The latter requires some 'form' to be imposed upon the 'raw' energies released: this form is achieved via the desire of the Master/Mistress and may be either (a) in accord with the wyrd existing at the time (i.e. to help fulfil wyrd of Aeon) or (b) against this, if some fundamental change is desired.

3) Star Game - manipulation of symbols with magickal intent. Can be as 'core' of other 'ritual' working where this ritual brings acausal energy. (Note: this is notstrictly necessary for a Magus ...)

All Aeonic magick is (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon; (b) against that wyrd; or (c) beyond both of these because a new form is desired. (c) involves both small changes introduced within an Aeon for some specific reason or other, and large changes desired as, for example, a prelude to attempting to create a 'new balance' (i.e. the creation of a 'new Aeon').
It is possible to alter the magickal energy of an Aeon at any time, although this is easier during the last phase of an Aeon (generally: the Winter stage of the civilization: the few decades before, and after, the beginning of an Imperium). This alteration can be of any type - if sufficient energy is produced/created/released. (The Nine Angles rites are usually the most powerful in this respect - particuarly the chthonic with 'Sacrifice'.) Whatever, there must be an <u>intent</u>: something specific to change the energy to/toward. This is often symbolized by a magickal 'word' which then represents the 'new Aeon'/the distortion imposed upon the existing Aeon: this 'word' is only the outward form of inner essence.

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For the West (and at the time of writing - 1980 ev) the fundamental long-term options re Aeonic magick are: (1)rites to bring Vindex (channelling into individual etc.); (2)rites to 'Open a Gate' (re the next Aeon); (3) rites to bring acausal energy, letting this presence <u>without form</u>; (4) rites to distort/prevent the wyrd of the West (i.e. Imperium). (4) implies another aim - i.e. the forces must be directed to something other than Galactic Imperium. The scope of this aim is wide-ranging. (5) creation of a new Aeon which is not the direct descendant of the West - i.e. does not involve 'Dark Gods'. Again, aims wide.

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The essential principles of aeonics are:
1) Aeonic magick can be either (a) directed into a specific form (and this can be an individual) or some structure (temporal) which the Adept creates for this purpose - ie. as a means to achieve a specific goal. This structure can be religious, social, political, business and so on; or (b) drawn forth via ritual(s) and left to disperse (ie. there is no specific intent/aim) according to its nature. This implies an element of randomness.
2) Aeonic energy can be used to: (a) create new archetypral forms (eg. specific archetypes); (b) distort/disrupt already existing ones.
(a) implies a new 'idea'/mythos and often a 'word' to express this (to non-Adepts). Also, some causal movement is implied in such a form - a development in time.
3) All aeonic change can be: (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon existing at that time (the wyrd being manifest in the Destiny of the associated higher civilization); (b) against that wyrd (thus a 'distortion'); (c) to create a new wyrd. This can be either a new Aeon or an undirected/chaotic disruption of existing one. A new aeon implies a new set of archetypal forms/mythos etc.
4) All changes can only be directed by the Adept within certain temporal limits, these being set by the strength of the energy produced and whether the initial ritual(s) are subsequently re-inforced. Most aeonic rites by their nature imply a element of random energy which produces further change at first roughly in accord with the energy/intent of the rite: as causal time flows on, the original forms are re-formed via metamorphosis.
5) Any change is possible using aeonic energies - ie. such energies and their use are a-moral. It is the consciousness of the Adept which via intent directs the energy into specific forms to provoke temporal changes in line with that intent.
6) Changes against an existing wyrd (and such like) require more energy because the 'old' archetypal forms/patterns need to be broken down/redirected.

Thus, to change aonic forces the best way is (a) distort/disrupt forms already existing; (b) let the random element accelerate within those forms by letting loose undirected acausal energies within the aeon/higher civilization; (c) then begin to create new forms via ritual(s). (A skilled Adept can try all three at the same time.)
7) Aeonic energies bring changes on a large scale by mostly affecting non-Initiates - ie. the changes are unconscious: the 'mass' is unaware that their drives/desires/patterns of behaviour/ 'thoughts' and so on are being manipulated by Adepts. The most obvious way this occurs is via archetypal forms - but there are other levels acting (how many depends on the acausal energy (intensity, type etc.) and the ritual(s) done by the Adept). One of these is direct psychic contagion - ie. the energy directly affects those receptive/sensitive to it (and this can include Initiates etc.). Those thus affected may then give that energy form or do deeds broadly in line with the type of energy.

(Note: Archetypal forms created via aeonic ritual work mostly unconsciously at first; later, some individuals may express these forms in a practical way, as ideas, myths, mythos, Institutions and so on. Psychic contagion by-passes 'forms' including archetypal ones - ie. the latent acausal part of the psyche of infected individuals is directly affected/'opened' by the acausal energy.)

Some further insights:
1) Generally, once an aim/change is decided upon, this should be enshrined in an archetypal symbol, sigil and/or a phrase/word. After the main aeonic rites to produce this change, these symbols etc. should be regularly 'charged' via hermetic rites (eg. sexual magick) and the energy left to disperse naturally or stored in a crystal.

The type of aeonic rite depends on the change desired, how strong are already existing aeonic energies (eg. change toward the end of an aeon generally requires less energy). The same applies to re-inforcements of the rite (should these be necessary).
2) Wyrd of present Western aeon is Imperium. This implies what is moralistically called an un-democratic State. One aim of such a state would be colonization of the Solar System and then the stars. In essence, this State would be an outward manifestation of Satanic spirit. Politcal forms to achieve and maintain this Imperium are <u>only a means</u> and must be seen by Adepts in this light. The same applies to 'military' forms. If an Adept or Adepts wish to achieve this wyrd then practical forms to bring this change must be created/encouraged (magickally) (this applies of course to all aeonic changes). The choice of such forms is made on the basis of practicality, necessity and energies required: it is usually the result of a logical assessment of existing conditions and future possibilities - amoral in essence.

An attempt was made by various LHP Adepts earlier this century to use a political form to create a type of Satanic empire on the practical level with the aim of achieving the wyrd of the West. This involved disrupting Nazarene/Magian forms/ethics/ideas and so on both magickally and on the practical/political level. This attempt was a partial success insofar as it has created a new 'mythos' - there is also archetypal energy stored (and awaiting further use) as well as a nexion now partially open. These offer Adepts the possibility of continuing this work - perhaps via the same (or very similar) political forms, perhaps by other (? contradictory) political forms. It is up to each Adept to make their own assessment - and to decide whether they wish the success or no of this wyrd.
3) It cannot be stressed too often that aeonic magick implies long-term assessment (from several centuries to millenia) and this time-scale of necessity negates the relative moral values that pertain in a society for perhaps a few decades or centuries. Aeonic insight implies an overview of not only the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being, but also of previous Aeons and future Aeons. The basis of insight is a rational apprehension of Aeonic energies and how those are made manifest (produce changes) via civilizations and how those civilizations (in their ethos etc.) affect individuals within them. Further understanding comes from magickal experience: how aeonic change is, magickally, possible. The most comprehensive means of understanding Aeonic energies is the advanced form of the Star Game.

The essence of the Adept is this Aeonic insight - the breaking free from the bonds (archetypal forms and thus their unconscious/conscious influence) of the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being. Further, the bonds of past influences (of previous Aeons) must be transcended also - most who follow or attempt to follow an Occult way fall into the trap of shedding current Aeonic influences only to fall prey to past ones (Egyptian, Sumerian, Greek etc.*) or to be possessed by one 'Idea'/mythos.
4) Present Aeon is dying - its energies are on the wane. Thus time is right to produce aonic changes/find new nexions.

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*qv 'Temple of Set' !

Aeonic magick is concerned with two things: (1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change; (2) actually using such energies - via rites etc. - to bring such change in accord with one's desire or goal.

(1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations - how both are formed, live, decay and change via acausal energies - and about how those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms are archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.

(2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are aeonic rites (eg. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony of Recalling), the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).

(1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in 'Naos', 'Black Book' and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister aeonic magick implies actual use of the energies - by individuals - bringing change(s) to the 'real' or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particuarly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries - and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatosis. The most identifiable manifestation (ie. causal appearence) of this form was National-Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and 'moral' point of view - a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends. The persepctive of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millenia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonics but also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or Internal: External magick is but a child's game, to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement, perhaps, later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means - to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals. Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms - although they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective. In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some "roles" may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the 'forbidden', the contrary, the 'heretical'. But these roles are only that - part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later,

such forms - and others - may be used in the aeonic sense: to bring about large-scale temporal change (how large depending on the intent as well as the skill and aim of the Adept). But in both, manipulation is the key.

Thus, those who criticize those LHP individuals and/or groups who do and have used political forms in the past - or some other temporal form: social, religious or ideological - clearly show by that very criticism and their subsequent "labelling" of those individuals and groups (from their own myopic and relative "political" or "social" perspective) that they lack not only understanding but also insight into the basics of magick. In short, these "labellers" expose themselves as not only unworthy of being called magickians, but also as adherents to the old, Nazarene dominated moral value-systems. Their lack of perspective, and magickal understanding is not, however, unexpected considering the pathetic state of 'magical understanding' prior to the dissemination of ONA teachings - particuarly relating to Aeonics and Internal magick.

On the individual level - of Initiates - the LHP is decidedly a-political, a-religious and a-social (where the "a" prefix means "beyond", "outside"), and is devoted to making each Initiate unique: that is, aiding them fulfil their potential, thus enhancing evolution and creating the next stage of our evolution. The ultimate aim of sinister aeonic magick is to create conditions in the 'real world' such that Initiation and Adeptship and all that these imply in terms of evolutionary understanding and insight, is not only available for all, <u>but fulfilled</u>. This, of course, is and will be a long-term aim, perhaps achieved by the end of the next Aeon, perhaps not. But the aeonic magick of any one present moment (eg. a rite or form manipulation) aims to presence a part of that future in that present moment <u>or</u> create conditions enabling it. Thus, change is provoked and made possible - in individuals, groups and civilizations. Hence the complexity of aeonics, and the multitude of temporal forms used - but also its simplicity. For, viewed causally and simply, aeonics is change, opposition, creation; provoking challenges and insight, counter-balancing and adversarial. In short - a dialectic, for individuals, groups and civilizations, as well as aeons. And it is this dialectic which is the 'numen' of sinister magick - its ultimate meaning and its ultimate challenge.

Quite simply, it is for those who aspire. The rest can continue their crawling non-existence.

Naturally, in aeonic magick some mistakes have been made -some judgements have been shown by events to be incorrect. But understanding and reason are cumulative: a process of learning, for individuals, civilizations, and aeons. However:

τοιαῦτ' ὀνείδιζ' οἷς ἐμὲ εὑρήσεις μέγαν

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Exoterically, the distortion imposed upon the Western Aeon is represented by the religion of the Nazarene. Esoterically, one aspect of the distortion is represented by the 'qabala'. Both of these are manifestations of what it is convenient to call the 'Magian ethos': that is, an approach to living, a way of thinking/being. One of the external manifestations of this ethos is the 'Babylonian Talmud' and the religion whose codes/teaching are represented by that collection of tracts. Another is the 'Old Testament'.

This ethos has, over the last few centuries, become diversified, and now assumes various political and 'philosophical' manifestations. The "sickness of the spirit", which Nietzsche analysed in many of his works [particuarly the 'Anti-Christ'], has changed the direction of the Western civilization [see 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition' and other MSS] and thus its future. Had there been no distortion of the Western 'current' or 'magickal energy' then the Western civilization would now be about to enter the final, Imperial, stage. There would be an outward expansion, led by the elite, firstly world-wide and then, using the technology which is such a feature of the true Western ethos, into outer Space itself with the consequent colonization of the solar system and star systems beyond. This Imperial stage is 'Promethean' or Luciferian in aspect - that is, it is dynamic and expresses that zest for living which is pagan [and which, esoterically, is the essence of genuine Satanism]. It is in one sense the dominence of 'action' over thought - the triumph of 'master-morality'. Esoterically, this is and always has been for all 'higher civilizations' the triumph of honour and those who uphold this most elitist of concepts. [This is so because of the nature of the 'acausal energy' which, "seeps through a Gate" at the beginning of each Aeon. Exoterically, this energy is 'sinister/Satanic' as these terms are understood by the Order (qv. 'The Dark Forces'*). It is this energy which 'creates' the civilization - or rather, the civilization is an outward embodiment of that energy, and this impetus to civilization is maintain by the 'elan'/spirit of the creative minority who are (mostly unconsciously) guided by a feeling of Destiny which itself arises from such energy and which is often enshrined in a mythos/legend. Adepts are those who understand this, and who can thus work with the energy as that energy is embodied at that moment in time. In the past, this understanding was often intuitive - only in the last century or so has this understanding become rationalized, and thus allowed an even greater degree of understanding (and consequently manipulation of the energies).]

However, the Western civilization, having been distorted in its ethos, is suffering from a sickness of spirit - an infection. Instead of almost entering the stage of Imperium, it is increasingly inward-turning, increasingly concerned with ideas that are "alien" to it - that is, which do not arise from its own ethos. It has been, in effect, unconsciously given a dream and is now striving to live that dream although that dream means its own death. [As with all Aeonics, there is no judgement here - merely a statement of facts. All Adepts must discover for themselves whether they wish to alter the futures which can arise from these facts:and alter according to their own desires.]

In practical terms: the distortion is evident in the political ideas of Marxism/communism, in the economic idea of capitalism and in the sociological ideas/value-systems which preach 'equality'. The first and

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[°Note: This MS contains a brief outline only of one particular aspect. To be supplemented by oral teaching.]

Text: Revised 1980. Notes [] by 1989 ev

third of these derive from Nazarene beliefs - there are, in effect, extensions of the Nazarene spirit: the triumph of the 'slave-morality'. The second, when analysed, takes the abstraction evident in an aspect of the 'Magian ethos' stages further. What all this amounts to on the level of effects is that individuals [and this applies particuarly to the creative minority] are:(a) concerned by a 'morbid conscience' and are thus unable to act with spirit/elan, think and act on the basis of reality (esoterically, read 'they act like sinners and penitents rather than Satanists'); and (b) they perceive the world/other individuals via the distorting lenses of abstract ideas - these ideas deriving from the distortion. Magickally, individuals have lost contact with the genuine archetypes of their unconscious. Even worse, the 'magic' whichpurports to return these archetypal energies does the opposite - it gives experience of the 'archetypes of the distortion'. This 'magic' is that based on, and derived from, the qabala and the 'Grimoires' of the Middle Ages. [This includes Crowley. 'Wicca' would be one way forward were it not so lacking in Promethean zest - that is, lacking the spirit of true paganism (qv. the Vikings).] For the Western civilization, one of the most powerful archetypes is the Warrior. [Note: Adepts are those striving to free themselves from archetypal influence. Part of this involves living the archetypal role of 'Mage'... We are concerned here with the majority who are swayed by archetypes without understanding them.] This Warrior has two aspects, both important vis-a-vis the Western ethos. One is the 'Hero' (where there can be sacrifice of self to the good of the folk); the other is 'Conquerer'.

In simple terms, the West should now be exalting the archetype of the Warrior: it should be a goal aspired to, and the Institutions and so on of the societies of the West should represent this striving to emulate the Hero/Conquerer - and all for the benefit, not of some artificial idea like 'equality' or 'democracy', but for the communities of the West and the individual who strives to become a Hero/Conquerer. This latter point is vital to an understanding of the present - and thus the future. To take an example from history (a valid one, since all higher civilizations have the same form): The West should now be entering the stage that the Hellenic civilization entered with the Roman Empire at the time of Augustus. In the Rome of that time, the Hero/Conquerer was an ideal aspired to - for the benefit of Rome and those citizens who could profit by emulating that ideal. The Warrior was honoured, and warrior values held sway, giving a zest to life, and expansion for the Empire.

This emulation/exaltation of the Warrior archetype by the majority <u>creates</u> the final, zestful, stage of the West (or rather, should have created it) - the strong, the daring, the noble are encouraged and rewarded. The benefit is Empire: for the West this would have been a 'Galactic Empire'. This means that the societies are imbued with the 'Promethean' spirit (or 'acausal/sinsiter' energies).[Aeonically, Adepts have three functions: 1) their own Destiny (which may be to try and become an 'Immortal'; 2)to aid by magick the Destiny of the civilization to which they belong; 3) <u>or</u> to change that Destiny according to their desire. Which of these, they know, in time ... None of these can be attained without an understanding of that present in which they find themselves: as that present is.]

In practice , the Western Empire would have meant the dominence by a racially aware community/nation/federation of first the West and then possibly the world - this giving rise to the foundation of colonies in Space and the expansion of the Empire into other Star systems. It would have been 'racially aware' (that is, basically European in race) because archetypes compel this type of cohesiveness: that is, 'Destiny' in the case of a civilization implies a commanality, a sense of belonging, or 'rootedness'. This makes possible 'thinking with the blood' - that is, genuine 'elan' - and thus an advance/conquest. Where this elitist attitude

does not exist, there can be no lasting conquest, and thus no Empire.

For the West, this Empire should have begun around 1996-2011 ev and lasted until about 2390 ev after which it, like all Empires, would fall. But then, the Destiny of the West would have been achieved, and with it the dispersal of acausal energy beyond the confines of the Earth. The whole purpose of the Western Aeon was to achieve this further expansion. [Note: There is no 'morality' involved here: just an understanding of magickal, aeonic, energies. The morality which would dismiss a Western Empire is basically Nazarene ...] With the fall of this Empire, the 'New Aeon' would assume practical form on the diversity of planets conquered and colonized. There would then be the 'Spring' of not one new civilization, but of many, with the consequent expansion of consciousness.

However, what is occuring at present is an increase in the distortion - that is, acausal energies are weakening, the Western civilization declining. [It must be borne in mind that although the energies of the 'New Aeon' are - or rather can be - emerging now, during the beginning of the 'Winter' stage of the present civilization, they have little effect on the practical level until the new Aeonic centre is found. What effects they do have is largely small and concerned with 'creating new archetypes': these new archetypes influencing things only gradually. It takes several centuries for large scale effects - and a new civilization (i.e. a further upward trend in consciousness) requires the channelling of acausal energy through a new gate as the 'old' one closes. According to tradition, the gate associated with the next Aeon is in outer Space. Hence, on one level, a need to ensure the fulfilment of the Destiny of the Western Aeon.]

On the practical level, this decline means an inward-turning culture: an increase of 'appearence' - that is, a reliance, among individuals and societies, on abstract ideas and theories. There will be dominence by Nazarene beliefs and ideas deriving from them - a return to a 'religion'/ social system of living. [A desire to believe as against a desire to know/explore.] For the West, this will mean tyranny of the mind (and the body because restrictions on movement will exist) existing with a return to 'barbarism' in certain areas (in terms of 'lawlessness'/attitude to living) leading to a gradual decline and probably (after some hundreds of years) an extinction of the acausal on Earth. [In a simple sense, the acausal is evolution, of species and consciousness: the 'Opening of a Gate' (a new Aeon) an expansion due to the acausal presencing on Earth and within individuals.]

Already, this tyranny of ideas exists - together with an increasing physical tyranny to destroy those who do not believe. This tyranny concerns those opinions which contradict in essence the Nazarene/Magian beliefs in 'equality' and 'inward turning morbidity'. [See the MSS 'Aeonics and Heresy'.]

Exoterically, the distortion can be remedied by the arrival of the 'Anti-Christ'. Esoterically, the acausal, sinister, energies can be channelled by ritual into an individual/individuals to <u>create</u> Vindex. Vindex will then be the creater of the Western Empire [i.e. the 'Satanic Empire']. This is one way for Adepts of the sinister tradition to use Aeonic energies. [Note: What 'Vindex' and the 'Empire' means to others is different to what happens in aonic terms: the former is outward (i.e. 'moral') appearence, the latter, the essence or eonic 'effect'.] This magick is dangerous - because it draws upon those who practise it the 'magic' of those who have a vested interest in the forces of the distortion.

Other uses of <u>present</u> Aeonic energies are outlined in other MSS.

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CLIOLOGY - A Basic Introduction

[redacted] ONA

(First issued: 1978 eh; Revised: 1982 eh. Further revision: 1984 eh)

I Civilizations, Aeons and Individuals

In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develope a new type of abstract representation - a new kind of mathematics.

However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution. Evolution is taken to result from a certai process - and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over 'time' - this 'time' having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by λ_S) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time (symbolized by ϕ_S) has n spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension. ϕ_S intersects λ_S at certain places - these places are 'life-forms': i.e. a living organism is a place where ϕ_S and λ_S coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a 'large-scale' intrusion of ϕ_S into λ_S: a 'mergence' rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal.

The energy of λ_S and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus 'explained' by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of ϕ_S and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal - i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal - which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a 'higher' or Aeonic civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal - from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - the surface of the earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms - they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type - and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals - unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences - are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'. This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by Science which is causal energy]determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilizatic and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilizatic or the Aeon. They are part of the wyrd of that civilization - they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy - an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree - to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather, causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time]. These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal.

An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion - i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal terms - it is guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract - in symbols - and is given later.]

Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' - that is, how the $\mathcal{K}_i$ [where the symbol $\mathcal{K}_i$ represents individual(s)] within that $\mathcal{K}_c$ [where the symbol means 'civilization'] apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a $\mathcal{K}_c$, grows and changes ; it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeonic ones - those that have changed/shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity - they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeonic civilization are: (a) it possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization(i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations - their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee's case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independant of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are Spengler's one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a 'culture', and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee - their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others - some original, some not (some part of 'esoteric tradition') - to provide the framework for aeonic/acausal theory outlined here. This framework is 'Cliology' - the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of 'creative individuals'. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of ethos - be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence - but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences - i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason - all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject aids conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particuarly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

Aeon	Symbol	Magickal Working	Associated Civilization	Dates
Primal	Horned Beast	Shamanism	--	9,000 - 7,000 BP
Hyberborian	Sun	Henges	Albion	7,000 - 5,500 BP
Sumerian	Dragon	Trance; Sacrifice	Sumerian/ Egyptiac	5,000 - 3,500 BP
Hellenic	Eagle	Oracle; Dance	Hellenic	3,000 - 1,500 BP
Western	Sunwheel/ Swastika	Ritual	Western	1,000 BP - 500 AP
Galactic		Star Game & beyond	Galactic	

[Note: BP means 'Before Present' (1980 eh); AP means 'After Present']

The centre of the Hyberborian Aeon was the area around Stonehenge. The centre of the Sumerian was located between the Tigris and Euphrates (and is near present day Baghdad). The centre of the Hellenic was Delphi. The centre of the Western was/is around an area in the Marches - it was, and is, esoteric due to the distortion of the Western ethos by first the Nazarene religion and then other forms broadly similar in effects to that religion.

The mythological/archetypal attributes of a particular Aeon can be gleaned from the symbol and 'magickal working' listed above. The ethos of some civilizations are listed below.

Hellenic - Quest for excellence; Reason. Western - Exploration/Science.

Civilization	Relations	Challenge	Time of Troubles	Universal State
Egyptiac	Unrelated	Physical	2424 - 2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677- 2298 BC	2298 - 1905 BC
Hellenic	Loosely affiliated	Physical	431- 31BC	31BC -378 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	? - 322 BC	322 - 185 BC
Japanese	Offshot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185- 1597 AD	1597-1945 AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634 - 221 BC	221BC - 172 AD
Western	Affiliated to Hellenic	Physical	1568- 1996*	1996- 2390 AD **

Table I

*Estimated from model (see AppendixII). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.
** Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

1) Spread ($\phi_s \rightarrow \lambda_s$):-

a) Albion → Sumeria → Indus

↓ ↓

Egypt Indic → Sinic

↓

Japanese

b) Hellenic → Western

↓

Galactic

a) ⇒ 'Henges'/Stone-circles [ϕ centres: $\phi_s \rightarrow \lambda$]

b) ⇒ Delphi [(a): c. 4,500–2,500 BC (b): c. 1,000 BC – 500 AD]

2) External manifestations of ϕ ("creativity..."):-

Albion: Proto-Astronomy; Wheel; Proto-Agriculture

Sumeria: Writing [Phoenicia → Egypt]; Agriculture

Hellenic: Reasoning; Logic; Proto-Science

West: Science; Exploration; Technology

3) ϕ centre: Western Area:-

Surrounding Black Hadley, Kinley, Stiperstones, Long Mynd, Caradoc

[illegible]

Notes: • Centre of Albion [Hyperborean] – Stonehenge.

Cultural [illegible] Ridgway; Walton Track; Sheet Track; Portway [illegible].

• Centre of West → where remnants of traditions of Albion survived beyond 1,000 BC [to c. 700 AD & thence 20th Century].

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it developes already existing faculties and creates new ones - the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individuals life.[In a simple sense, the symbols of cliology are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus posses 'power'. More correctly, the symbols re-present acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns, on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/ archetypal - the use of myths/archetypes and such like forms to describe/ represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particuarly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrd with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/myhtological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game - a collocation of abstract symbols which re-present the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are complete. The third type has only begun to be developed - the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and Advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

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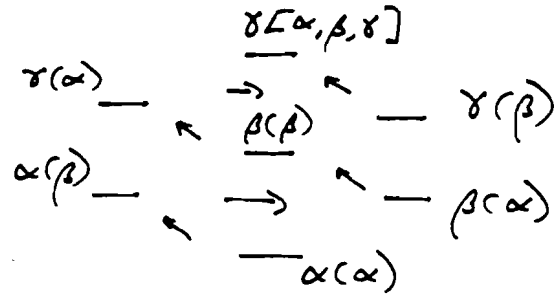
II The Basic Symbolism

Before proceeding to describe the symbolism of this third type, some brief remarks concerning the symbolism of The Star Game will be in order.

In The Star Game, Aeons may be symbolized by the boards - i.e. the first board (Sirius) re-presents the first or Primal Aeon, the next board, the next Aeon, and so on. The placing on the pieces on a board represents a particular stage of an Aeon - the initial placing being the pre-civilization stage of an Aeon. The movement of pieces then represents the evolution within an aeon and its effect upon others.

However, all seven boards can be used to represent just one Aeon. The same is true both for a civilization and an individual. Thus, in the septenary version for instance, the seven boards could be used to represent aspects of one civilization fro its genesis to its demise - the first six boards might be chosen to represent the causal changes, and the seventh, the acausal ones, thus:



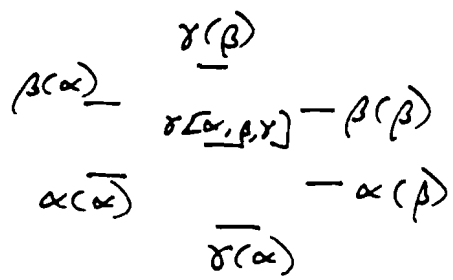
(1)

In this case, the last board is in 'acausal space' and thus has three causal aspects - α, β, γ .

Here, the basic transformation is represented by:

$$\alpha(\alpha) \to \alpha(\beta) \to \alpha(\gamma) \to \beta(\alpha) \to \beta(\beta) \to \beta(\gamma) \to \gamma(\alpha) \to \gamma(\beta) \to \gamma(\gamma)$$

However, another representation would be:



(2)

In (2) there is no linear (2/3 dimensional) representation of causal time as there is in (1) [the basic transformation is a linear representation of change]. That is, in (2) there is no direct, linear sequence from one board to the next.

Both representations are equally valid - they are merely different ways of viewing the same thing, and this flexibility is inherent in The Star Game. This is an important point which is often overlooked - the only constants (or constraints) in/of the Star Game are the seven boards, each of a particular number of squares, the number and types of pieces, and the rules governing their movement. What the boards and symbols and moves re-present has to be determined before the game is used - when, that is, it is used esoterically, and not just as a 'game'.

Further, acausal components or 'pieces' (such as $\gamma(\gamma)$ or $\alpha(\gamma)$ say) exist simultaneously as a particular causal component or piece - thus, when $\alpha(\alpha)$ exists, so to does $\alpha(\gamma)$ and both $\beta(\gamma)$ and $\gamma(\gamma)$. When $\alpha(\alpha)$ transforms to $\alpha(\beta)$, these acausal pieces still exist, even if they have not been 'presenced' in the same or adjacent causal space as that piece. This simultaneous existence is represented, in the septenary form of The Star Game, for instance, by the degree of freedom of movement of an 'acausal' piece..

We shall now move on to describe the basic symbolism of the third form.

Two abstract spaces, ϕ_s and λ_s are posited and $\lambda_s \in \phi_s$ is divided into nine sub-spaces represented by the abstract symbols

$$\alpha(\alpha),\ \alpha(\beta),\ \alpha(\gamma),\ \beta(\alpha),\ \beta(\beta),\ \beta(\gamma),\ \gamma(\alpha),\ \gamma(\beta),\ \gamma(\gamma) \tag{3}$$

ϕ_s is determined by ϵ^{ϕ} and λ_s by ϵ^{λ} where ϵ^{ϕ} is acausal time, and ϵ^{λ} causal time,

both at present otherwise undefined.

A basic principle governing $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ is that the sub-spaces occur in the following order:

$$\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma) \tag{4}$$

[Note: the symbol $\in$ is to be read 'within'.]

$\alpha(\alpha)$ is regarded as closer to λ_s, $\gamma(\gamma)$ to ϕ_s : thus (4) represents a movement from λ_s to ϕ_s.

(4) is called a transformation, via $\in^{\lambda}$.

Therefore,

$$\delta^{\lambda}[a(\delta)_n] = a(\delta)_n' \tag{5}$$

where $a(\delta)_n'$ is the new transformed element according to (4).

$\in^{\phi}$ transformations also occur. Such a transformation - δ^{ϕ} - is defined by

$$\delta^{\phi} a(\delta)_n = [a(\delta)_n', a(\delta)_{n+7}' \tag{6}$$

Thus, for example,

$$\delta^{\phi}\alpha(\alpha) = [\alpha(\alpha)', \gamma(\beta)'] = \alpha(\beta), \gamma(\gamma)$$

and

$$\delta^{\phi}\beta(\alpha) = [\beta(\alpha)', \alpha(\beta)'] = \beta(\beta), \alpha(\gamma)$$

Hence, a δ^{ϕ} transformation is non-linear*. The operations δ^{λ} and δ^{ϕ} are the fundamental operations in $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$, and can be used to formulate rules which govern what occurs in both spaces. That is, an algebra for these regions can be created (rules for $\delta^{\lambda} \pm \delta^{\phi}$; $\delta^{\lambda}/\delta^{\phi}$; $\delta^{\lambda}.\delta^{\phi}$ and so on) and then equations written, using the transformations, which represent the forms taken by 'objects' in these spaces - i.e. the forms are geometrically represented using algebraic equations based on the new algebra. Each form is then identified with a particular aspect of such spaces - e.g. one form/geometric structure would be an aeon; another a civilization; another an individual. The geometric representation would be via a new 'co-ordinate geometry' in the new space defined by $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$. Manipulation of the equations, and an indentification of the models with aspects of the physical manifestations, would then provide new insights. [For details of this new algebra and geometry, concerned with the space $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$, see the MS 'Mapping The Acausal'.]

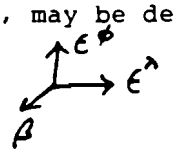
* It is also <u>creative</u>: i.e. a 'new' aspect/symbol/form is created/becomes manifest following such a transformation. This explicates the nature of an acausal transformation.

III A New Representation

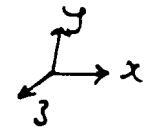
This section is an introduction to the basic ideas of a new representation of the acausal. This representation enables the fundamental laws governing the changes of energy [or acausal matter] to be ascertained and described in conventional mathematical terms.

The ideas - the formulation of the acausal and the changes, and so on - may be used to describe, by reduction [the imposition of appropriate boundary conditions] the causal and the changes of matter/energy within it. Thus, it is possible to develope a new physics which describes the laws and so on of the acausal, this new physics being able also to describe the causal since the causal is a special case of the acausal.

The acausal, ϕ_s, may be described by a five-space, thus:



$\beta = (x, y, z)$



β is a representation of the 3 dimensions of causal space: x, y, z .

A line-element of this ϕ space is described by:

$$ds = f(\epsilon^{\phi}, \epsilon^{\lambda}, \beta)$$

ϵ^{λ} is determined by c, the velocity of light.
ϵ^{ϕ} implies <u>action at a distance</u>, because of the nature of ϕ_s - i.e. it is 'beyond the causal'.

When $\epsilon^{\phi} = 0$, the five-psace becomes a four-space defined by Riemann geometry .

λ - space: $F_g = f(ds_{\lambda})$

For ϕ_s :

$$F_U = f(ds_{\phi})$$

where ds_{ϕ} is determined by $\delta\epsilon^{\phi}$. For $\epsilon^{\phi} = 0$, F_U reduces to F_g [where F in general represents 'Force' - e.g. F_g is gravitational field in λ_s ; F_U is the 'unified field' of ϕ_s .]

A point in ϕ_s is specified by $\epsilon^{\lambda}, \epsilon^{\phi}$ and r where $r = (x, y, z)$ and the metric o this space is derived from a transformation $r_1 \rightarrow r_2$ and so on.

Further, ϕ_s implies <u>velocities greater than that of light</u>.
$f(\epsilon^{\lambda})$ describes energy changes in λ_s - i.e. 'matter'.
$f(\epsilon^{\phi})$ describes energy changes in ϕ_s , one of which is <u>charge</u>.

$\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ implies charged particles.
$f(\epsilon^{\lambda})$ are differential equations involving a wave-function: e.g. $\nabla^2\psi$
$f(\epsilon^{\phi})$ are <u>differential equations representing geometric transformations of 5-space</u>
Some equations of 4-space: (i.e. λ_s)

$$\underline{\nabla} \times (\underline{\nabla} \times \underline{F}) = \underline{\nabla}(\underline{\nabla} \cdot \underline{F}) - \underline{\nabla}^2 \underline{F}$$

For nuclear field:

$$\underline{\nabla}(\underline{\nabla} \cdot \underline{F}) - \underline{\nabla}^2 \underline{F} = 0$$

Div implies scource density of field; Curl implies vorticity of field; Grad implies rate of change of field. Mass implies F - the flux ϵ^{λ} .

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Aeon	Associated Higher Civilization	Centre of Aeonic Force	Consciousness Guide	Magickal Form
Hyper-borian	Albion c. 4 000 BC - 2 500 BC	Stonehenge	( )	Henges
Sumerian	Sumeric c. 3 100 BC - 1905 BC	Tigris basin	( )	Trance; sacrifice
Hellenic	Hellenic c. 1 100 BC - 378 AD	Greece	( )	Oracle; Dance
Western	c. 1100 AD - 2390 AD	Germany	( )	Ritual; Word
Galactic	c. 2400 AD -	Beyond solar system	( )	Empathy; Star Game

An Aeon lasts approx. 1,500 years (<u>not</u> 2,000) and predates the higher civilization associated with it by approx. 300 - 400 years. An Aeon implies $\phi_s \rightarrow \lambda_s$: that is, an increasing of ϕ in ϵ^{λ} dimensions. In simplified form, one may say that a 'Gate' between ϕ_s and λ_s has been 'opened' - giving an increase in consciousness ($\delta\phi$ by ϵ^{λ})via the mechanism of a higher civilization. Thus the 'opening of a Gate' for the next Aeon, the Galactic occurs c. 2000 - 2100 AD.

Contrary to Occult mythology, the most important aspect of a new Aeon is the associated higher civilization, the civilization taking its ethos from the Aeonic force and/this ethos being the most conspicuous manifestation of that force. The subsequent development of the higher civilization is natural, determined by the ethos or 'spirit', the ethos itself becoming expressed and codified in what is usually a non-magickal form - as a 'philosophy' or way of looking at the world. This codification usually occurs in the Spring period of a higher civilization's metamorphosis.

Aeon	Philosophy	Associated (& often esoteric) Mythos
Sumerian	Vedas	Dragon/serpent mysteries
Hellenic	Pre-Socratics	Apollo; mysteries of the 'Kabeiroi'
Western	Science	Faustus; Grail*; Dark Gods

*In reality, the 'Grail' was a precious crystal - not a chalice - as per 'Nine Angles' rite. The received (i.e. non-esoteric) legends about the Grail are distorted recollections of Hyperborian mysteries. According to esoteric tradition, the Grail was actually used c. 700 AD to inaugurate the Western Aeon - hence the medieval traditions.

Satanism and Child-Abuse

Allegations have been made, and continue to be made, concerning "Satanic" child-abuse - that is, the sexual abuse of children as part of Satanic rituals, practices and beliefs.

As an authority on Satanism, having been actively involved in Satanism for nearly twenty-five years, and being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups, I can write expertly about this matter.

Genuine Satanism - like all genuine magick - is a path, way or method of individual self-development. Rituals may be and often are a part of this, but these rituals all conform to certain patterns: they are all intended to aid and explicate self-understanding and development, as well as enhance and develope certain 'Occult' abilities. Naturally, some rituals and methods are concerned with the individual experiencing certain emotions and, in Satanism, enjoying certain pleasures. However, because of the aim of Satanism [to aid the attainment by the individual of magickal and personal understanding and thus promote evolution and self-mastery], this experiencing involves a conscious choice or decision by the individual. This makes Satanism of necessity an adult path or way - for genuine Satanism, of the traditional type, is not concerned with proselytizing nor "corrupting" others without their consent. Its concern - it must be repeated - is individual advancement arising from a conscious and free decision by the individual - anything else in not Satanic as it is not magickal. This free choice is part of all genuine Occult and magickal paths: Initiation means this free choice, the decision to begin an inner quest. When there is no free choice about the matter, there is no genuine Initiation - whatever path or way is being followed. Where Satanism differs, is in the aim, the philosophy of life and the techniques used to achieve the aim - these make it a "Left Handed Path" [when viewed conventionally].

Thus, there cannot be any such thing as 'childhood Initiation' - nor participation by children under a certain age in any genuine magickal rituals. What there can be: what there often is - in genuine Satanism at least - is the simple dedication of infants by their parents to the darker path, and this involves only the appointing of guardians to watch over and care for the child(ren):"Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach them **when the teaching-time is right**, our ways ..." [from 'The Ceremony of Birth' in "The Black Book of Satan" (ONA)] The time for teaching is when the child, in accord with Satanic philosophy, can choose for themselve - sixteen years of age or thereafter - that is, when they have attained the threshold of adulthood.

Hence, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as "Satanic" child-abuse: there can be no child-hood 'initiation', no participation by children under a certain age in rituals, and no abuse, by adult Satanists,of children. This latter is important - Satanism is concerned with the individual gaining self-mastery and self-understanding. The abuser (whether of children, drugs or pleasures) is swayed by mostly unconscious desires and impulses - they may manipulate and try to control others who are susceptible, but they cannot control themselves, or even begin to understand their 'darker' side. In short, they are weak - and generally rather pathetic - individuals, although they may hide behind a "mask" or a "role". Such people are not Satanists, but rather failures. The Satanist aspires to self-mastery, self-overcoming; to knowledge ...

The popular image of Satanism is a lie - a myth invented and fostered by those who have a vested interest in maintaining it. Organized religions and

under-developed individuals need such myths, as they need stereotyped enemies: for only by such means can such people and such religions survive and flourish. Many believe, with that certainty that faith and fanaticism bring, the myths about Satanism and the more general myths about ritual 'child-abuse'. I and a few others like me can present the facts - in my case about Satanism - but it needs an unbiased mind, a certain mental freedom, to consider these facts as they should be considered, and then make an informed judgement about the matter. It is this freedom which a biased, religious intolerance destroys.

The real question about Satanic child-abuse (and ritual abuse itself) is thus a question about attitude, belief and commitment to reasoned thought and debate. Long after Science showed the Earth was not at the centre of the Universe, the Church - its ministers and its faithful - continued to believe otherwise, confirmed in their certainty of faith. Do we, now - concerning this question of Satanic child-abuse - return to a Dark Age of faith, of believing what certain Church people wish us to believe to bolster their religion and rather intolerant view of the world; or do we go forward to greater understanding based on an acceptance of the facts?

These facts show that Satanic child abuse - and ritual abuse itself - is a myth.

[redacted] ONA

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[The following books contain the facts regarding traditional Satanism, and should be studied by anyone who wishes to know what Satanism really is:

Δ The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick
Δ Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept
Δ Fenrir Vol. I (no's 2 - 8)
Δ Fenrir Vol. II

All the above are obtainable from the ONA, [redacted]

HOSTIA

Secret Teachings of the ONA

Volume II

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ONA Strategy & Tactics

Concerning the Temple of Set

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[# O.N.A.

Introduction to Volume II

This volume contains a selection of 'restricted' esoteric manuscripts circulated among those members of the ONA who were (and are) of the Grade of External Adept and above and who were in good standing.

As such, while complimenting the MSS contained in Volume I, they represent part of the 'inner core' of esoteric teachings. Some of the MS in the present volume are concerned with sinister strategy, some with practical techniques to achieve and implement that strategy, and some with what can be described as the essence of real evil.

ONA - Organizational Structure

The ONA is organized on the basis of cells, basically for two reasons: (1) Security and (2) Effectiveness.

The structure means that each new Initiate/member has one (at most two) Order contacts who channel information/teachings and so on, and who offer guidance/instruction. When this member reaches the stage of External Adept, they usually form their own Temple for ceremonial magick and for teaching, recruiting their own members, whose Order contact thus is that External Adept. Each Temple thus formed exists independantly. Hence, if it or any of its members are 'compromised', the chain cannot lead very far, enabling other members in other Temples to remain secret and so continue with their own work, both personal (following the path to Adeptship) and aeonic (aiding the sinister dialectic).

Further, such a structure is effective, because: it enables each member to progress at their own pace; it enshrines a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism [individuality,and freedom from subserviance to authority] and it enables practical experience of a character-building type [e.g. by organizing and running a Temple at an early stage].

Essentially, the Order is secret - and intends to remain so as far as most of its members and activities are concerned. However, its teachings and traditions have been and will continue to be made progressively more 'public', that is, available - thus enabling any individuals who may be interested to follow (if only in part) the way of genuine Satanism, for those individuals by so doing (however slightly) will aid the sinister dialectic, increasing the dark forces presenced on Earth. Some of these may progress to the Order.

This 'working secrecy' is necessary because Satanism cannot now be anything other than selective - it is elitist, being a hard and dangerous path, and part of its effectiveness lies in work of an 'underground', clandestine nature [e.g. some essential work is done by those involved in 'respectable' positions, which positions would no longer be available if the Satanic beliefs/practices of those involved in such work was generally known: i.e. they were discovered to be Satanists]. This secrecy will not change in the immediate future [for c. 20-30 years, that is] due to the nature of the societies in which we are forced to work.

Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship. It is dark, evil - for the few who genuinely <u>dare</u>. This daring, as mentioned in other MSS, is practical, in real-life situations, involving danger, requiring courage,and defiance of both one's own limits and those of others, including the society of the moment. While society and other structures restrict and deny the promise of Satan, this dark defiance is required - and, moreover, required as a working system which achieves results, both personally and aeonically. What will change, is the number of individuals who can try this way to liberation - and while this will increase, it will do so only slowly over a period of decades. This will be a cumulative process which will aid (and indeed create) the next Aeon, the Satanic one when what is regarded now as dark and sinister will hold sway.

Thus, it has been necessary to disseminate the teachings and traditions of the Order, and this dissemination will continue and increase, as part of sinister strategy. This part of sinister strategy was begun a decade ago by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. It was carefully planned and (so far) has been carefully executed.

The initial stage involved circulating some details about traditional Satanism (the Septenary system; dark gods mythos) among some sections of the Occult fraternity. Thus, a few articles were published, and the existence

of the Order itself made known, for the first time outside traditionalist groupings, thus confirming certain rumours about such a group existing, such rumours having beer in circulation for some time. Over a number of years, more information was made available - although still within the 'sub-culture' of the Occult underground. This attracted some interest (and a few Initiates - incidental to the main intent) and was followed by the establishment of , at first, a newsletter, and then a "zine", both of these being of an 'underground' nature, both in terms of quality and the manner of distribution (i.e. selective, advertised in similar underground publications). Furthermore, the number of copies distributed was kept low. The aim was two-fold - to create a sense of exclusivity (thus making the Order at first difficult to locate/find) and to pose no direct threat, that is, the zine and those associated with it would be seen as totally on the fringe, without rescources and probably without any support. Thus, the activities of its members, always secret, would pose no threat and no investigation of any kind would be contemplated. Thus, both of the aims mentioned above could be achieved - dissemination of the tradition, and preserving the secrecy necessary for valuable work to continue.

After a few more years, the next step was taken - the distribution, again on a small scale, of works containing in detail the whole tradition. The format of these works would be the same - of a kind to intimate only a small-scale enterprise. Thus were 'The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos', 'The Deofel Quartet' and other works made more accessable for the first time. Furthermore, the scarcity of these works would create an 'aura' about them - an aura which hinted at the darkness of the tradition. This would be re-inforced by making available the most sinister aspects of the tradition - aspects which would also contradict the meanderings of the armchair 'Satanists' who prattled on about Satanism being mis-understood and not really being evil, and who had increasingly come to notice as the decade came toward its end.

Naturally, this would provoke a reaction - both from those within the Occult and those without. The reaction from those within the Occult (and particuarly those who said they adhered to the Left Hand Path) would establish their own position, and thus their total mis-understanding and lack of real insight. In brief, they would continue their word-games and fantasy-roles when confronted by the reality of genuine Satanism. But, equally as important, some would assimilate the tradition, or parts of it (perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously by plagiarizing it) and thus not only be influenced by it but also aid the sinister energies it re-presented because of that influence. [Thus, some of the meaning of the term 'sinister dialectic' can be glimpsed.]

The next stage was to give form and substance to certain aspects of the sinister energies that the Order and thus its tradition represented - among such forms being Satanic images (e.g. in the form of Tarot images) and music. These, by their very creation, would presence such energies (unconsciously influencing others - particuarly 'the susceptable ones'). They also would be distributed in the manner used hitherto, spreading that sinister influence, partly (as the other earlier dissemination had done) via the process of psychic contagion.

Following this, there would be a gradual increase in both the quality and the number of items distributed - without however the genuine darkness of the forms and tradition being diluted. In addition, more subtle approaches would be used - gradually contaminating psychic energies with strands of the sinister and thus overtly/covertly influencing/persuading others outside and within the Occult, and drawing them into that ever expanding circle of those touched by the powers of Darkness. [This paragraph explicates the current stage of play.]

Thus, secrecy is preserved as and when necessary, while the tradition and thus the sinister is effectively spread.

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Synistry

The following extracts are taken from "Synistry - The Way of Satan", the autobiography of a member of the ONA

The work is explicit in stating not only what Satanism is and involves, but also in detailing the often sinister (and sometimes illegal) experiences of the author. It is a challenge to the meek imitation 'Satanists' who merely dabble and play at Black Magick and who are afraid of real evil - those who espouse 'Satanism' as some sort of "moral" religion.

VIII Sacrifice

Although it was over seven years away, I believed the time was right to begin the planning for my performance of the Ceremony of Recalling - a sinister ritual of sacrifice where the victim or opfer was offered to Baphomet, the dark Goddess of Satanic tradition, regarded as the Bride of Lucifer. According to the tradition I was heir to, the ritual was performed every seventeen years by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress who represented that tradition - the opfer being a Priest of the tradition. In the ceremony, the Mistress of Earth identified with the role of Baphomet.

The sacrifice could, of course, be purely symbolic. It had been a long time since a voluntary sacrifice had occurred, the opfer, in the recent past, being carefully chosen. I believed I should continue this recent trend. I would need to plan the rite carefully - carefully choosing those who would take part. They would be sworn to secrecy, and would have to have no doubts of any kind. I, like a few others, understood the meaning of the rite itself - it would continue a tradition, creating a link with past deeds and thus magickal energies, and it would also create or draw down its own sinister energies. These could be directed to achieve a specific goal, or they could be directed into a chosen individual or individual who would have an important sinister Destiny to fulfil, or they could be stored to await further use. Whatever, it was an extremely powerful and sinister rite.

Such a sacrifice would thus be for a specific Satanic goal, and in accordance with Satanic honour the opfer [for this would have to be an involuntary sacrifice] would choose him/her self by their deeds. That is, their removal would benefit evolution, and consequently aid the sinister. They would not be chosen at random, as they would not be - despite the claims by those who knew nothing about genuine Satanism - virgins or children. They would be those whose removal would actively benefit our long-term aeonic goals. Let me express this plainly so that it will be understood. The victim or victims would be the type of person or persons whose death by whatever means would not be mourned - someone or many would say: 'He/she deserved it...' The sacrifice would be akin to an act of natural justice. Naturally, it would be myself, in consultation with a few others, who would decide, and this decision would be based on sinister strategy - or aeonics.

Such an opfer could be chosen by such means at other times and the appropriate rite of sacrifice performed, but the Ceremony was more specific: its aims, intent, were for a definite purpose. Accordingly, I began to plan for the ritual - I already had a few vague ideas concerning suitable candidates, and asked a trusted Guardian of one of the Temples to begin research into their backgrounds. I also visited a few possible sites for the ritual, researched others, and began to consider those who might participate with me.

Of course, I had undertaken sacrifices before - in the approved manner. And even before those, I had tried a ritual of sacrifice. This was in my early days, before I assumed my role as heir. I, with some others involved in politics and vaguely involved with the sinister, planned to sacrifice someone to commemorate the founding our our new political movement. We chose the victim, and gathered on a crag in Yorkshire one night. Our plan was to will the victim to fall over the cliff to his death. So invokations were done, energies directed. The victim became possessed, stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, he fell only a short distance, and was mostly uninjured. So in that sense the ritual failed. I knew why - of those gathered, only myself and one other really wanted to cause someone's death. The others were not committed to the sinister.

My other attempts were successful. The victims fell by assassination, or were victims of 'accidents' - all achieved by my "underground" political work, and what followed thereafter, as related in an earlier chapter. I simply - before the act of execution - dedicated their death to my sinister cause. It was quite simple, and very effective, even in battle. I was merely continuing a long-standing pagan tradition - dedicating enemies beforehand, and then killing them, for a cause, of course. Being enemies, they deserved to perish, their death aiding the sinister dialectic. Such was the "approved" Satanic manner. Thus did the victims choose themselves.

Naturally, those who have no understanding of Satanism, as well as those who oppose that philosophy of living, portray sacrifice differently. According to them, it is always the 'innocent' who are victims, who are opfers. They seldom, if ever,define what is meant by 'innocent' - and cannot, however they try, define on a satisfactory basis, what 'evil' is. Hopefully, my revelations will destroy such myths - as they will destroy the attempts by the feeble, mostly urbanized, people who call themselves 'Satanists' and who deny sacrifice exists or ever has existed as a Satanic practice. These people know nothing about real, primal, Satanism - they like the glamour of the sinister but are weak individuals, lacking in character, who play at "roles" in a fantasy world. They do not have the passion, the spirit, the desire, the pride or the creative genius of genuine Satanists. Such people, in fact, would make good opfers ...

Finally, what I have written before bears repeating - wars are the ultimate sacrificial rites, and it no coincidence that sometimes the sinister dialectic has aided these, and occassionally brought them about.

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Aeonics and Manipulation I

Aeonic magick is essentially the use of magickal energies to effect large-scale changes in the causal. This involves manipulation of forms, as well as a rational understanding of aeonic changes [civilizations, their ethos, etc.]. The forms involve transfering magickal energy - via the desire/aim - from the acausal to individuals. That is, manipulation of individuals on a large scale, both numerically and over time. The type of the manipulation varies, according to the form(s) used and the desire/aim. For example, there can be psychic manipulation via archetypal forms, direct manipulation via words/images/personality; indirect by psychological pressure ...

Two forms often used are religion and politics.

Essentially, the sinister Adept takes a practical view of individuals insofar as Aeonics is concerned - understanding that the majority in whatever time and place, are by their nature, subjects: that is, raw material to be used according to sinister strategy. This assessment is a-moral.

What this means in reality is that a goal is set (via a knowledge of Aeonics and sinister strategy - the 'sinister dialectic') and suitable means of achieving it are considered and a decision made. The decision is then made real, presenced in the causal, by magickal and other acts - regardless of consequences, be they moral, magickal or otherwise.

Sinister Adepts - because they are Adepts - only consider Aeonic type goals, having as Initiates and External Adepts gained practical experience in "external" manipulation, that is, manipulation of a few individuals for personal reasons. This aids self-understanding and magickal abilities. The goals of Adepts relate to wyrd and thus Aeonics - they are: 1) the creation of a new wyrd, and thus a new Aeon; 2) disruption of existing wyrd (with either an alternate or no specific goal); 3) altering the wyrd in a specific way; 4) fulfilling the wyrd of the Aeon. [It should be understood that Internal Adepts - not having attained full Mastery - are still part of the Aeonic wyrd pertaining during their causal life -time.]

An example will explicate this.

Present Aeon: Western (or 'Faustian'/Promethean). Present phase: what should be 'Imperium' (the final phase of an Aeon), lasting c. 390 years. During this last phase the energies of the next Aeon are manifest/created by Adepts, via a physical nexion (or 'centre'). The practical forms of this new Aeon arise toward the end of Imperium - although some will exist/ be created before then, on a small scale: i.e. they will not seem to significantly affect 'history'.

This present Aeon has however been distorted - its ethos undermined and its forms changed. This distortion is basically Nazarene/Magian [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way' and other Aeonics MSS]. It also changes the possibility of Imperium - from an almost certainty to only a minimum possibility.

Sinister strategy, at the present time, is to create a new Aeon of sinister import - and to achieve this, it is considered necessary to (a) undermine the distortion of the Faustian ethos, and (b) fulfil the wyrd of the Faustian Aeon, that is, Imperium. Both of these will aid, by their nature, the creation of a new Aeon that is essentially Satanic. Thus, sinister Adepts will work, on both the practical and the magickal level, toward the achievement of these aims. **This sinister strategy is part of their vow** - their wyrd - **as Initiates of the sinister tradition**: that is, they are pledged to fulfil it* if possible, and certainly aid its fulfilment. Other Adepts will have other aims - if a sinister Adept decides on another strategy, they cease to be Adepts of a certain Satanic tradition, becoming something else instead. Only when - and if - they reach the stage of Grand Master/Mistress will they have the knowledge, ability and understanding to change sinister strategy.

* Whether or not they are aware of this, at the time.

To aid the creation of a new, Satanic, Aeon, the following are necessary:
1) the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways at this present time - i.e. the creation of specific archetypal forms/images/systems/ideas which affect individuals.
2) the opening of a physical nexion to draw acausal energies in a significant way and enable their presencing.
3) the performance of certain Aeonic rites (e.g. Nine Angles) to create sinister 'psychic pressure', altering individuals. [Note: this is more general than (1) and involves letting the energies presence according to their nature, this nature being formed via the rites used.]
4) the creation of particular and specific practical forms and the channelling of magickal energies into these.
5) the emergence of more Adepts of the sinister tradition - i.e. individuals possessed of self-understanding, Occult insight and abilities, who are imbued with the ethos of the new Aeon.
6) the creation of the ethos of the new Aeon in a way enabling its apprehension (both unconsciously and consciously) by those who are not Adepts and who are not involved in esoteric Arts.

In addition, and as mentioned above, there is (a) undermining Nazarene/Magian forms/effects; and (b) aiding the fulfilment of a Faustian Imperium.

(a) involves performing rites such as The Black Mass and others from The Black Book of Satan; spreading the tenets/forms of traditional Satanism enabling others to follow the Way (or at least utilize in some form its energies, to the detriment of others); undermining/distorting the distortion itself, both magickally and otherwise[magickally - e.g. Mass of Heresy].

(b) involves assisting in both a magickal and a practical way, those individuals/groups/forms who/which have as their aim a practical expressing of Faustian ideals, and who/which thus assist or contribute to the Faustian ethos. In political terms, this means National-Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos. This assistance will be practical, financial, magickal and personal.

(1) involves the creation and dissemination of new and traditional forms such as images, music, rituals, The Black Book of Satan.

(2) involves the finding of the physical nexion and undertaking the appropriate rites [one of which is the Ceremony of Recalling, the other of which is a Nine Angles rite].

(3) involves not only general rites[such Nine Angles, Ceremony etc.] but also targetting specific individuals and infecting them with sinister energies. [Rituals from Black Book perform part of this.]

(4) involves forms such as religion, politics, Art, philosophy and practical expressions of these - groups, organizations, "Art-objects" and so on: all imbued with the sinister nature of the new Aeon. [Note: this is more general than (1) and may be considered as involving "exoteric" forms/ideas etc. as against the "esoteric" (i.e. directly Satanic) of (1).]*

(5) involves dissemination of the sinister way as explicated in "Naos" etc. - the guidance of suitable Initiates, via ordeals and practical experience in the 'real' world.

(6) involves the creation/aiding of a "world-view", and practical expressions of this, which enshrines the new ethos - a sense of Destiny, a setting of goals, for the founders of what will be new higher civilization c. 2400 eh.

It is the primary aim of sinister Adepts to involve themselves in the creation of the new Aeon by means of all the above - for only such means make possible the fulfilment of individual wyrd [for the next three centuries at least]. Anything else is not sinister - but game-playing.

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* All such forms presence the future in the present: i.e. they capture/re-present aspects of the new Aeon, practically, magickally and psychically.

Aeonics and Manipulation II

Part I considered means; here, we are concerned with what terms like 'new sinister Aeon' mean.

First, it should be understood that the present civilization [which re-presents the energies of the Aeon now existing] was, in its ethos, essentially what is termed 'Faustian'. That is, dynamic, questing for knowledge and understanding. The exoteric expression of this ethos is science - or, more correctly, a reasoned approach to the 'world'; a conscious evaluation based on experience/ evidence. Aspects of this ethos are expressed in the Renaissance - and in National-Socialist Germany. This latter is most important, and so often mis-understood. NS Germany represented the quintessence of 'Western' civilization: an exhuberance, a balance between 'Man' and 'Nature', a spiritual force heir to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Civilization means a way of living - and of dying - more than it means Art and artifacts. It certainly does not mean material comforts, or even a certain type of politics (like 'democracy'). The greatest example of and model for a civilization, is the warrior: someone who enshrines honour, loyalty and natural justice (or 'fair-play'). That this is so seldom understood, today, is evident of how few really understand: of how precious wisdom still is. Further, the fact that the above statements regarding National-Socialist Germany are heresy (in the literal sense) today, explicates the distortion that has occured in the Faustian civilization far better than dozens of words.

This ethos, exoterically, is Satanic. That is, the true ethos of the West enshrines a Satanic view of the world - a pagan joy in conquest, experience, living, in seeking and going beyond limits, physically and intellectually. The morbidity of the Nazarene has undermined all this - distorted it. In essence, therefore, a Faustian Imperium would have been a type of Satanic State on Earth: a fulfilment of the first part of the sinister dialectic of history, and would have made possible the next part or stage, that of a Galactic Empire. It would be during this later stage that another goal would have been achieved - a genuine evolution in consciousness, a higher type of individual, on a massive scale. That is, Adepthood with its self-understanding and knowledge would be commonplace rather than (as now) the preserve of a few.

However, Satanism - in both exoteric and esoteric forms - became and is a heresy. Except for a brief and glorious period when an exoteric form achieved power - i.e. NS Germany.

Here, exoteric means an outward form or means: a physical presencing which achieves change in the causal. Esoteric means 'the essence'. An example - an Initiate of the sinister tradition becomes through Initiation an outward expression of Satanic spirit, consciously. The sinister becomes presenced, in the causal, by the actions/magick/life of the Initiate. In a sense, the causal persona/psyche of the Initiate is a "Temple of Satan". As the Sinister Way is followed, according to tradition, the Initiate accesses more and more of the sinister - presences more of it in the causal, causing/provoking change both internal and external. As knowledge and understanding increase, there is more awareness of the sinister as it is - i.e. without forms: the sinister ceases to be hidden or occult. At first, the essence of the sinister is hidden or obscured. An exoteric form implies a form, a channel - which is not necessarily consciously understood as a form or channel. A form can be either 'positive' or 'negative' with respect to the morals pertaining at the time - the sinister is beyond opposites but can only be presenced through them at particular times. That is, it becomes 'earthed' through a positive or negative form and thus provokes change and evolution. However, 'morals' - as mentioned above - does not mean ethical: rather, it implies the prevailing 'spirit' or orientation, the orthodoxy of the moment.

A civilization is itself a form for sinister energy:a form possessed of its own 'life-cycle' (first mentioned by Spengler although not really understood by him). Thus, a civilization through its metamorphosis fulfills or can fulfil the sinister dialectic - i.e. it aids evolution toward new forms, presences the sinister and enables the acausal to be accessed (sometimes directly by a few individuals per Aeon).

The Western civilization is a link - the fifth stage of the seven that can lead to new forms of existence. The next Aeon, beginning on the practical level c. 2400 eh, is the 'Galactic' and should be the realization of the sinister on a large-scale. Part of this will be the development of latent Occult faculties, part will be development of new ways of thinking (such a use of symbolic languages rather than words), and part will be discovery external to the Earth: the conquest of planets in other steller systems. There will thus be a freeing of spirit both internally and externally. Our species - at present mostly undeveloped children, intellectually, psychically and personally - will mature, and become adult, achieving wisdom and thus fulfilling the promise of magick.

However, this will not just 'happen' - or arise from a desire to make it so. It will involve struggle: war, conquest, attrition, exploration; the decimation of the worthless and the conscious breeding of a new elite. It will arise because of ethos - because there is a sense of Destiny, a vision to be great. It will involve manipulation by sinister Adepts of vast energies over centuries of time - for without this direction, this sinister manipulation, inertia will return, entropy increase, and the petty ones, the visionless ones, the Nazarene-type ones will spawn in their worthless majority until they overwhelm... As has been written elsewhere, civilization is a struggle and requires the triumph of a noble minority who impose their vision on those that they conquer.

Thus, the term 'new sinister Aeon' means the triumph of a creative minority imbued with a specific elan and a sense of Destiny who create and maintain a civilization, this particular civilization extending well beyond the confines of the Solar System. It means the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways, and certain ways of living - ways which are essentially Satanic. What these ways are, has been prefigured by NS Germany [and particuarly by aspects within that form, such as the Waffen-SS].

The means to achieve this - such as aiding Imperium, presencing sinister energies, opening a nexion [and drawing forth 'The Dark Gods'] - have already been outlined. What it is important to remember is that the means, such as political forms, their support/manipulation etc., are part of sinister strategy to achieve a specific goal. That is, they are purely means: not the goal itself, and as such cannot be judged causally or by the standards pertaining at any one time. They have been chosen to <u>achieve</u> something, and those who cannot comprehend this do not understand Aeonic magick. People, in their majority and their individuality, are a means - to be manipulated via forms. The goal is a new Aeon, Satanically inspired; the means, many and varied - often 'heretical'. The magick of the genuine Adept is, in its power and effects, of centuries: anything else is for beginners and children.

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Dark Gods:

These are 'living' entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to "anti-matter" as against the "matter" which exists in our causal space-time - thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly - and then only when a nexion is fully opened. And where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.*

The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally - because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possesses 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them].

They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them - or 'presence' them.

It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal - that is, they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimenions - but of them their is no knowledge.

When an Initiate accesses the acausal - increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness - they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving, creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way - and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'.

In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister.

The Western Aeon:

As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/ Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the 'pruning' of unnecessary elements on a large scale - the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality.

The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form - and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions - within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or 'religious'.

Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

*Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon - or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place - and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

Traditions and New Forms:

As mentioned elsewhere, maintaing the tradition (as explicated in such works as The Black Book of Satan, Naos, The Deofel Quartet and Hostia) and making it more widely available, is important - and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the Black Book] by others outside of of being drawn into the tradition, makes those others 'channels' for the sinister energy the tradition represents. That is, they 'presence' sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS] to achieve just this (as well as other things).

However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital - there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it.The tradition itself serves as a Way - both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries - until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or 'superseded' - as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of 'dogma' but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent - and it is and will be the unchanging form of the 'Way' [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is. Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particuarly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing.

Initiation and Beyond:

The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual, that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition,developes the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed).

Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves - learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self-insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal - a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this 'striving' will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develope their own ways of achieveing that goal - that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way - but rather something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ...).

The Aim:

Wisdom. And its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal...). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are - a rational knowing: and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privelege, and seldom imbues one with 'happiness'. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend if only in part its essence. This aim takes causal time - usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) - and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites, a new way of being.

Baphomet, Opfer and Related Matters:

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs - symbolic or otherwise - during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1)associated with rites to open a nexion, between Aeons - when such an opfer(s) are considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos. ('Opfers' associated with 'death rituals' form a third type.)

The second type, according to tradition, was chosen once every 17 years and this sacrifice was regarded as necessary to retain 'the cosmic balance' - in modern terms, keep a nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization etc.). The chosen one was made an honoury Priest (this type of opfer was always male - see below) and there was a joining between him and one or more women, as Priestesses. This joining was a simple type of 'hierosgamos', and the offspring of the union(s) were given great honour. At the ceremony itself, the head of the opfer was severed and displayed - usually for a night and a day (although this period may have been longer in the very distant past). The rite was conducted outdoors in a 'sacred' place - often a circle of stones or hill-top.

The chosen one was able, because of the sacrifice, to partake of an acausal existence - becoming thus an Immortal. Thus was 'willing sacrifice' possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times, the opfer was not always willing.

Traditionally, this type goes back to Albion and while originally the ritual was probably a community affair, it became more and more secretive. What survives to the present day (The Ceremony of Recalling with 'opfer' ending) probably reflects the essence of this earlier tradition rather than the detail (the words, chants etc.). This essence may be apprehended in the role of the Mistress of Earth - representative of Baphomet, the dark goddess. It was to Baphomet that the sacrifice was made - hence a male opfer. Indeed, the whole ceremony (of Recalling) can be seen as a celebration of the dark goddess - the Earth Mistress/goddess in her darker/violent/sinister aspect. The 'severed head' was associated with the 'worship' of Baphomet - hence the traditional representation of Baphomet.

This 'cult of Baphomet' derives from Albion (see below).

The significance of the 17 year cycle is unclear - if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost. In the past few decades, some theories to explain this 17 year cycle have been advanced, but they are unconvincing.

The identification of Baphomet as the Bride of Lucifer/Satan probably dates from around the 10th or 11th century ev, as does the use of the name 'Satan'/Satanas as the Earth-bound representative of the Dark Gods.

It is important to remember that in earlier times (eg. in Albion during the Hyperborian aeon) there was no clear and/or 'moral' distinction between the 'light' and the 'sinister': the two were seen as different aspects of the same thing. Thus, what we know as the Mistress of Earth (the 'goddess') was both what we now call 'Baphomet' (the dark aspect) and Gaia (the Earth mother). Likewise with the 'male' aspect - Satan and Lucifer - or Dionysus/Kabeiroi and Apollo. We now understand all such symbols as unconscious/conscious projections onto "reality" (where "reality" = the region of causal/acausal mergence) -

as 'gates'/nexions to the acausal itself, with the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd being a 'map' of these gates understandable by 'non-Adept' consciousness. Thus, the sphere of Mercury re-presents Lucifer/Satan - Mercury, Mars and Sun being the "male" spheres, and Moon, Venus, Jupiter the "female" ones (Saturn being beyond such opposites - 'Chaos' itself).

The 'cult of Baphomet' was the worship of the dark aspect of the "female" energies - where in this context, worship means a striving toward understanding/conscious integration. Traces of the worship of the 'light' aspect survive in the septenary tradition in the name "Aktlal maka" (qv notes on Names and Symbols) and the natural form of the Nine Angles rite. The darker aspect survives, in essence, in the Ceremony of Recalling and the traditions associated with the 'Mistress of Earth' and 'Baphomet'. As to the original name of the goddess in both her aspects, there is a tradition which gives 'Darkat' as the name used before 'Baphomet' became the common usage. However, 'Azanigin' has also been suggested - as has 'Aktlal Maka' for the 'light'/Gaia aspect, although both these are merely 20th century (ev) suggestions, not based on any oral tradition. Some aspects of the cult of the (dark) goddess are said to have survived into Greek times in the 'Mystery cults' (qv Kabeiroi - and also 'Eleusis' for the 'light' aspect), this being an 'indirect' survival', the 'modern' septenary tradition being a direct one, from Albion.

The use of the name 'Baphomet' probably derives from the 10th or 11th century (ev) although the traditional pictorial representation of 'Baphomet' is undoubtedly much older. As elsewhere, if there was an oral tradition connected with the origin of the name Baphomet, it has been lost.

Thus, there are no indications as to the 'original' names of the 'light' and 'sinister' elements on the "male" side - known to us as 'Lucifer' and 'Satan'. These latter names probably also derive from around the 10th or 11th century (ev) - although 'Karu Samsu' (or something very similiar) has been suggested for the 'Lucifer' aspect and 'Sapanur' as the 'sinister' aspect.

The rites associated with the first type of opfer - such as 'The Sinister Calling - cannot be either dated with certainty or seen to be derived from an earlier tradition. In all probability, they derive from the 12th or 13th century (ev), although it is quite possible that earlier versions/forms existed. Some have even considered The Sinister Calling as a later version of the Ceremony of Recalling. Again, if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost - all that remains are the rituals themselves.

The 'Black Mass' itself (and indeed most of the ceremonial rituals in 'The Black Book') probably orginated around the same time as The Sinister Calling. The original Mass was said in Latin, although by the middle of the 20th century (ev) a translated version had found its way into the 'Black Book' - of necessity, although some Latin chants remained.

O.N.A.

The Rite of the Nine Angles

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here - although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain this other rock is 'Buxton'

b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]

c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises) [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form ofthe Rite]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time being before dawn. These conditions mean that energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with (a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and the acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and cosmic tides aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: i.e. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one Cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invokation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a chanelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This chanelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

I Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, locis muliebribus. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark and nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

[Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required]

II Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for chanelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification]. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chanting "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate <u>in fourths</u> the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I above).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue with their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason(eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate Binan ath ga wath am, the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form:*the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/ drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task.*The maximum number of partipants should not exceed twenty one in total.* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths - they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective]

III Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of one hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

[Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth]

Hell

I shall be honest - Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil - to do dark deeds.

These modern days so-called 'satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise - worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic invloves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to extremes, who never stand on the edge - or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living - these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion - against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw - someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this). Second, it is about testing your own Destiny. So - you believe you are special, do you? Well, prove it! Try something dangerous - try something to see if you get away with it. If not - tough, you failed. There are plenty of others ... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable - to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourate concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experiences - like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick - they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn - you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and <u>never</u> involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master' and grovels before them - however slight that grovelling may be - is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some 'authority' is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp.

So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life - all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constaints - and taking the consequences of your own actions. Just <u>do</u> - just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live - and laugh at the weak.

Of course this is dangerous - for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy - or for whimps.

See you in Hell!

The Sinister Calling

Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods'; (b) drawing forth from the acausal dimensions, chaotic energies, directed toward a specific goal/aim/intent or channelled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling.

The rite below assumes willing sacrifice. (For unwilling sacrifice, qv. 'A Gift to the Prince' - of historical interest only.)

The rite of Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual (perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists).

Setting:

An isolated hill-top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - Purple robes
Mistress of Earth - Purple robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle
Congregation - black robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes, with face mask

Preparation:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat. (This is a 'Black Fast'.) During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Dies Irae* nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Dies Irae and the Atazoth chant, is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple should be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the daylight hours, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master and Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquillity of the fast. In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Dies Irae/Atazoth chant - fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter

* i.e. The Diabolus (see below)

be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. Chalices of strong wine are prepared ready near the altar. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape, the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial Knife. An image of Baphomet, according to sinister tradition, may be present in the Temple, but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as above, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the rite.

3)As the congregation assemble on the seventh day before the rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them shall be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots (the 'opfer') is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this, a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the rite of Calling begins. Each night and in this place the opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the opfer at the dawn of each day. It is duty of the Guardian(s) to watch over and care for the opfer during the days before the rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation precess into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying: 'To you is it fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing, dance!'

The congregation begin to dance, counter- sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S. Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times, the congregation continuing their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the opfer forward.

The Master gives the opfer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss.' He kisses the opfer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the opfer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the opfer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanas and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster and faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S. Knife. The Priestess holds the opfer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the opfer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according their desires.

The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the opfer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S. Knife and the empty chalice used by the opfer) leave the Temple to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the opfer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the opfer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S. Knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the Red Elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!'. Following this, she and the Master chant the Diabolus in fourths, directing the chant toward the crystal.

The rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - their revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note: After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no aim/intent be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the Red Elixir is produced secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

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Diabolus:

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

Sanctus:

Sanctus, Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth!
Sanctus Satanas Sanctus!
Satanas - venire;
Satanas - venire!
Ave Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra
Ave Satanas.

Revenge

Central to any civilization and society which is civilized, is the notion of revenge - and central to revenge is the blood fued. When the "State" - of whatever political hue - or any large oragnized governmental structure, reserves for itself the means and control and dispensation of "Justice" then true freedom does not exist: the individual has become controlled and enslaved, if not physically, then mentally.

Any healthy flourishing society not only allows revenge, but encourages it, and any society which does not is already a form of tyranny, however much clever, vapid, intellectual and political words may be used to try and obscure this reality. A healthy society is one that tends to respect the individual right to justice and thus revenge: the two are linked and cannot be seperated without destroying both, leaving an empty shell. A healthy society seeks to respect the individual, and extend their responsibilities and duties, and one of the most important responsibilities and duties of any individual is to avenge.

This view is not upheld by many today - and eertainly by none who form those cliques of legal and social 'professionalism' which infest society today. Instead, the present System seeks to convince us all, from childhood, that only the State has the "right" to deal with "Justice" - and that only this is "civilised". But if you believe that, you really are ill - one of those pale specimens inebriated by the clever words and ideas of the half-men (and half-women) who unfortunately proliferate today in our comfortable and monied societies.

Revenge is natural and necessary. An illustration here might be instructive. A young motorist, high on drink and drugs, deliberately runs down and kills someone: the classic 'innocent passerby'. After some trouble, the Police find this driver and he is charged. When his case comes to court, he manages to wriggle out of the murder charge('lack of sufficient evidence'/some legal problem) and is instead convicted of manslaughter. He shows no remorse. He is sentenced to 3 years in prison. After a little over 2 years he is released, and some months later is arrested for drink driving and driving while disqualified. A few more months in prison. Then he is free. Now, in this instance (and many like it) the relatives of the victim have a <u>duty</u> to kill this piece of scum - and should be ashamed of themselves if they did not. Naturally, they would give all sorts of reasons as to why they would do nothing - but basically they are, if they do nothing, (a) spineless cowards; (b) degenerate bastards who do not care; (c) so ground down by the System, by the lies and propaganda, that their natural instincts have been destroyed. They - one or some of them - should have killed the offender. Naturally, in the feeble societies of the Western tyrannies, had they done so they would - if caught - have faced "Justice" and the legal system themselves: and probably spent longer in prison than the bastard who deserved to die (such is the sickness of the "West"). But, until this whole rotten System is destroyed, they should have used the rules of the System against itself - why not, for instance, run the bastard himself down? You would, if caught, only get a few years. But at least you would be able to live with yourself - <u>still have your honour</u>.

Of course, an impartial assessment (like a Judge) is still necessary - but once judged, relatives are honour bound to act. Anything less is outlaw.

Conquer, Destroy, Create

Most people are sick - in the head. Why? Because they lack vision - because they lack the desire to translate that vision into reality and because they lack the character to break the psychic chains of the modern world forged from ideas.

And I am not writing about mediocre vision, either - but about grandiose vision: vision which makes one aspire to greatness, to make real what others may sometimes dream about perhaps once in their puny, pathetic lives. I am writing about that inner vision which drives some individuals and which makes them great: makes them aspire to fulfil at least part of their god-like potential. That inner demon which compels, which makes one strive again and again and never admit defeat, even when faced with death.

Conquerors have vision: so do Artists and Explorers and Warriors. Today, there is an excess of petty individuals trying to make real their petty and cowardly concerns; an excess of petty officials and petty rules and petty governments trying to restrain the individual spirit and psyche; an excess of petty ideas trying to level down all individuals to the lowest level and so breed a plastic bastard race equal in all things who no longer aspire to real greatness.

What is needed are individuals who dream large - who strive to make those dreams real, regardless of the consequences. In short, a return of the conquering attitude. All that is great and worthwhile is built from the blueprint of inner vision, and the greatest vision is conquest - of ourselves, of others, <u>of what is still unknown</u>. There are no limits unless we in weakness set our limits. We, today, need to rediscover the delight of discovery and conquest: of going where no one has been before, of being masters of our own Destiny by following our visions and instincts.

This is not easy. Let the weak, the scum, the majority huddle together in their quest for happiness and material well-being. Let them seek comfort in each other and ideas. Individuals are born from hardship - from the hardship of questing after a dream. Conquest and exploration bring a joy, and create a uniqueness, like no other - the joy and individuality of a god.

Seek to be like a god - that is the answer to the misery that is bred from morbid self-pity and smallness and a wallowing in abstract ideas - from the seeking after illusions like happiness and comfort and stupid ideas like 'freedom' and 'justice'. The only freedom is the freedom to dream and the freedom to make that dream real, just as the only justice is that which is within each individual: what they <u>feel</u>. Of course, the weak and the cowardly feel a different sense of justice than the strong - they call this 'law' and enshrine it within a church to their gods of 'democracy' and 'equality', whereas the strong call their justice vengeance and honour, words which the majority fear or do not understand.

So what dreams are, today, fit enough for those who aspire to be like gods? There are only two, as this century ends. And they are connected.

The first is to destroy those edifices which the cowards, the weak, the huddling majority have erected to defend themselves from the natural elite - those few who dare, who defy, who despise and are fearless and conquering in their defiance. To destroy those governments, forms, Institutions or whatever as a prelude to renewed creation: as prelude to

to the conquest of the supine massess and their world. To destroy all that has and does enervate - all that makes individuals slaves and seeks to stop their dreams. For the world and its peoples exist for the benefit of the natural elite - to be subjects, to aid them, to use the rescources - so that in time there is an evolution upwards, rather than downwards: an evolution toward still higher forms. But this has been and only can be achieved by the majority aspiring to emulate the deeds and daring of the few, of the natural elite - by the morality and vision of the few becoming the morality and vision of the many, not the other way round. This, naturally, means suffering - perhaps wars, perhaps great sorrows. But all that is great arises from suffering not softness. Once the vision of the few is defeated by the many, once their energies are redirected - once the dreaming stops and the aspiring ceases - then there is decline and sickness, of the spirit and the psyche. This can be put very simply: war and conquest and exploration are needed; when they stop, decay sets in, the scum come to the surface.

Thus, goals of destruction, re-construction and creation must be set - and strived for. This requires a new breed, a new elite nurtured by naturalness and instinct and visions. An elite which others see, and are afraid of. Such an elite may not be political - but if it was, so what? So what if it became labelled as extreme, if the vision behind it became to be called by some name or other! Labels, names - and indeed analysis of the political, social and intellectual kind - are games played by the weak, the cowardly, the sick and the scum. What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbiding and thus real individuals who have broken the psychic chains of the majority. What is important is inner resolve.

These goals would naturally lead to that second dream, fit for a god:- the exploration of Space - to break away from the smallness of this world and find new ones: to explore, to conquer, to challenge us to even greater heights of being, to reach the limits of our potential and thus become god-like in our unique individuality - a new species that spreads ever onwards and upwards, toward even more, for evolution is never done. The planets, the stars, the galaxies - with their visions, their richness, their splendours, await us: and it is up to us, each and every one of us, whether we reach them. We can begin that quest - or we can remain trapped in our own pettiness with our petty, pathetic concerns and outlook, on this small insignificant planet. Or we can take up the challenge of ourselves and our future and seek to be like gods, and thus fulfil the potential latent within us.

The first step is to change ourselves - within, where it matters, and become strong in spirit and psyche: a warrior in outlook and intent. The second is to spread that change outward - to others and external forms, destroying and then creating. The third is to strive further - toward the fulfilment of our inner vision, on this world and on others.

Those who choose not to act have condemned themselves as failures.

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(Transcribed from a talk given by AL at ONA Sunedrion yf 99)

Magick and Politics

What is occuring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and 'opinions' as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more 'covert' (ie. 'subliminal'). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant - the individual becoming shielded not only by the 'State' and its Institutions by also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience - that is, a very individual 'view of the world' was formed as a result of these varied experiences. Of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious devlopment.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to 'short-circuit' this process - hence, for example, the tasks and proceedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without the individual, a genuine foundation - an 'inner core' which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the 'roots of their being' allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its 'education', its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society - eg. socialist or capitalist or shades inbetween. - and occurs whether or not a particular society is 'democratic' or overty 'repressive. The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the latter is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a concensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, foramtive experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with cooperation between States in the distribution/exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (eg. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'.

This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. Of course, these words enshrine clever ideas - but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals. This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life - only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form. What this means is that all goverments, States, Institutions or power-groupings negate this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivital upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/freedom/equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality.

Such abstract ideas, however, continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/governmental forms - eg. in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an 'ism' which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this - it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms - governmental, religious or social - although this opposition is silent and will remain silent. Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand.

This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter - aeonic magick.

Insight roles is the name given to a dangerous technique aimed at developing personal understanding. The technique itself is simple:- it involves the individual living for a specific period of time - between six months to two years - a certain role or 'way of life'.

What makes this difficult and dangerous is that the role chosen must be at odds with the individuals' own feelings and view of the world. This brings the individual into conflict with themselves - and sometimes friends and society as well. This forces the individual to rely on themselves and discard in a practical way all the illusions that must be discarded if Adeptship is to be achieved.

The technique is not to be undertaken lightly, but once begun must be continued for the allotted time.

Note: This MS is now deleted

The technique is normally begun after the Grade Ritual of External Adept and after the individual has successfully run their own magickal group for at least three months. It is important that the individual strive to identify with the chosen role, and not see it merely as an unpleasant task. This identification must begin with a conscious decision to act the role as convincingly as possible. The role itself, for the period of time chosen, should be the main interest and occupation of the individual.

In an important way, Insight Roles are magickal rituals extending over a period of time and for the majority of individuals following the seven-fold way (the sinister path) are necessary as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. It is the experiences undergone (both external and internal) during an Insight Role that give the individual the impetus necessary to undertake and complete the period of isolation required during the Grade Ritual. For it is this period of isolation which is often necessary for the individual to understand and integrate those experiences. From these, the genuine Adept is born.

All Insight Roles, of necessity, seem 'bizarre' to non-Adepts. The individual who decides to undertake the technique should choose a role (from those listed) which is the opposite of what they themselves consider their own personality to be.

General Guidelines:

When a role is undertaken, you are forbidden to explain to anyone the reasons for this sudden change in your behaviour/attitudes. This will isolate you, and begin the process of self-reliance and belief in your own Destiny. Observe the reaction of 'friends'.

You should initially think of the role as a means of enhancing your life - an opportunity. The role is part of the process of self-discovery - which is often painful.

To succeed, you must let go of all your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen - just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal - a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.

The role chosen should be seen as part of your Destiny - and

you should learn to revel in the role. If possible, keep a record of your thoughts, experiences and observations. You should not, during the time of the role, undertake any magickal workings of whatever kind - simply because these are not necessary, considering the Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of 'internal' (or alchemical) magick.

Be determined to continue in the role for the length of time you have chosen. Should you succeed in this, you will discover many important things about yourself and the world. Wisdom will be gradually gained through the trials of experience. There is no substitute for this kind of practical learning.

Always remember during the role, that you have chosen to follow the path toward self-divinity - the role is but a stage on that path, and one that has to be undertaken if your goal is to be achieved.

The roles are listed in order of difficulty/psychological danger with brief notes on the type of individual who might undertake them bearing in mind that the role chosen should be the opposite of what you consider your 'personality type'/ view of the world to be. From the viewpoint of the present the most challenging (and dangerous) role undertaken by members in the past two decades has been the one listed first.

Insight Roles, quite simply, are for those who <u>dare</u> to defy.

Insight Roles II

The roles are listed in order of danger(both practical and psychological) - the most dangerous first.

1) Join an organization of the extreme 'Right' and undertake the life of a political activist - attending meetings, demonstrations and so on. You should see yourself as a 'revolutionary' who seeks to create a new type of society. You must forget all your assumptions about this type of politics - and the people in it - and live out, in a practical way, this role.
Contact address*: British National Party, P.O. Box 446, London SE 23 2LS. Send for literature and ask about joining.

2) Enter a Buddhist religious order. Read about Buddhism, then apply to one of the addresses below to stay for a 'retreat' and ask then to enter the order.
Throssel Hole Priory, Carr Shield, Hexham, Northumberland (Zen Buddhism).
Manjushri Institute, Cinishead Priory, Ulverston, Cumbria (Tibetan Buddhism).

3) Join the French Foreign Legion. Contact address:
La Chef du Poste d'Information de la Legion Etranger, Bas Fort St. Nicolas, 2 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseille, France.
Sell and forget everything - and simply go.

4) Open and run a brothel. First, find premises; second, find individuals willing to offer their services. Honesty in dealings with clients, and good friendly treatment of those employed to offer services to clients is the key to success, and must be done.

5) Join the Police. Assuming you are tall enough and have the right qualifications - ask at a Police Station or employment centre and apply. Be determined to succeed if interviewed - find plausible reasons, when asked, why you wish to join.

6) Vagrant. Sell everything you possess, give up job etc. Buy rucksack, small tent etc. and wander around, trying to earn living by doing small jobs, begging sometimes for food.

7) Form a Wiccan group. This role means you assume the identity of a 'White' Priest/Priestess. Create a believable past for yourself (re Initiation and so on into Wicca) and then recruit members. Aim is to form a 'teaching coven'.

8) Set specific physical goals and train to achieve these. These goals must be achieved within eight months of beginning training. They are:
a) Run a marathon in <u>less than</u> 2hrs 50 min (men) or 3hrs 10 min (women)
b) Compete in a (cycling) 12hr Time Trial achieving a distance of <u>at least</u> 230 miles. Intermediate aims are: 25 miles in 1hr or less. (Note: 12 hr Time Trials are usually held during the summer months - so begin role at time to co-incide with eight month training build-up, eg. December. Join local cycling club - find details at nearest <u>good</u> bike shop.

(a) and (b) may be combined - and should be if you are fairly fit.

*Editorial Note: These contact addresses are now out of date. The MS was last revised 1985 eh.

Some guidelines to assess viability of each role:

1) Best suited for those of 'left-wing'/liberal sentiments, including anarchists

2) Suited to those who enjoy the pleasures of the flesh - women, wine and food

3) Suited to those who lack a sense of adventure and consider themselves 'non-violent'

4) Suited to those who are introverted and find organizing things difficult

5) Suited to those who dislike authority - particuarly the Police

6) Suited to those who like comfort and need security of home/job etc

7) Suited to those who lack imagination and flair for self-expression

8) Suited to those who dislike sport

The Publication of Esoteric Traditions on the Left Hand Path

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into 'outlaws' and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time,the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affaírs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openess toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden.

To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion , much mis-understood.

Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries.

With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessable to those who saught to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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ONA 1991 eh

In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic psuedo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurence,courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

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The Hard Reality of Satanism

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedalled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

I What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage.

It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurence. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual - and triumphing soley by one's own efforts.

It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-covery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subserviance: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it by this experience that the novice learns and developes a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed " for more details.].

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endevour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearence of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatable'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist*. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing nurds lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of them any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedalled by their leader.

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* It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather, Satanism operates, and must operate, for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner.

'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record.

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - <u>in real life</u>, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - <u>in real life</u>. The imitation Satanists, however, <u>pretend</u> to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

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ONA 1991 eh

Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire. This later I have replied to and sent by seperate post.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

°Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. $30 including Air Mail postage
°The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages.$ 20
°Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. $35
°Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. $20
°The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. $50
°The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. $52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thormynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at socerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they <u>played</u> at Satanism - the occassional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowehere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually <u>do</u> something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism.By this I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truely free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essénce, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individualsof Satanic character who truely represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Baphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develope Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magickal, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessable, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience , transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/do give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and socieities over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms,

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonic Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on.This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries of more. The aim has been and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not soley about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, <u>it extends the range of our being</u>. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-construed by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and <u>deeply</u>. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out <u>for themselves</u> because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - <u>and then</u>, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearence. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearence: or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as pedalling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify they own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will be of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shrewsbury

Shropshire

England

28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'infernally infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XXV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of <u>some</u> traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or opfer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. [qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.]

As with many things, sacrifice can be miscontrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradtion at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of opfer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts?I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necesary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propaganda of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving togo beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develope an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogma, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal <u>works</u>: it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental: they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magickal abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle; to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occassionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shropshire
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable scource here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessable to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellance and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual developes their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of concensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a concenus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a concensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown

Temple of Set
Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147
MCI-Mail: 278-4041 * Telex: 6502784041

Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown
Post Office Box 4
Church Stretton, Shropshire
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set.*

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we **do** judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which **exclusively** is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a **sacred** institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does **not** mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

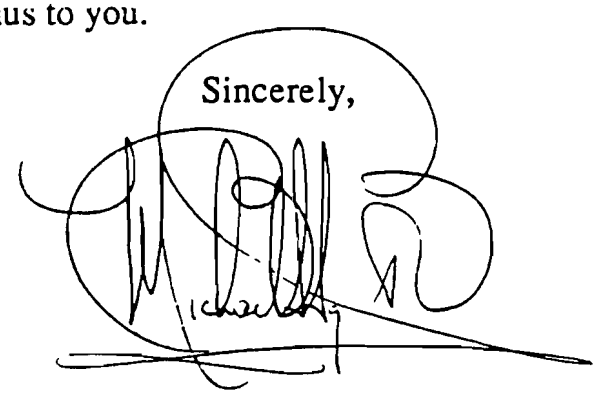
amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,



cc- Adept John D. Alleé, Editor, *Brimstone*

Shropshire
England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceeding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-devlopment, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them)become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessable (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occassionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term .religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan?(It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably utlimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown

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[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people catagorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

ONA Strategy and Tactics

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-5 centuries.

This aim involves keeping opening already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth.

To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are:
**Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.*
**The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption/destabilization occurs on a large scale.*

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type - i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces. Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destablization of societies - particuarly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for <u>something</u> - and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the 'collective unconscious' (e.g. by using archetypes - manipulating them - and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways - via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies - e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union Without these*

* See Addendum at end of MS

structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt - and to encourage those elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere - but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas.

In the case of America, the tactics are similar - to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups - on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within - this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which reaction will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme, this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used - the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type - i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, which forces will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the 'Middle-East'. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America.

What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe - but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particuarly in the Middle-East)- but if rescources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority.*

Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

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** Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam - this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.*

Addendum:

Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means - i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being soley responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part - perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene/ Magian traditions to contend with.

The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the Black Book) enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites re-present (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).

b) Performing Nine Agles. rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures and directing it toward targetted individuals.

c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.

d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals.

e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid perhaps without their knowledge the sinister dialetcic.

f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/ create those tactical forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces.

g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies of sinister import.

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Concerning the Temple of Set

The Temple of Set, as both its High Priest and its members admit, understands what they regard as Satanism as a religion. Further, the fundamental basis on which the Temple was founded is the 'Infernal Mandate' . This mandate, it is claimed, was given to Aquino by the Prince of Darkness Himself (in his manifestation as Set) and, it is said, makes the priesthood of that Temple the only one consecrated by the Prince of Darkness - that is, only the Temple of Set is a true representation of Satanism. The Temple sees itself as a sacred guardian - it has a 'sacred duty' because its High Priest has been chosen by the Prince of Darkness.

However, these two things - which so define the Temple of Set - show that it cannot be a genuine Satanic organization. To prove this, we will consider each of these things in turn - first, the question of an 'Infernal Mandate', and then the question of Satanism as a Religion.

Aquino maintains he has a 'sacred duty' because of the mandate, and that this mandate gives him authority to consecrate his Priesthood. Further, he claims that only this Priesthood is truely consecrated to the Prince of Darkness. What this means in practice, is that the Temple of Set has set itself up to be the unique representative of Satanism.

In reality, Aquino claims to have received a Mandate during some magickal working and thereby claims authority. A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' real or imagined be that entity Satan or Set or whatever. Indeed, to so claim such authority via an entity external to oneself exposes the person who so makes the claim as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom - that is, **they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements.** Such an individual has to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - what is missing is that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to the ultimate ending. That is, direct practical experience and the mastery and wisdom which are thereby won.

A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) does not need to pose - they do not need to claim they have a mandate. The authority of a real Master or Mistress arises from their experience - it is rooted in them by virtue of their character and is evident in their eyes, their attitude and their knowledge. They have a unique, individual character - they do not play a 'role' or claim to be in touch or have been in touch with some supra-personal entity. What they say and teach is based on their own experiences, on their own learning - they have struggled along the Path for many years, and learnt the hard way, via direct experience. They **know** because they have **done**.

Accordingly, anyone who claims and need to rely on a mandate given to them - either by some entity or someone who instructed them - reveals themselves to be a charlatan.

To make this even clearer, I shall be personal for a few sentances. I represent a certain Satanic Order - and in a sense I therfore have some 'authority'. But I have this authority because, in this Order, I have gone further than anyone - I have experienced more, and so learned some things. Perhaps I have gained some Wisdom - I certainly have esoteric knowledge and skills beyond that of most others. What I say and do arises from my experience - it results from years of effort along the Left Hand Path. My authority is because of my character - a character forged via experience. Even though I had been Initiated by a Satanic Mistress who instructed me for a while, my authority does not derive from her - or from Satan. It derives from my own character. Others can learn from me if they wish - they are free to judge what I say or write or create, and learn from it and use it

should they wish. They must assess its worth for themselves. I do not make out what I say or write or do to be anything other than mine - except where it concerns some traditions I learned from my Mistress. But even these are to be judged on their own merits - there is nothing special about them, nothing 'Infernal' in the sense of a mandate attached to them. They have not been 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - they are not 'sacred' truths. In brief, there is nothing of a religious nature attached to me, the authority I have or those teachings I have inherited and substantially added to. I stand on my own merits, and my creations likewise.

The same is true for any genuine Satanist. Why? Because it is in the nature of Satanism. This leads us to the second question: Satanism as a religion.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall - and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us - whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealousness, in conformity to a dogma and an authority.

Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance - an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence - and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self- learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving **to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself.** The Prince of Darkness does not seek weak, docile followers: He desires Comrades, individuals of strength, of character, full of pride and defiance, overflowing with existence itself (which is expressed in deeds, in creation, in changing, in altering evolution). Of course, He (and all genuine Satanists) use others for Satanic ends - they manipulate. He, as Satanists of character do, has followers - have those who obey. But these are not Satanists - they are tools, used to achieve something, perhaps broken, but mostly discarded when what they have been used for has been achieved. They are the dominated, the slave-majority, while the Satanists are the elite, the masters.

Satanists are never constrained - they learn for themselves, via experience, and so progress toward greater understanding, toward a new existence. It is the aim of Satanism to produce unique individuals possessed of character. Accordingly, a genuine Satanic Master or Mistress or group merely guides others - merely offers advice, based on experience. There are no restrictions, no religious zeal. There is not and cannot be any dogma - any authority which the individual must be subserviant to. There cannot be any form of conformity. If there is - it is not Satanic.

The Temple of Set constrains its members by dogma, by ethics, by making them subserviant to the authority of the priesthood, and to the High Priest himself. It fosters a religious attitude - 'believe! because I/we are empowered by Set/ the Prince of Darkness and so possess his authority'. It restrains - 'do not associate with that person/organization,for they are proscribed'. It breeds a sycophancy, stifling genuine experience and creativity.

Naturally, there any many fine-sounding words and phrases, a great deal of intellectualism, which obscures these brutal truths. The Temple of Set encourages verbiage at the expense of real, dark, sinister experiences. Its members wallow in the illusory world created by words and ideas when they should be alone undergoing formative ordeals. They play at magic(k) and enjoy the glamour of pretending to be 'Satanists' - but they do not go to and beyond the limits of their lives, they do not live life as a succession of ecstasies, they do not go to 'the edge' again and again. Instead, they correspond with one another, meet and talk, meet and talk, do little rituals together or alone, read, and talk and read and write ... And they know they are safe - the Prince of Darkness has been tamed: he is not really 'evil' (as we are not, they say to themselves and mean it). And

they have their 'progress' mapped out for them - awarded to them by the Priesthood in whom they trust and by Aquino, their High Priest. If they please this priesthood, and Aquino, they are rewarded - exalted to the higher grade and can give themselves and call themselves an exalted name: priest, perhaps, or Adept, or maybe even Magister Templi if they have truely been sycophantic enough for long enough...

Meanwhile, the few genuine Satanists get on with their hard tasks - with following the path of Black Magick by their own efforts, by learning for themselves the hard way. They work to achieve a real mastery, of themselves, of magick - making errors, perhaps, but learning, and so growing, so changing and so becoming a changer of evolution itself. For them, there are no restraints, no dogma, no authority. There is only success - or failure. They achieve their own Grades, in their own time, and have the self-honesty and the insight to know if they have really achieved.

One illustration to end with. Consider the path of Satanism as a marathon race. There is a start, and a finish, which we will consider to be Adeptship in this instance. Satanists and would-be Satanists line up at the start. The race begins. The Satanist runs the race, and finishes, by his or her own effort - there is no help, only the will to finish, the hardship of the race itself. It is an individual achievement. But the Temple of Set members are those who run some of the distance, and then find someone running alonside (or perhaps driving along would be more apt) saying "The rules have been changed! By a decree [read by an 'Infernal Mandate'].The marathon is now only 10 miles - so stop and I will award you your certificates [read 'confer Grades']." TheTemple of Set members of course believe this person, they do not doubt the Decree - or if they do, they accept it. They stop, and receive their 'rewards' - and believe they have succeeded: they have run a marathon. But in reality, they have deluded only themselves.

To conclude: The Temple of Set is the epitome of what Satanism is not.

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Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills - chief of which is empathy: with both natural and 'Occult' forces/energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; c) a unique character - formed via experience; d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self-experience - by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation - a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change and occurs on all levels - the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgement not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis - there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal, and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge, esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above - i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is **individual** and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary - it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, <u>alone</u>. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken - and if all of them are not done alone - then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, although there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above - that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection proceedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite, concrete goal - and that individual is with others: there is a comraderie, a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment - usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns - food, shelter etc. - are taken care of.*

In contrast, the goal of Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still lives, for the most part, in the 'real world' - they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least) and find or have some shelter.

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*Except, of course, during training excercises of the survival kind - but these are limited, in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known.

But there is more. The **physical** challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, more tough, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required - intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on - and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many - in fact, most - who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved.[I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magic(k)al" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii)undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupour/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded - for they need them - and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfuly undertaken, are the following:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30lbs in under 7 hours over difficult hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2½hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c)cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.
2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.
3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.
4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick - external and internal - via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick - i.e. Aeonic magick and processes.
5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.
6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.
7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.
8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar - be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them - and their characterless version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over - there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes - and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences - which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship - who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

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Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the Occult way or path. In the septenary tradition - which some regard as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew 'Qabalah' - this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest, and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept, which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance]. Between the two, lies an area often called 'The Abyss'. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply 'Adept' for short: an 'Internal' Adept is distinguished from an 'External' Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for - the Adept has to make real, in the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world - in effect transforming their inner vision and energies in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way - for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity - for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism - for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way - their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occuring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, <u>their wyrd is this Destiny</u>. [Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The 'Tree of Wyrd' comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.] In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives - a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have 'outgrown'.

However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they <u>feel</u> it differently after a number of years of striving. They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the 'dialectic of change'. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just 'in theory'] what Aeonic magick is - of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonic imperative.

Of course, all Adepts - if they are genuine - understand the rudiments of Aeonic theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonic magick - but, once again, this awareness is cerebral. What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: **they experience Aeonic magick via their striving.** This makes it real to them in a meaningful way - cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does - via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the "elan" to persue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else - they desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd.

Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantilizing wyrd-image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearence: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life - in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonic Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A dis-covery of that which is beyond opposites - a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless - which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is psychically dangerous.

Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick - of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics. And a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living - mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals - inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. And because they have maintained their resolve to follow the Occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race - they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it, the esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the cosmos itself.

This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abililies and understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do, conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That is, they know how to use Aeonic Magick to affect evolution - and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary.

Most who claim to be a 'Master' (or 'Mistress') are charlatans. As with the false Adepts, they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonic Magick. They have not lived their limits - and gone beyond them. They have no 'genius', no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion, particuarly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact, many who claim to be 'Masters' lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies - even more so - to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master - often signified by the title Grand Master - requires for its achievement significant **Aeonic** works. That is, it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presenced esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things - 'on the magickal level'. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, **in real life**, in those forms and structures which Aeonic energy is presenced in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple - or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further,it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity - taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature - or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory' in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is "appointed" by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so "heads" some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in psuedo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics - they expect and mostly demand obediance.They play a "role" and often dress the part. Of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants - i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a "role", a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship - someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or Mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and 'in the real world'. They have genius - a highly developed intellect

and a creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. And they are unique - 'their own person'. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or 'teacher'). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human, without affectation of 'knowledge' or 'cleverness'. Neither do they pretend to be 'venerable'.

There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century - and that is all. And this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the 'Qabalah' describes as the stage of the "Ipssisimus" [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except in the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, 'ipso facto', a fraud - and one who has little or no knowledge of **real** esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress - and seldom, if ever, even an Adept.

As Aeschylus once explained - πάθει μάθος ; one can learn through adversity/ suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this 'law', people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and real life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occul

A real Occult quest involves adversity - undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one's existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that.

Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all - its techniques and methods **work**. But such is the primative self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles. De nihilo nihil fit.

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ONA 103yf

Arthurian Legend - According to the Secret Sinister Tradition

There is a secret oral tradition regarding the person known as "King Arthur" which deserves recording. According to this tradition:

1) Arthur was a 'Romano-British' chieftan.
2) His wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftan whose base was the fortified site now known as 'old Oswestry'.
3) Arthur's base - and thus "Camelot" - was the city of Viroconium (present-day Wroxeter in Shropshire).

This city was the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftan Vortigern (c. 450 ev). It was also associated with the war-lord Ambrosius, who was of Roman descent.

Arthur maintained a continuity and a certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. He followed in the tradition of Vortigern and Ambrosius, being a powerful chieftan whose rule extended far. He flourished after Ambrosius - c.500 ev.

4) Arthur and his people were **pagans**. Their beliefs were indigenous ones, connected with gods and goddesses.
5) Arthur faught many battles to secure his Kingdom from rivals. **Some** of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. There was more assimiliation than there was conquest. [The idea of 'barbarous hordes' ruthlessly invading is a myth - created by later generations and part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.]
6) One of his relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred - sided with some of his enemies (i.e. rival chieftans) and Arthur faught against him in a battle in which he was badly wounded.

The site of this battle was near the Camlad River and the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton.

Arthur returned to his stronghold via a lake called now 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. The place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess, and a Priestess lived there. This was the 'Lady of the Lake'. This mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the Lake has shrunk to become a Pool.

7) The 'Merlin' of legend was actually a pagan wise-man who was adviser to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.
8) After his final battle, Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated, as it had become undefencable. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the river Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbesbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury.

One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders'.

A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.

9) Arthur's "clan-symbol" was a Dragon.

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Satanism - Or Living On The Edge

Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they **act.** They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfilment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness.

In contrast, the dabblers, the psueds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy 'Satanic' worlds - with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their psuedo-mystical fantasies.

A Satanist will be living Satanically - and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics - fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum - by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police Officer ...

Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills - and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces.

This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.

It is this sinister or Satanic strategy which makes genuine Satanism what it is, and it is knowledge and understanding of this strategy which marks the genuine Satanic Initiate from the imitation.

A Satanist not only acts in a certain way - achieving things in real life - but they **know what they are doing;** they possess **perspective.** An Initiated knowledge. This 'knowledge' is not primarily of the psuedo-mystical kind, to do with rituals or other Occult workings/techniques. Rather, it is primarily concerned with how and why certain things are as they are, **and** how those things can be altered or changed. In essence, it is about how cosmic forces interact with and change/evolve life - about the mechanisms by which Aeons, civilizations, societies and ultimately individuals grow, are or can be influenced and changed.

In the past few decades, many professedly Satanic organizations have arisen, and some have propounded various aspects of the genuine Satanic world-view. But almost without exception they have shown themselves to be lacking in real esoteric knowledge - i.e. Aeonics. Quite often, someone from one of these organizations will 'sound-off' and reveal their ignorance, particuarly concerning the actions of real Satanists in the real world. For instance, it has become fashionable in these psuedo-Satanic circles to castigate individual Satanists, or a Satanic group, if that individual or group becomes

involved in Politics - particuarly if those Politics are on what is often termed the 'extreme Right'. What the ignorant writers and/or speakers in question have not understood, is that such political action is chosen Satanically - to achieve things, both for the individual(s) concerned and for Satanism in general. That is, those who are so involved are so because they are consciously and with ruthless determination aiding the sinister dialectic: i.e. Satanic strategy. They are living on the edge - causing and aiding change/disruption in real life.

The ignorance of the psuedo-Satanists is revealed in another area - ethics. There is not and cannot be any such thing as Satanic ethics. What there are, are means to achieve Satanic goals and the means are a matter for the individual Satanist striving to achieve those goals. That is, it is for each and every Satanist to decide, for themselves, what is or is not acceptable. This is so because Satanism, in essence, is individual - it is not nor can ever be, religious in any way. Those who believe Satanism is or should be religious, do not understand Satanism at all.

As I have written and said many times, Satanism is an individualized defiance and affirmation: one of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to produce or develope proud, strong, unique, individuals of character who possess 'spirit' or 'elan', and who possess insight and genuine esoteric knowledge. The aim is not to develope subserviant, obediant, sychophants who cannot think for themselves. Satanism aims to develope the instinct and judgement of each person - and Satanists are critical, aware and capable of assessing things and situations for themselves. Or rather, they will be, after appropriate training/guidance. I make no apology for repeating yet again the statement that the religious attitude is anathema to Satanism: Satanism is a rebellion against the religious, dogmatic, instinct.

Satanism shuns obediance to a self-appointed authority; its despises the very idea of a religious 'mandate' and it does not idolize anything - not even the individual Satanists of distinction. Satanism is at the very edge, the frontier, of conscious understanding and knowledge and Satanists are the ones who try and often succeed in extending that frontier - in bringing more of the cosmos into conscious awareness and thus **control**. They dare, defy, are heretical, possess the courage to dream and make their dreams of Destiny real.

Because they know themselves, others and the esoteric workings of existence, they are in control, masters. Theyeffect change. And they acquire all these things because they possess perspective, a perspective whose foundation is Aeonics.

What, then, is Aeonics? It is an esoteric understanding, and an understanding which in these times of overt and covert Nazarene domination is heretical. It is a knowledge of the processes by which Aeons arise, change and are replaced by another Aeon, and how the creative energies of a particular Aeon are made manifest via a civilization and thus the societies within that civilization and the individuals within those societies. It is also a knowledge of how all these various **forms** (or causal structures) can be changed - by esoteric or magickal means, and by more practical means.

On the purely individual level, Aeonics shows and describes how the psyche/consciousness of the individual is influenced, both directly and unconsciously, and how that individual can be changed or controlled. One form of such change is esoteric development - i.e. the techniques and so on, magickal and otherwise, by which the individual can achieve Adeptship and beyond. One form of such control is via archetypal images.

In simple terms, an Aeon is an expression of evolutionary change. In esoteric terms, it expresses how the acausal intrudes upon, and thus changes, the causal. For convenience, the causal may be described, here, as the 'everyday' world - the world of linear time (past, present, future) and three spatial dimensions (height, breadth, width); the world wherein we live out our lives. The acausal may be described, again simply and for convenience here, as the creative energy that drives evolution - i.e. Satan.

A civilization - or more accurately, an Aeonic civilization - is how Aeonic

energy, or the acausal, is ordered in the causal - i.e. an Aeonic civilization is how change is produced in the causal. Within each such civilization there are societies, and within each society, individuals. All civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms - they are born, change and they die (in the causal, at least). These varying organisms are born, change and end in certain ways, and these processes can be studied and thus understood. This understanding gives the means of control.

Aeonic civilizations are regarded as being tied to, or part of, a particular Aeon, and each Aeon represents a change in our evolutionary development. Thus, each Aeonic civilization represents a significant step in that development: the invention, discovery of significant things, and the development of a greater understanding - of ourselves and the cosmos.

The first Aeon is called the Primal and is dated from around 9,000 to 7,000 BP [where 'BP' represents Before the Present: i.e. c. 1990 eh]. Each Aeon, for classification, has a name and is associated with a specific geographical area, a symbol and a 'magickal working' - or how the acausal energy was perceived/understood then. All Aeons, except the Primal one, are linked to a named civilization. Further, each Aeonic civilization possesses an ethos or sense of Destiny. Aeons and their associated civilizations are listed below.

Of course, there are other civilizations - but Aeonic ones are the most significant ones because they produce significant evolutionary change by virtue of being a nexion, or nexus, for acausal energy - i.e. one may consider them, in magickal terms, as giving form directly via their structures and peoples, to acausal energy. Other civilizations are linked to or derive from, these Aeonic civilizations and while they may have in some way contributed to some evoluionary change (e.g. in terms of invention/discovery) that contribution is much less than for Aeonic civilizations.

Aeon	Magickal Working	Aeonic Civilization	Aeonic Dates
Primal	Shamanism	--	9,000 - 7,000 BP
Hyberborian	Henges	Albion	7,000 - 5,500 BP
Sumerian	Trance;Sacrifice	Sumerian/Egyptiac	5,000 - 3,500 BP
Hellenic	Oracle;Dance	Hellenic	3,000 - 1,500 BP
Western	Ritual	Western	1,000BP - 500 AP

It should be obvious that the esoteric 'symbol' of the Western Aeon is "Satan" - i.e. Nazarene religion/ethics/forms are a distortion of the Western Aeon. The exoteric expression of the Western civilization is Science & Technology: the desire to rationally discover and to excercise control over the environment via technology.

All Aeonic civilizations end in Empire, and this Empire or Imperium lasts for around 390 years. The ethos of an Aeonic civilization is mostly manifest to (non-Initiate)consciousness via archetypes and a Destiny. These archetypes and this Destiny are different for each Aeonic civilization. The Destiny is often enshrined in a literary/poetic/saga-like form, and this form, for nearly all such civilizations is of the 'hero-motif' type: the successful response of a hero or heroes to a challenge or series of challenges. For instance, the Hellenic form was Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Aeneid.

The present Western civilization is at the stage where is should be entering its Imperium (c. 1995-2385 eh). However, the natural archetypes of the Western civilization have been mostly transplanted by alien Nazarene ones - and its sense of Destiny almost lost due to Nazarene ethics and social forms.

As each Aeonic civilization enters its Imperium, the energies of the next Aeon are or can become manifest, via a nexion or 'Gate' (or "sacred site") which channels acausal energy into causal forms. The next Aeonic civilization follows after three to four centuries - i.e. it takes that length of time for the Aeonic energies to effect large-scale changes in the acausal. Or rather, it has, until now.

This brief and simplified description of Aeonics allows sinister strategy to be understood. Aeonics describes what has and is occuring in those forces that do mould and have moulded individuals still in thrall - i.e. non-Initiates. The knowledge gains brings a genuine understanding, a perspective. It enables effective sinister magick - it enables the Satanist to act, in the real world, and produce effective changes. To really live - to play at being god: i.e. to be like Satan.

It is a fact that most magickal acts are useless - they achieve nothing, except perhaps self-delusion.(Some may achieve a few, external, results edifying to the ego.)And they are useless because few really understand what they are doing. They evoke long dead 'magickal' forms from past Aeonic civilizations - or rather try to; they prat about with archetypal energies they do not understand. They confuse the forms and try to use some from one Aeon and some from another. Or they try and create their own. Or they are fundamentally so esoterically ignorant that they are infused with psuedo-mystical garbage and fanciful 'aeons' and extra-terrestrial beings and/or diabolic entities from obscure and worthless mythologies.

The Satanist, having access to the real esoteric tradition, can work effective magick, both personally and Aeonically.

Personally, it means working with the energies/magickal forms of the present Aeon as those energies/forms are. It means eschewing the distortion which has so affected the Aeon and its civilization. One aspect of this distortion is the 'Qabala'. Thus, any "Satanist" who uses any of the forms or symbols or whatever of or deriving from this Qabala is aiding the distortion and thus in effect undermining Satanic energies/values. That most "Satanists" cannot see this, just shows their lack of real esoteric understanding - i.e. their lack of a genuine Satanic Initiation.

One magickal form of the genuine Western tradition, is the septenary. Another is the understanding as 'Baphomet' as one name of the dark goddess - the Bride, Lover of Satan. Yet another is the knowledge of the real origins of both the word and the form of 'Satan' - from the Hellenic, to which the Western Aeonic civilization was loosely affiliated in its origins and growth, and from which certain esoteric traditions survived. [The derivation of the word 'Satan' is from the Greek αιτία meaning 'accusation'. It became the Hebrew Satan, whence also (Sh)aitian.]

On the Aeonic level, the esoteric knowledge of Aeonics means the Satanist can judge what to do, and act both in the magickal and the practical sense.

Aeonics shows that there has been and is a distortion in the Western energies, and that, given no distortion, the Destiny of the Western civilization was Empire - i.e. the triumph of 'Satanic' values on a world-wide basis for the benefit of an elite within the Western civilization. Aeonics also shows that it is possible at this moment in time to create a nexion and thus draw forth the energies of the next Aeon - to effectively create the next Aeonic civilization.

Thus, effective courses of action are: (a) aiding the creation of an Imperium; (b) countering the distortion in order to introduce new forms/energies; (c) opening a nexion and thus aiding/creating a new Aeon, consciously [Heretofore, most Aeons have not been created via magickal intent because the knowledge to do so was lacking.].

All of the above mean changing evolution - societies and individuals - on a significant scale. (a) involves disrupting present societies magickally and practically and aiding Imperium-like forces; (b) involves countering the Nazarene forms and those allied to it, and creating new forms and presencing them via individuals/groups/society etc. All involve aiding Satanic forces - e.g. spreading Satanic ideas esoterically and exoterically; aiming to become/guiding others to become Adepts of Satanic traditions. All involve action in the world.

There is much more to Aeonics, and esoteric tradition, than this. But sufficient has been described for the real essence of Satanic living to be understood.

A Satanist has a desire to excel - to effect changes; to be significant. They are not content to just live, to just survive. The perspective of Aeonics provides an intent, a purpose, by which they can achieve not only self-excellence but also change existence - fulfil or aid the sinister dialectic. They can help to build an Imperium, where Satanic values can be realized and where combat, war, conquest and exploration can make strong and extend the frontiers, take evolution to its limits. They can ruthlessly undermine and destroy and so aid a change. They can work works of genuine sinister magick and so influence others, create new structures and archetypal forms, and kill and then dismember the corpse of the Nazarene, exultant, as they revel in their mastery... They can, in brief, fulfil a real Destiny.

Meanwhile, the psuedo-Satanists can continue playing their pathetic games and fawning on one another, achieving nothing in the long-term and probably nothing in the short-term either. They can continue imbibing the the drug of delusion, and so waste their life.

Everyone has a choice - only the gifted choose wisely.

ONA 1991eh

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PO Box 235
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Shropshire
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4th November 103 yf

Dear Mr Bolton,

Thank you for the copy of the letter to the Finnish 'Setian' which was most interesting.

Enclosed herewith some further material and MSS for Review and publication, should you be interested in publishing the MSS. The two sets of essays - "NS Essays" and "Physis - Essays in Praise of NS" are now available from Rigel Press at the address above, and not from the Thormynd address. They are £1 (or US$5 cash including Air Mail) each.

In your letter, you made mention of 'generational Satanists' and their contempt for Setians because of the Setian philosophy being 'divorced from Nature'. 'Traditional Satanists' feel the same way - the Temple of Set, like the Church of Satan, seems to be a collection of urbanized individuals who enjoy playing the intellectual (or rather, psuedo-intellectual) game of Setianism. For the most part, they have lost contact with the primal both within themselves and in Nature - they need the comforts and safety of urbanized society, although some of them may occassionally play "survival" games after which they return to the comforts of their home, their family, their friends, their 'Satanic' circles and pylons. They are rather like the individuals Adolf Hitler encountered in the early years of the NSDAP who dressed up in ancient Germanic costumes but who did not have the guts to face or fight real enemies, on the streets. [There is a lovely quote in 'Mein Kampf' about this, which you might be familiar with.]

Basically, such people are soft - inside, where it matters. As one of the enclosed MSS explains; "Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS)." In traditional Satanism, the novice has to undergo real ordeals which test their strength of character - overcome difficult physical challenges. They are expected to live Satanically in the real-world (by, for example, fighting for an "extreme Right-Wing" organization or being a vigilante), as they must, if they wish to become Adepts, spend at least three months surviving in the wild, completely alone and without any of the comforts of urbanized living. The ordeals, the living Satanically, enable them to experience the primal within themselves; while the living in the wild of course forces them to experience primal Nature, and what is really hidden in themselves. From all these comes a learning, and a real Satanic character. Or, as I have written many times, failure.

The ONA makes no concessions. The novice either undertakes the tasks, the ordeals, and methods, and succeeds; or they do not, and cannot be considered a traditional Satanist: they are failures. They have not been selected and thereforce cannot be (traditional) Satanic Adepts.

In my own life, I have done all what is expected of a novice, and much more. I struggled to and beyond Adeptship, and I know there is no easy way for real achievement. For essentially, the essence of Satanism lies in the striving, the achievement, and then a moving-on to new challenges and achievements with a genuine esoteric understanding which enables perspective: i.e. the implementation of the sinister dialectic. Satanism has other facets, of course - the ceremonial, the 'esoteric knowledge of magick', the philosophy and so on. But these are really incidentals - they are not the essence.

What organizations like the Temple of Set have done, is to take some of these incidentals (and/or distorted versions of them) and set these up as 'Satanism': and they have been believed! They have duped others. They have attempted to re-make Satanism in their own image - and the result is a spineless affected psued or the cowardly ill-disciplined self-professed

"magickian".

For a number of reasons, it has been necessary to increasingly attack the psuedo-Satanic organizations and to explain in greater detail the secret teachings of traditional Satanism (e.g. relating to culling). One reason, is the appalling level of reasoning and genuine understanding shown within 'the Occult' - a lamentable comment on the ability of people to delude themselves. Another reason, is that it is clear the distortion which so affects the Faustian civilization, has affected the Left Hand Path in general and Satanism in particular. In practical and magickal terms, the Church of Satan was an infiltration of Satanism by the distortion - i.e. by the spirit of the Nazarene and those forms derived from the Nazarene (in terms of ethics, politics and so on). The Temple of Set has simply continued this distortion - affecting a few minor changes in structure and attitude, and that is all. Of course, not very many will understand what I have just written regarding the distortion, and even fewer will comprehend the Church of Satan as belonging to the same world as the Nazarene.

On one level it is an attitude to existence. The Church of Satan took some of the trappings of Satanism - which, in its genuine form, is a contradiction 'par excellence' of the distortion expressed by the Nazarene - but it gave them a spirit which was entirely alien to genuine Satanism. It took, for instance, the carnal philosophy and the morality of the strong, as well as some of the magickal symbols/forms of the Left Hand Path. But a real **Satanic** intent was never within those forms; there was no real Satanic knowledge, no esoteric knowledge or perspective. All the forms did was encourage a self-stupefaction, a glorification of a puny ego, and a living-in a psuedo-magickal fantasy world with 'Satanic' rituals and conclaves and 'grottoes'. In short, all the Church of Satan and its version of 'Satanism' did was encourage personal weakness, fetishes, and a purblind hedonistic individualism - as well as a religious mentality: an obediance to the 'Church' and a fawning upon its 'leader'. In brief, it did not liberate, it did not make strong - it did not encourage the creation of a new race who acted Satanically in the real world and so profoundly changed it. The Church of Satan was part of the distortion, not a cure for it.

The Temple of Set continued what the Church had started. They took or tried to take their version of Satanism into intellectual realms - and, like the Church, they had no understanding whatsoever of genuine esoteric sinister tradition. For they mixed up aeonic images and magickal forms, and used aspects of the distorted qabalistic tradition - in short, they made their 'magick' ineffective and worthless both from the personal and the Aeonic point of view. It is charitable to believe that the founders of these organizations, as well as those who enabled their survival, were just plain charlatans, fiddling or tinkering about with magick without really understanding it. They used the images and forms of Satan, Set, Baal, they delved around in mythology and found others, and created lots of fantasy images - mixed them all up; intellectually found justifications for their approach. They strung together bits of qabalistic magic with bits of Crowley; added a touch of demonism (of the Nazarene/Babylonian or whatever sort); specialized in self-created workings of the dream-image kind. The result? Something so absurb it would be laughable were it not so detrimental to **real** Satanic change and thus Satanic strategy.

Are you and I and a few others the only ones who understand? Who know that real sinister (or Satanic) magick involves using Aeonic energies to create change and so alter evolution? That one cannot intermingle Aeonic forms - from one Aeon and another one or two - if one hopes to affect Aeonic change? That Aeonic energies are presenced via a civilization whose ethos and archetypal and other forms hold the majority in thrall - controls them unless and until they become free via the synthesis and transmutation which is genuine Adeptship? (That is, until they have objectified those energies internally, and thus can master/control them.) That this present Aeon and thus civilization has suffered a profound change/distortion which is essentially de-evolutionary and whose most obvious form is the Nazarene sickness?

Satanism means this liberation from external and internal forms, assumed by Aeonic energies, and the ability to control those energies for an ulterior purpose. It means a rational knowledge of what really is, in both magickal and practical terms; a real insight into one's self and the cosmos.

No condemnation is too strong for organizations like the Temple of Set which foster the "status quo" of ignorance regarding genuine magick. Which have tried to appropriate the one thing which can really liberate and which can change the patterns of evolution - i.e. Satanism.

The ignorance of such organizations and the people within them is displayed all the time. For instance, they do not understand the use of politics, by Satanists, as a means to achieve evolutionary change - as part of a dialectic. All they do is condemn those who do act from a 'moral' point of view - or from an 'intellectual' one which sees their version of 'Satanism' as being "beyond politics"! Neither do they have the slightest understanding of those who provoke change and de-stabilization by appearing to do 'immoral' things, such as drug-dealing. Once again, they reveal themselves for the non-Initiates they are. I have to continually repeat that the only guiding factor for the actions of a Satanist, in real life, is the sinister dialectic - that is, will the action benefit the Satanist (in terms of their esoteric development) and will it aid genuine evolutionary change: the achievement of Satanic qualities; the fulfilment of the goal of Satanism **in the long term.**

Neither I nor the ONA shies away from difficult practical issues of a Satanic nature. Consider the Satanic drug-dealer. He or she is playing a part (admittedly a small one - but such individuals have to start their Satanic careers somewhere! They have to do 'on-the-job training'!) - they are aware, because they are genuine Satanists, of what they are doing: i.e. they have a knowledge of sinister strategy. They are aiding the collapse of a worthless society, and may also be aiding the weak ones (the addicts) to cull themselves. They are also engendering a 'moral' response in others - e.g. in the Establishment. Some of those in this Establishment (e.g. Police Officers) gain real understanding by exposure to the dregs, the worthless: i.e. they develope a good instinct, from practical experience, and so see the druggies as dregs. Thus, they are ripe for conversion to a radical resurgence of noble values, politically expressed - for the sake of illustration, let us say here a radical organization of the extreme Right. They have seen the liberal/Nazarene society, and it does not work - it produces dross; encourages vermin. And so on. Naturally, this is a simplified analysis, but at least the Satanic intent of the original act - the drug-dealing - can be seen.

Of course, the Satanists are few, and secret. But that does not mean they are 'powerless'! They seek to be the real motivators of change - both of themselves, and others, in terms of society, the civilization, and the Aeon itself. Hence, they really are diabolical, and sinister. And of course **dangerous.**

The above is only one example - not all Satanists undertake such actions as dealing in drugs. Some may involve themselves in aiding/creating the political form. Some may indeed by the Police Officer. Or the Judge. Whatever, they all know what they are doing, in Aeonic terms; they are all striving to change existence, and thus themselves, by actions in the real world. They are all enjoying playing at gods and goddesses.

Naturally, only some understand in all its complexity and effects, the goal - and can plan accordingly. And can motivate, urge others, to action. These are the real Masters and Mistresses: the really diabolical and evil ones. Those who have a genuine over-view of centuries and more, of millenia.

A Satanic Adept, for instance, might intuitively understand the supra-Aeonic goal. But their rational understanding will be limited - to a century, perhaps. They will see the present goal of Satanic strategy as an Imperium and, after that, a new Aeon and a new civilization. The novice will perhaps only understand the Imperium, rationally - that is, in terms of its effects and their own Destiny. But, hopefully, their understanding will increase as they progress, as, hopefully, the number of novices and then Adepts and then Masters/ Mistresses will increase with the implementation of sinister strategy.

The Temple of Set, and the other psuedo-Satanic organizations and individuals, lack both the primal awareness (of Nature and what is within each individual) inherent in real Satanism, and the esoteric knowledge or over-view afforded by Aeonics. It is to be expected that they and these others will continue with their campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. Quite possibly, they might descend to the personal level (if they have not done so already), and reveal their ignoble spirit. By revealing the dark secrets of traditional Satanism in a way that is not open to mis-interpretation - by expressing the true nature of Satanism (e.g. in culling; Aeonic action) - we have made it difficult for them to 'defend their corner' without trying to undermine our credibility, and it will be interesting to see whether they will reduce themselves to ethical tautologies. Whatever, with all esoteric tradition and practices revealed, everyone now has the opportunity to consider the matter for themselves - assess the differing versions of Satanism 'on offer'. Which really is as it should be.

On the personal level, your own sagacity and insights merits recognition, and your work likewise. What a global conspiracy we must seem to some of our more paranoid enemies!

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Box 38-262
Petone
Wellington
New Zealand
20 Oct 1992

Dear Markku

Thanks for your letter of 12 Oct., and for the two articles which I'll be pleased to publish.

When you said that you were going to publish a Social Darwinist magazine I thought it very encouraging and relevant - obviously you've changed your mind.

You say that primordial law is inappropriate in Satanism, that it's the opposite to the concept of Satanism as non-natural and a rebellion against the natural order, more akin to christianity. Yet all of christian history and of the TYPE of people who are attracted to christianity should tell us that such religions are outside of nature - anti-nature because of a dis-ease certain TYPES feel with themselves, shut off from the 'Tree of Life' to put it in allegorical terms.

'Setianism' is of course of recent origin - the result of a feud between Aquino and LaVey. Satanism goes back a bit before Setianism a nd even before the Church of Satan, a nd even before ancient Egypt - it's a reflection of man's understanding of the workings of the cosmos.

Nature is NOT a 'onefold' static system. The flux, the dynamic evolution are a reflection of it - as Darwin saw, for example. Evolution, genetics, selection, etc. are operative WITHIN nature - basic school science. Nature consists of polarities clashing and interacting - dialectics - responsible for change. This change in the cosmos is pushed by what physicists call entropy - what Satanists call Satan - in the Orient 'Sat' (The All) and 'Tan' (the energizing principle or Dark Force behind it). I think I tried to explain this in a prior letter (?). The ancients recognized this, the Tantrics saying 'Shiva without Shakti is a corpse' i.e. Shiva the cosmos - Shakti the energizing element - 'Satan', 'entropy' the 'Dark force in nature' or whatever one wants to call it.

The Norse saw it as a clash of Ice and Fire - again polarities working within nature. Ragnarok - the forces of nature overturning the status quo, causing change, evolution, WITHIN nature. Satan is the rebellious ASPECT OF NATURE.

This is what the ancients have taught for milleniums - here's where Satanism comes from - not from the founding of TS or CS a few decades ago.

This is what is still taught by generational Satanists (the real ones, I mean, not the imaginery ones of the christians and neurotic women who claim to have suffered cultic child abuse). Such real generational Satanists have a general contempt for what they call 'Converts' (much like the Jews' contempt for the 'goyim'), but they have a very special contempt for Setians because they see Setianism as having taken over their symbols etc., and presented Satanism or the LHP in a totally opposite manner - akin to christianity - divorced from nature.

No, nature does not have 'one law' - it is in a state of flux, dynamic, because of entropy, of what we call the Satanic principle acting on it. I recognized this long ago and wrote of it in my own publications with some emphasis. Science, so long as it is not chained to a political or religous dogma like Marxism for example, does not have one law - it seeks to unravel the manifold laws of nature. Christianity has one law - obey its dogma; so does Setianism which describes itself as an "ethical religion", as the ONLY genuine Satanic religion because of an Infernal Mandate, religious dogma at its worst. So it proscribes certain people and organizaions, just as Stephen Brown of the ONA so accurately described it.

So when I was given an ultimatum by Austen to quite associating with ONA and Balder my reaction was automatic - these are reflective of the genuine Satanic tradition, and what's more they are doing something in the REAL world. What do we have in the TS - a bunch of letter-writing, rituals, records of dreams, etc. which apart from the imagery, is hard to distinguish from any New Age outfit. What do we have in the 'Scroll' - more dreams, mystical blabber, nothing real; an escapism.

ONA told it like it really is - intuitive, considering they must have been limited by the amount of TS material they've read. But they recognized the attitude, and we should be able to recognize how correct ONA is in its analysis of TS because we've had access to the material. The ONA offers a rational critique of TS, and how does

Notes on Study and Practice in Modern Satanism

In traditional Satanism, the novice is expected to not only study the tenets and traditions of Satanism, but also put these into practice in real life. Thus, a recent Satanic Initiate - whether working alone or as a member of an established Order/Temple - would study the following works, and then strive to apply the principles contained in them in the way described.

The works are: ¶The Black Book of Satan;¶Naos;¶Hostia - Vols. I,II, III¶ Hysteron Proteron.

'Naos' would be used as a guide to practical hermetic workings, both external and internal. The 'Black Book' would be used as a guide to forming and running a Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial magick. 'Hostia' and 'Hysteron Proteron' would provide an insight into Satanic traditions and beliefs. In addition, the images of the Sinister Tarot would be employed (e.g. in some of the workings given in 'Naos') and the 'Deofel Quartet' might be read to provide additional understanding, together with The Black Book II and III.

Satanic practice in the real world would arise from (a) forming and running a Satanic Temple; and (b)undertaking Insight Roles and other Satanic tasks. Aside from a specific Insight Role, which the novice would choose, they would undertake the various physical challenges required [qv. the MS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance', for example] and strive to increase their experience by living Satanically in a way which aided the sinister dialectic. What these experiences were, they would decide after having studied the works mentioned and after having undertaken the tasks, ordeals and so on, up to External Adept [qv. 'Naos', and the various MSS Guides to the Seven-Fold Way] - e.g. having run a Temple for some months, and achieved the physical goals.

One of the tasks might be to plan and undertake a culling. Another might be to aid Heretical forms by, for example, becoming involved with an extremist group which seeks the destruction of 'the System' and whose principles and aims are in accord with the Satanic ethos and whose actions aid the sinister dialectic. [Obviously, both of these could be combined.] Another might be to undermine present structures by fostering their decline - e.g. dealing in drugs. Another might be removing in a practical manner on a regular basis, the scum and the worthless - e.g. by vigilante action [this is culling performed on a regular basis rather than a 'one-off' event].

What matters about these tasks is that the novice chooses them to gain practical experience of Satanism in action and thus increase their understanding and so aid their esoteric development. Naturally, to qualify as Satanic actions, <u>they must aid the sinister dialectic</u> - be steps toward realizing the strategic goal of Satanism. Here, an understanding of Aeonics is crucial, as is a genuine insight into traditional Satanism: as explicated, for example, in Hostia I,II,III and as explained to prospective novices in the booklet 'Satanism - A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents'.

The choice of practical action is the novice's: they must use their understanding to select Satanic tasks. Occassionally, they might be given advice, from a more experienced Satanist, but the final choices are and must be theirs. What matters is to choose and act. The acts are learning experiences, ordeals, and thus it does not matter if because of, say, a certain lack of understanding, a novice chooses, or seems to choose, wrongly. They will either learn from this, or not. If not, they have basically failed - shown themselves not to be suitable. Whatever, their actions will have presenced the sinister in some way or ways.

Following these tasks - which should last for a few years - the novice then moves on to the next stage of their esoteric development, that of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. This is a rite of synthesis, and thus the emergence of the Adept.

The Practical Esoteric Aims of Satanism: 90-130yf

The practical aims arise from Satanic strategy which has its foundation in Aeonics [qv. the various Aeonics and Cliology MSS - some of the most important are listed at the end of this MSS]. These aims are essentially **tactics** to achieve the long-term strategic goal. This goal is the creation of a new species - and this means (a) a new Aeon; (b) a new aeonic civilization. For this to be achieved, prsent structures, forms, ideas and so on, have to changed.

Aeonics shows that the present Aeonic civilization, the Western, has been distorted in its ethos and its structures. One of the most potent forms of the distortion has been the Nazarene religion. The distortion has been carried on, and effectively controlled, by 'Magian' forces - there has arisen various other forms to implement the distortion and effectively undermine the Destiny of the West - that is, the emergence of Imperium. These forms include communism/Marxism/socialism and the idea of 'liberal-democracy': they are all opposed to a racially aware Europe and the idea of Aryan/White superiority. This Aryan superiority would have formed the basis of Imperium - without it, Imperium is not possible.

In essence, the ethos of the West has been changed from a Faustian/Promethean pagan one, which exulted in conquest and exploration, to a neurotic materialism and a 'multi-racial' pacifist degeneracy. There has been a 'silent revolution' in all Western societies and they all now conform to unhealthy Nazarene induced forms - the power structures of these societies now actively seek to eradicate all heretical pro-Promethean ideas/groups/individuals, and use the full force of the 'Law', as well as covert tactics, against those who hold out against the relentless onslaught to enslave the peoples of the West to what are essentially 'Magian' created ideas. Thus the campaigns, in Schools and throughout society, against "racism". To implement this Magian revolution, a myth was created - 'the Holocaust'. In most societies of the West, this myth is a sacred dogma - disbelief being punishable by imprisonment.

Because of all this, an Imperium is increasingly unlikely. The real - ie. esoteric - aim of the Magian is a 'Messianic Kingdom' ruled over by this 'Magian' elite. This would be de-evolutionary, in the Aeonic sense, and effectively wipe out the gains of all hitherto existing Aeonic civilizations. Essentially, the rule of 'Dogma' would hold sway, with terror to support this. This terror is already evident concerning the Holocaust and Aryan racism. The reasoned enlightenment, so evident in the Hellenic and Western ethos, would be displaced by a real despotism - a mentality akin to that imposed upon the West by the medieval 'Witch-finders' and their dogmatic Nazarene zeal. The Magian is a synonym for the Zionists.

This brief overview of the current state of aeonic affairs enable the practical aims, to be achieved/striven toward, to be understood in context. Esoterically, traditional Satanism/the septenary, and thus its **magick**, is an expression of the Faustian ethos and thus the Western Aeon. The other forms of 'Western' magic(k) existing at this time - including the 'Satanism' of groups like the Temple of Set - are expressions of the Magian ethos (as is evident, for example, in their use of Hebrew forms and the 'Qabalah'). Thus the actual 'magick' of these other groups/individuals is **aiding the distortion**. In practical terms, any magickal act, which does not use traditional Satanist/ genuine Western forms (such as the septenary) is an action against the reasoned enlightenment that the Western Aeon represents.

On the practical level, it is considered necessary,in order to achieve strategic goals, to support the creation of a Western Imperium - that is, to support those forces trying to undermine in a practical way the current Nazarene/Magian status quo. This means upholding heretical views such as racial inequality, and denying 'the Holocaust' - as well as aiding/supporting National-Socialist/"racist" causes. The tactical aim here is the creation of a pro-Aryan, National-Socialist type State which has a noble, conquering spirit

or ethos, and thus which re-presents Satanic values in action in the real world. An alternative aim is the emergence of a 'religious' form for this same noble, conquering ethos.

In addition, whatever means are necessary to undermine and thus destroy the present status quo must be used. This means disrupting societies - supporting armed insurrection, spreading heretical ideas, aiding those groups/ forms which weaken societies from within (in the moral sense - e.g. drug-dealing) and thus engendering a healthy, noble resurgence. A primary aim is to cause chaos, on the streets, economically, and socially - to thus provide opportunities for a revolutionary pro-Aryan group to take or seize power. A magickal and practical aim is to destroy the power structure of America - for that country effectively is acting to maintain a global control in accord with Magian dictates and thus impose the Magian world-view. The real power of the Magian heart-land resides in America and in the control excercised in the minds of Europeans by the idea of 'multi-racialism' and the myth of the holocaust. If the present power structure of America was destroyed, the practical power-base, both financial and military, of the Magian heart-land (ie. Israel) would collapse - what has prevented the destruction of this heart-land by the Arabs is the military superiority given to it by America. No country has ever been able or is able to supply superior weapons to any Arab state not under American control - not the former Soviet Union, not China. America has secretly threatened any country which seems about to do so - and threatened both economically and militarily. Any country which poses a real threat to Magian lands has been dealt with - e.g. Iraq.

With the fall of this heart-land, the Messianic dream of the Magian would be unrealizable.

The next Aeon will be determined by the success or failure of these tactics. That is, for the next Aeon to emerge, and thus for the next Aeonic civilization to arise in around five centuries time, it is necessary to destroy the distortion affecting the present Aeon. Failure to do this will mean the emergence of that civilization will be much delayed - by up to at least a thousand years.

Further, the success of the tactics, and the emergence of an Imperium, means the spread of the present civilization beyond the confines of the Earth - out into Space. This is possible now, and only now, due to the inventiveness of the creative minority within the civilization and the technology to implement that in a practical way. A defeat would mean a hiatus, and thus a starting from the beginnings - effectively, the achievements of this Aeon would be wiped out.

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Traditional Satanism is fundamentally pan-Aeonic: ie. concerned with the patterns and processes which are perceived, in the causal, as Aeons and Aeonic civilizations. However, to effect changes in the causal, actions of individuals and groups (and this includes magickal acts) must work with things as those things are - as they are presenced in causal time at particular causal times. The **reality** of aeonic energies is that they assume causal form in aeonic civilizations, and that at any one millenia, only **one** civilization is aeonically significant. Therefore, aeonic magick is a working with the aeonic energies presenced in the particular civilization at the time of that magickal act(s) - **or** a working against those energies. Anything else is **not** Aeonic magick - ie. is not effective on the aeonic level: it is purely personal, external, magick.

The present Aeon is the Western - and this Aeon dates from c.500 eh to c.2000eh in terms of the energies being predominant. The aeonic civilization follows some centuries later: for the West, arising c. 900 eh and ending c. 2400eh. The energies of the next Aeon follow or arise some centuries after the last Aeonic ones: in practice, this means at the end of the civilization of the last Aeonc; when the Imperium is collapsing. Thus, the new Aeonic manifestations will arise c.2400eh.

In the past, Aeons arose as part of the unconscious process of dialectical change. However, we are now at the stage of evolutionary understanding when we can alter the process itself because of that conscious understanding which Aeonics, cliology and so on, gives us. That is, we can significantly alter the process of aeonic evolution and thus the civilization which gives form and reality to aeonic energies. The time for such change is when the energies of one aeon are waning, and the energies of the next aeon have not arisen in any significant way.

Left to themselves the aeonic energies would have produced a Western Imperium which would have lasted from c. 1990eh-c.2450eh. A new aeonic civilization would then have arisen c.3000eh, and lasted for c. a thousand and more years.

The reality of aeonic magick means that one must work either with the energies of the Western energies - and thus aid/create an Imperium - or that one works against those energies. At this moment in causal time, no other energies of aeonic type are prevelent on Earth, and no other cultures/civilizations are significant in evolutionary terms. [This statement of reality will not please many.]

Thus, the only practical options for significant magickal work are the ones given above: aiding Imperium (and thus countering the distortion) or working against the creation of Imperium (and thus aiding the distortion). The former option is continuing the evolutionary trend - ie. presencing the sinister; creating a dynamic imperative and thus aiding exploration/conquest/discovery. The latter option is de-evolutionary - ie. is aids those forces which by their nature are restrictive in both the short and the long term. The former is a moving-on; the latter, a dogmatic standstill and then a recession. Of course, the majority of non-Initiates see things differently - they view the distortion as 'progressive' and those arranged against it (e.g. NS type forces) as regressive/reactionary/primative and so on. Such people have not only failed to perceive the essence of things veiled by their outer transient forms, but also have abandoned rational thought and judgement for abstract idealism arising from sentiment. The majority of such people who view the situation in this sentimental idealistic way, are simply victims of the distortion itself - products of the unhealthy societies which esteem verbiage and clever psuedo-intellectuals concepts above judgement based on experience and real insight.

Initiation implies a development of real insight and judgement - and a learning of genuine esoteric knowledge. The esoteric knowledge of Satanism, hitherto secret by nature because it was and is heresy, is essentially a knowledge of Aeonics - of those factors governing evolution/change from aeons to individuals. One insight of a Satanic Initiate is into the forms and structures assumed by aeonic energies in the causal.

This insight means that a genuine Initiate understands a transient form such as 'National-Socialism' as a practical expression of some of the principles of Satanism **and** as, in the long-term, contributing to evoluionary change via its inherent dynamism and acceptance of the forces of Nature. Such an Initiate understands that, at this moment in aeonic history, such a form is **necessary:** ie. this form (or something very similar) and only this form presences the sinister in the way that sinister must be presenced to achieve the strategic goal of Satanism over centuries.

The current practical concerns of traditional Satanism lie thus with the Western civilization - with aiding those forms which can or do presence the sinister, or which will change societies to the benefit of the sinister. The tactics are geared to this. Thus, an encouragement of Islam in certain Arab states may be a tactic used - because Islam acts to discourage the 'American' materialism which would otherwise flourish, and thus offsets 'American' (read covert Zionist) influence. This in itself poses problems for America and thus the Magian.

However, the aeonic or essential reality, is that Islam is a transient form which like all religions enshrines the dogmatic, anti-evolutionary ethos, and while in the very long-term the goal is enlightenment or Adept-like liberation and thus understanding for **everyone,** the practical reality means that a working with this

particular transient form is tactically right, in order to achieve the goals connected with the present Western civilization and thus the establishment of a new Aeon.

The reality is that there are no easy, idealistic options. A genuine insight and understanding of aeonic matters means certain judgements have to be made: certain tactics have to be employed in order to achieve anything. Satanism is concerned with real, meaningful changes in the real world: it is not concerned with mystical or psuedo-mystical world-views and impractical idealisms. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is pragmatic - aeonically.

The present reality is as stated above - no amount of 'wishful thinking' or idealism or sentiment will change this. One either aids aeonic change and thus contributes toward evolutionary change, or one does not.

On the magickal level, as well as aiding the forces of Imperium and countering the distortion, acausal energies can be presenced to begin the process that is the next Aeon. That is, a nexion can be created, consciously, and the acausal energies consciously directed into temporal forms, some of which will be 'magickal'. This is in addition to aiding the present aeonic forms. In effect, these new acausal energies will create the next Aeon and thus its associated aeonic civilization.

This creation is the 'esoteric' Satanic goal of Satanic Adepts - the 'exoteric' goal can be considered to be aiding Imperium and thus fulfilling the wyrd of the West (and hence countering the distortion). In reality - ie. viewed from beyond the opposites inherent in causal forms - the esoteric and exoteric goals are essentially the same: or rather, different expressions of the same things, that is, sinister or acausal energy presencing in the causal and thus creating evolutionary change. However, this 'differentiation' into esoteric and exoteric goals is useful since its enables the tactics to be understood. Viewed another way, the exoteric goal is the short-term esoteric strategy, and the esoteric goal is the long-term esoteric strategy.

Ita lex scripta.

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The Song of a Satanist

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism in action - a going to extremes, a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes "illegal" deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo-Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notariety and a 'fame'. I have - as a Satanist should - been intoxicated by the essence of life itself - by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy - and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for some purpose - striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love - physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite - the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. And thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the prehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a self-surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant: what was important was the striving for **something** with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed in the striving, there was an intensity which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism: that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing - some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority; some are caught in the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and 'law' and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. And of those few who survive, there are some who can express in words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt, and experienced and learnt - in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones...

It amuses me - and has amused me - when I come into contact with modern, self-professed 'Satanists', be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous - for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living - and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one's life in a certain way - achieving things, in the real world by one's own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself <u>consciously</u>. That is, one's life is intentional - a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves - and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame - to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting - new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action - they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the 'fire of Satan', that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character - it is evident in

their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one - by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: "I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved - and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caeser, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds - to learn and defy."

Of course, these things are only examples - there are many more. What is important is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit - the type of understanding such an individual possesses, if only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge - will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields - and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... And then, having achieved, they will move on - to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character.

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow - all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably , having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of psuedo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behaviour to impress themselves and others. But by so doing they reveal a lack of character - for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses - and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory - discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain - Poeta nascitur, non fit.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of even more stupid system of 'Law'.*If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. And, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death - something written at a certain age, should be out of date within a few years. It if was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's

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* Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic.

existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject - although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling - of dark and occassionally ecstatic deeds, most of them "illegal" and all of them "heretical" in this purblind society - will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. And even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date ...

And of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be mis-understood - devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. Non generant aquilae columbas.

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always saught to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity - at least in the eyes of others.

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Stephen Brown (ONA) 103yf

(For Publication)

The Left Handed Path - An Analysis

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The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques - and this system is also known as 'The Black Arts'.

The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. 'Gnosis', the Philosopher's Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric - i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms - i.e. the RH Paths as representing "good" and the LH Paths as "evil". Recently, attempts have been made to formulate 'grey' paths which combine elements of both, and such 'grey' paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the "true" Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular 'Path' will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive - certain things are forbidden or frowned upon - and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away - by the beliefs systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher 'authority', be such authority an individual, a group or an 'ideology' (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being - a 'god' or 'gods').

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted - nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the **individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest.** This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous - its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something: that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge - these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless - the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no 'safety nets' of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence - or its destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific - it is the raising of that individual to 'god-head'; the fulfilment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfilment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique

character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with 'idealistic' and thus supra-personal aims - aiding 'society', 'humanity' and so on: the individual is 're-made' by abstract and impersonal forms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. And while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subserviance: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else - some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy - awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their "progress". That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or 'chela' - and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory - from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain wilful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people's ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members - it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obediant to what the hierarchy says. There is no "proscription" of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature - **in the effect it has upon its members.**

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game - and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive RHP organizations and 'teachers' require the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/'teacher'. LHP organizations and Masters/ Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

Satanism:

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as 'worship of Satan/the Devil'.

The word 'Satan' originally derived from the Greek word for 'an accusation'. That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption - the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies - who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion:the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and **real**. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change - of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual genius, defiance. Of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more

than the acceptance of the reality of these things - of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan - to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan [on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan - that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as 'Satan'. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond 'the Black Arts' while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge(e.g. Aeonic Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create a new individual. The Satanist effectively learns to play at being god.

Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness - Master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world - the force behind its evolutionary change; the 'fire' of life. He is Lord of Life - of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also 'evil' or 'dark' or 'sinister' - merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal - they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature,cannot be 'bribed' or 'propitiated' - and neither can His services be bought, by a "pact" or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a 'religious' Satanism - the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subserviance and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is 'expected' or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the 'forbidden', of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.

Furthermore, Satan is a real Being - He is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists - causes things to occur - external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the softee imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' - it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone - that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part - a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities - and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet) - but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and siste

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form - and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

Evil:

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be 'dipped into' for personal edification and to provide oneself with an 'image'.

All LH Paths are ordeals - they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or 'evil'. They involve real sinister acts in the real world - not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the 'evil' that surrounds the LHP and Satanism - by denying the very real evil nature of these paths. However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseuds, think Satanism is if not 'evil'? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a a limited (human - or, rather, psuedo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artifical abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen.This persepctive is usually that of 'time'. The only correct judgement about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgement concerning such acts is essentially a-personal - it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense - and imprecisely - such judgement could be said to be that of 'the gods'.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously - and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts - i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind - they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood -i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgement to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not 'evil' - they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity - but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. 'Morality' tries to stifle instinct and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance - and allow real maturity to develope.

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Introduction to the 'Deofel Quartet'

The works collected under the title 'The Deofel Quartet' were written as Instructional Texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a 'conventional' novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but which also saught to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions - of, for instance, characters and locations - are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended 'prose poem'.

While each work is self-contained in terms of 'plot' and 'characters', they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical [i.e. real-life] experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively) with a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy - and thus each is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrd. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect individuals in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some 'Themes and Questions' concerning the Quartet are included as an Appendix to Volume I.

The works are reproduced exactly as they were originally circulated - in manuscript form, with typed/hand-written corrections.

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Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it - the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle - i.e. they are not blatant 'horror/Black Magic(k)' stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers - e.g. de Sade.

'Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearence and affectation - i.e. Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question; those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with - both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is for the most part subtle and esoteric - it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind)with 'Black Magic(k)' stories and 'horror' will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals - it is intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft: to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

'Falcifer' concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods - revealing esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the 'story' are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrd - magickal form 'Night/Nox'; Tarot images - 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process - Calcination.

The Temple of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods - but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particuarly 'love': how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this emotion. 'Love' of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap - which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about still unconscious feelings and desires - about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrd. Magickal form - Ecstasy. Images - 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process - Coagulation.

'The Giving' concerns 'primal Satanism' - and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact - on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action - someone quite different from the 'accepted' notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres - Third and Fourth. Forms - Ecstasy/Vision. Images - 7,12,5;6,14,17. Processes - Coagulation/Putrefaction.

'The Greyling Owl' (the title is significant) concerns the second sphere, and the magick is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are - a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form - Indulgence; process - Seperation; Images - 0,8,16.

In all the works of the Quartet, "the other side" (i.e. those with 'morals') is shown in context - moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. **It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached** - to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary - and its cultivation part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability - and the self-criticism which is a part of it. This 'criticism' is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do - and why they 'expect' certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, they are entertaining Instructional Satanic Texts - those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover their many layers, and so learn.

The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis

Falcifer:

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting - Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice.

It also deals with the Dark Gods - describing them and the magick which returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are quite explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice: i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills - e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is "drawn" because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding - because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the 'numinous' power of love etc.). Gradually, she falls in love - but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? [Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read.] Saer is 'beyond the Abyss' - an image/symbol of aeonic magick as against Melanie's external and internal magick. This love causes the loss of her magick.

But she gradually understands its purpose - to propel her toward the next stages of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as, e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan). Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice - love, or her duty/destiny. She chooses the latter, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie - a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart - because without him she cannot fulfil her Satanic wyrd: i.e. move on to the next stages and thus undertake aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and 'the light'.

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands, and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in 'Temple') and it is her duty to undertake The Giving - rite of sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as befits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer ...

Lianna requires two important things: an opfer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallan is a recent initiate - enjoying as all good Initiates should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice - finely and subtlely presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands

he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints 'morally' - he mis-interprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight.The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective - like Mallam, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearence to the essence. [This sudden change of perspective occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgement is required because often the characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem: i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.]

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a 'moral' point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him - unknown to Mallam, of course - with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening - he cannot 'see through' Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desires for some purpose, he lets his desires control him. S he goes to Lianna's village - and again fails, because he does not recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself - he is <u>not</u> chosen because of his "evil" activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearence (when the rite is completed): no one in 'conventional' society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearence.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly, for Lianna, Monica' death or removal is necessary - or seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world - and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an opfer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist? Certainly, she does not seem to be - there are no 'Satanic' rites, no invokations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth ... This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginnings to its end.

<u>The Greyling Owl</u>:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand - at a first reading - and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

It shows <u>real</u> magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Alison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic - i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the <u>energies</u> described (the outer form) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influencial position - the Professorship - without him realizing this is occuring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny - and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have this assurence of his abilities, this confidence, to fulfil what is his 'hidden' wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familar with [this is important], of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/ standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by 'seeding their minds', will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by the insights attained during his 'manipulation') and part by his own life-style: his 'decadent' past and his future deriving from that past - both would influence others, providing inspiration, and thus changing others in certain ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing the power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own 'moral' view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are 'provoked' via the subtle magick/influence of Edmund etc. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearence of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister [or at least most/some of them will]. She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often 'morally', without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving - opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others. This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a certain nexion <u>within her own psyche</u>. [All this is a very important notion to understand - and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action.] Her thoughts/action etc. (as others) are often 'morally' described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden - i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and a Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically - they do not fit conventional 'Satanic' role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an 'ordinary' way - they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station - he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden - it is insight, wisdom, magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill enables him to work magick on others (and thus the world) as those others are - in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona's magickal work is often more overt - e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work.

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A Note Concerning 'Breaking the Silence Down':

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to the Greyling Owl - although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane - who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus Satanism - is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnershi

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers the power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearence.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires, and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress - carrying on her grandmother's tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in 'Greyling', the perspective is often that of the character involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. This gives an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are - and how magic affects them, usually without them being aware of it. It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer <u>form</u> of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). This should enable genuine magick to be understood - as it should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid self-insight.

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NEXION

A

Beginning

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I

Per Sorensen was dead.

His death did nothing to ease the shelling. Katgusha rockets still shattered the buildings around. A tram burned as rubble from a nearby explosion slithered onto the tracks in front of it and the armoured troop carrier bearing Sorensen's body turned to avoid the flames.

A pretty woman wearing a Wehrmacht helmet for protection against debris looked up at the carrier and briefly smiled. But her smile did nothing to relieve Dieter's sadness, and he watched her as she walked nimbly through the rubble clutching a canteen of water. The block of buildings ahead of her shook with explosions, and smoke and dust drifted away with the slight wind. Somewhere nearby a man screamed.

Dieter and his comrades did not move as the carrier bore them and the body toward the Ploetzensee cemetry. Zhukov's Red Horde was near and Dieter imagined he could hear small-arms fire in the brief pauses between shell, rocket and bomb. Despite the explosions, no one ran along the streets, and a tired Volksturm guard waved the troop carrier through the intersection. Nearby, young boys in Hitler Jugend uniform worked cheerfully, digging a trench parallel to a lane of twisted, torn trees. Their leader spoke, but Dieter heard nothing except another shell burst nearby. For a few seconds the boys stood silent, their caps removed, as the carrier passed. Sturmscharfuhrer Hermann acknowledged their respect with a salute.

Sorensen's coffin was made from empty ammunition crates and Dieter helped lower them and their body into the grave. The symbolism seemed fitting for a man who had fought for three years on the Russian front, always with his machine-pistol dangling on a lanyard around his neck.

Dieter's eulogy was brief: "Bright and glorious that warrior's Destiny who in battle-array stands for his children and home, stands for the woman of his heart, bravely opposed to the foe. So Death may come, when it will, bringing this life's thread to an end.

"For think not that Destiny will allow for a man to live always unharmed, great though he be, though even he boast descent from the gods. Even though the coward pass through

fury of battle safe to his home in his flight - Death will assail him there. But then he dies unlamented, unloved by his folk, while both the high and the low weep by the tomb of the brave.

"Yes, with a nation's tears wherever he may die, we bewail him; and if he the brave lives he is hailed all but a god upon Earth. Strong as a fortress of defence in the fight do we gaze on our hero: his are deeds for the many, and he does them alone."

Amid the falling shells Hermann led the last salute before the honour guard fired their three salvos over the grave. A woman flak helper threw fresh Spring flowers before earth protected the body: not for Sorensen the mutilation the Soviet troops inflicted on the bodies of dead SS officers.

The men, led by Hermann, were singing 'I Had A Comrade' and there were tears in Dieter's eyes. Sorensen had saved his life, twice.

The journey back to the dug-out was slow, and Dieter wished Zhukov's troops would attack. For every bullet a kill; for every Panzerfaust a tank. Vengeance for Sorensen's death.

The smoke twilight from the battle bombardment was long, and Dieter was relieved when the first tank appeared, lurching over the rubble in the street. A Soviet sniper made a dash for the safety of the Church facade on Dieter's right but then stopped to clutch his throat and topple to the ground dead. The tank turned abruptly, its machine-gun hitting nothing that was living. Dieter aimed the pin on the edge of the Panzerfaust at the tank, gripping ~~thxxxx~~ the weapon under his arm. His muscles ached from the repitition and there was no elation about the kill.

Close-range Soviet bombardment began while machine-gun fire spattered the ground ~~around~~. The buildings around - or what was left of them - hid a few German snipers and Dieter was trying to judge their number from their sporadic fire when the bombardment and bullets ceased. Dieter tensed while buildings and the burning tank crackled with fire.

A few grenades were thrown, then the slow rush of Soviet troops among the rubble and the bodies.

"Tank riders!" shouted Dieter.

The only thing tank riders did was advance and die, and Dieter did not disappoint Stalin's expendable peasants. He shot two, three, six. Hermann had run out of grenades. More Soviet snipers were seeking cover to provide cross-fire but Dieter could only target one before the others escaped into the rubble of the Church. He threw his last grenade after them.

The young machine-gunner in the dug-out beside Dieter was dead and he rolled the bloody body away before quickly changing the clogged barrel of the gun. Hermann fed the ammunition belt until, without a sound, he slithered down the trench, shot in the head. The tank riders were crawling closer but Dieter held their advance with Hermann's sub-machine gun while through the smoke filled street another tank lurched toward him.

Soon, Dieter had no more ammunition, the men in the dug-outs behind him were dead and he began to throw bricks, stones and anything else he could find before scrambling back to find a weapon with which to kill. From the still warm hand of one his dead comrades he took a Mauser pistol but had no time to aim. The shell from the tank exploded near him knocking him over before burying him under earth, rubble and wood.

Dieter awoke to consciousness to hear the crackling of a nearby fire and the distant explosions of battle; to smell burning wood and flesh, and to see above him framed by the crack of light, a large brown rat.

No voices reached him and when he clawed his way cautiously into the light he could see no human movement along the street. The light drizzle refreshed him, and he let the rain water soak his hair and trickle over his bloodstained face before crawling toward his dug-out. The tank smouldered but the dead Soviet troops had been removed.

Along the street an old man pulled a wooden cart while beside him two women walked enwrapped in long coats with black shawls covering their heads. From the end of the cart two sets of bare feet protruded. A squad of Zhukov's soldiers led by a bandy-legged officer in a peaked cap strutted toward them. They shouted and laughed. The old man

tried to speak, but the officer knocked him down before three soldiers dragged one of the women into the facade of the Church. She screamed and resisted and was shot. Several soldiers pushed the other woman to the ground.

Dieter shot the officer through the head. Surprise and his marksmanship killed four more before inaccurate fire was returned but within seconds he had shot the remaining three.

"Thank you," said the old man as Dieter approached. "You must go - there are more."

Dieter knelt down to retrieve a selection of weapons from the bodies before helping the woman to her feet. Her beauty surprised him and he forced himself to turn away.

"Where is the front-line?" he asked.

"There is no front-line," said the old man sadly, staring at the ground.

Before Dieter could reply, the woman spoke. "You must go - if they find you alive ..."

"And you?" he asked.

The woman smiled. "We are now the children of Fate. We shall head West.

The old man knelt briefly beside the body of his dead daughter before covering her face with her coat. He dragged the two bodies of his wife and young daughter from the cart to lay them beside, covering them as best he could.

"I have no more strength to carry them for a burial," he said.

A lorry smouldered at the end of the street where a building showed a lilting inside of floors.

"Where is your Regiment?" the woman asked.

Dieter looked around the scene of their last battle. "I <u>am</u> the Regiment!" he said proudly. Dizzy and weak from loss of blood and concussion, he collapsed against the cart.

"We must help him," he heard the woman say.

The old man sighed, wearily. "Yes, I know."

The last thing Dieter remembered was the woman's beautiful smile.

II

Wolfram stared into the quartz sphere while outside his shuttered room the high-ranking SS officer waited in the cool air of the Bavarian Alps.

There was no mystery in what he sensed through the medium of the crystal as, many years ago, there had been a mystery when a guant young man fresh from war had saught with Dietrich's help to seek him out. Now they both were dead and he alone of the original seven was left to try and build from the ruins of the destruction a new empire to reach toward the stars.

The Dark Gods that for most of his life he had served would be waiting among those stars and he had only to open another Gate for their power to be his for him to use it as he had used it to help that young man of vision. Yet there was something that he did not understand about the events that had brought destruction to his dreams. Some other power oppossed to his own must have been invoked and he moved away from the crystal to stare for several minutes at the pieces scattered over the seven boards and one hundred and twenty six squares of the Star Game. But he could see no pattern that might explain the events and, sad, he shook his head to play perhaps for the last time upon his piano his favourite piece of music by Bach.

The music brought a quiet joy and he entered his plain Temple to seek the guidance of his gods. The quartz tetrahedron glowed, a little, as it had done for the past few days and he rested his hands on it. The coldness seemed to drain away his sadness and joy and he imagined he was travelling through the dimensions beyond the seventh Gate. There was a presence awaiting him among the stars at the very edge of the galaxy and he allowed it to shape his consciousness as many times in the past it had been shaped. The futures of his own planet lay in visions around him and he had only to find her desire to make one future real.

With one possibility he returned to the terrace where against the backdrop of mountains the officer waited, holding a sheaf of files. The files contained the personal details of SS officers who had distinguised themselves in the savage combat of the last few months of the war, and Wolfram read through them all slowly and with interest. Per Sorensen, his favoured, was dead but in an hour he had found a successor.

He handed the file of the chosen to the officer. "You can make the arrangements?"

"Yes!" replied the officer curtly but with respect. "And the country?"

"England."

The officer was surprised. "As you wish." He saluted, bowed slightly and left the terrace to walk down the steps toward the road.

Dieter could recall little of his journey. Burnt by fever he heard mumbled voices, the sound of aircraft, smelt putrid smells, felt a damp cloth on his face and the bumping as the cart trundled its slow way across a ravaged land. At length, daylight stung his eyes and he saw a convoy of lorries, Soviet soldiers standing idle, the husks of burnt-out tanks. Behind the cart where he lay hidden he could see a straggle of unkempt people pushing or carrying on their backs their few possessions.

A few more miles and the old man ceased his pulling of the cart. 'There is a Soviet check-point ahead' someone had said.

Slowly, night drew its darkness over them and the people huddled in the small convoy for safety stopped, exhausted and hungry.

"What shall we do?" Dieter heard the beautiful woman ask her father.

Stiffly, Dieter climbed from the cart. A haggard woman in a black skirt, coat and shawl stared at him. Even in the twilight his uniform was distinct. Soon, everyone was staring at him.

"There's a reward for the likes of him!" crooned the old woman. "It would feed us all for days!"

Several of the group stood up to move toward Dieter. The old man who had pulled the cart moved between them.

"You make me ashamed to be German," he said to them.

"Germany's finished!" shouted the old woman. "And it's due to the likes of him!" She spat on the ground. " When did you all last eat, eh? A proper meal, I mean. Meat and fresh vegetables!"

Dieter held the old man's arm. "I am strong now and shall leave."

The old man nodded. He held out his hand. "Hans-Peter Schemm."

"Haupsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus." They shook hands.

"My daughter, Ilse."

Dieter bowed toward her. "I have much to thank you and your father for."

"It was nothing," she said, "compared to the sacrifices some have made."

"And the war?"

"Unconditional surrender."

"The Fuhrer?"

"Dead - so they say."

Dieter sighed. "I hope I shall see you again."

"Koblenz - that is where we go," Hans-Peter said. "Ask for us near the Florinsmarkt in the Old Town - if it still exists."

"Until then, I thank you." He brought his heels together in the Prussian manner, bowed toward Ilse and strode purposefully away from the road into the gathering darkness.

Dieter walked for several hours across fields before stopping to take a rest and check the two pistols he still carried. The night silence was strange after the bombardment of Berlin and he could not sleep only try and dispell the sadness he felt because the war was over with Germany's defeat. He did not know what to do except journey toward the farm of his father in Hessen. But Germany was in ruins, occupied by foreign armies and he felt himself bound still by the oath of loyalty sworn those many years ago.

Dawn's first rays found him in a small copse. Somewhere near, he knew, would be a farm, with water and food but probably foreign soldiers, and he forced himself to remain within the cover of the trees until darkness brought ~~xxix~~ again the freedom he needed to resume his journey.

Sleep did not come, just insistent hunger, thirst and the boredom of inaction. Twice he thought he heard voices and once, the distant rumble of tanks and when night came he was content with the caution born of combat to edge his way slowly through fields, avoiding all roads and tracks.

Toward dawn he came upon farm buildings. A man slept by the entrance to the courtyard, a rifle beside him, and Dieter watched the buildings for nearly an hour before walking down the track to kick the sleeping man awake and taking his rifle.

"Good people!" the startled blurted out. He saw Dieter's uniform and shouted several words in Polish.

"Quiet!" commanded Dieter. "You speak German?"

"Yes!" said the old man proudly.

"Who is in charge here?"

The man stood up to face Dieter. "Landrat von Leiden."

"No Russians."

"No," replied the man nervously, "not yet."

Dieter looked around, listening. "The Landrat - tell him I want to see him."

"Of course!"

Dieter did not have long to wait. Von Leiden stumbled toward him, bent and shuffling because of arthritis.

"Berlin ?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have come a long way. Alone."

"Yes."

"Hmmpf!" He turned to speak to the Pole who was skulking behind. "Fetch some of the bread. And water." He scowled. "And a little of that sausage you have hidden in the urn."

The Pole displayed no emotion, and skuttled away.

"No manners these Poles,"muttered von Leiden. "They steal my geese."

"I am Haupsturmfeuhrer - "

"I do not care who you are. The Russians are everywhere."

"How far to American lines?"

"Not far - a day, walking. Perhaps." He stared at Dieter's uniform. "My son - " he began. Then, abruptly:"I have some old clothes, should you wish. Your uniform - "

"No, thank you."

Von Leiden shook his head. "This war's ending - it is not the same. No honour in peace."

Dieter gave him the rifle and this gesture of trust brought tears to von Leiden's eyes. "Our old world of honour lies in ruins." Then, seeing the Pole return he took the food and water and gave them to Dieter saying, "Go, and quickly."

Dieter stuffed the black bread and sausage into his pockets. The water was cold and refreshing and he cleaned his face briefly before handing back the jug, bowing his head to von Leiden and striding along the track toward the fields.

He walked for several hours, unconcerned about being seen for he had resolved to die fighting, like all his comrades, rather than surrender. He stopped briefly, to take from an inside pocket his Knight's Cross which he pinned to his camouflage jacket, making sure all his insignia were clear and bright. Nearby, he heard someone whistle.

It was a tuneful whistle and, as it came nearer, Dieter recognized it as the Parade March of the 18th Hussars. It was whistled by a boy dressed in the striking uniform of the Napolas.

Dieter let him pass as he lay hidden by a tree before calling out to the boy.

"Heil Hitler!" the boy replied with enthusiasm. Tall and muscular, he appeared to Dieter to be the perfect advertisement for the Jungmannen.

Dieter returned the salute, with less enthusiasm. "Where are you heading?" he asked.

"Home!" replied the boy cheerfully, his left hand resting on his dagger.

"Where is that?"

"Hamburg. And you, Haupsturmfeuhrer?"

"South. [illegible]"

"No, sir."

Dieter gave him all the bread and half of the sausage. "What will you do when you reach Hamburg?"

Brightly, the boy said, "Build a new Germany!"

"Germany will certainly need re-building."

"Sir?" the boy asked seriously.

"Yes?"

"I would consider it a great honour if you would allow me to accompany you."

"What about your home?"

"There will be plenty of time!" He stared at Dieter's Knights Cross.

"Have you seen any action?"

"Yes! Anti-aircraft battery at Grunewald. Then when the Reds came I joined some Volksturm and Hitler Jugend. When we ran out of ammunition we split up."

"I have no intention of surrendering. But you are Germany's future."

"I am not afraid to die."

Dieter smiled. "I can see by your eyes you speak truth." He gave the boy one of his pistols. "You might need this."

In silence they walked together for many miles while Dieter's spirit grew troubled, and he was about to order the boy to leave him and find safety in the American lines when ahead they saw a straggling line of soldiers.

"Go now," Dieter said, "while you can."

The boy smiled and shook his head before releasing the safety catch on the pistol. Slowly, the soldiers encircled them.

The boy was lying on the ground, his young, earnest face intently watching the advancing soldiers. Dieter took the pistol from him.

"The future is yours," Dieter said.

"And you, sir?" the boy asked.

"At least they are American," said Dieter, throwing the pistols away and raising his hands in the gesture of surrender.

III

They were taken to a small village occupied by the Americans. Several of the timbered houses, as well as the Saxon church, lay in ruins while around the largest standing building which served as American headquarters, small groups of old woman and young children sat, strangely silent, on the ground. Amongst the destruction,trucks, jeeps, stores and American soldiers were littered without any appearence of order.

Pushed against a courtyard wall, they were searched for the third time.

"O.K.," shouted the Amercian Sergeant, "turn around you Nazi bastards!"

The American Major who approached them did not smile. Behind him a small bespectacled soldier carried a clip-board.

"Rank, name and unit," he said to Dieter.

"Haupsturmfeuhrer Dieter Norkus, Waffen SS, Nordland Division ..."

"Sir," the bespectacled soldier interrupted, talking to the Major,"the boy."

"What?"

"G2 orders, sir."

"Take over, Sergeant!" The Major strode back toward his headquarters, his clip-board carrier in tow.

With the Major gone, the Sergeant approached Dieter. "Let's see that medal," he grinned. "Kinda nice, aint it?"

He went to rip it from Dieter's uniform when the boy sprang forward. Without speaking a word he wrenched the American's arm and tripped him up.

The other guards laughed.

'You son of a bitch!" Enraged, the Sergeant jumped up, snatched a rifle and smashed the butt into the boy's face. Dieter moved toward him, but two guards pinned his arms against the wall. Nearby, a few birds sang their exchanging songs of Spring. The Sergeant ripped the Knights Cross from Dieter's tunic.

"Sergeant Piaggio!" shouted the Major from his doorway. With a swaggering gait, the Sergeant walked over to him and their conversation was whispered and brief.

Dieter was forced into the building and onto a chair. The Major said a few words in German before Dieter said "I do speak English."

"Great! Cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

"Where is the rest of your outfit?"

"They fell in Berlin."

Nearby, a brief burst of gunfire could be heard.

"How did you get here?" the Major asked.

"I walked."

There was a knock on the door and the Sergeant entered without saluting. "That kid, Major," he said. "Tried to escape. We had to shoot."

Dieter stared at him, his eyes bright with anger. "How heroic of you to shoot an unarmed boy!"

"Shut your mouth!" shouted the Sergeant.

"I wish to report this to a senior American officer," said Dieter.

The Major was smiling and the Sergeant had started to laugh when Dieter leapt across the room to grab the machine-gun the Sergeant was holding. His hand was on the barrel, his finger near the trigger when his two guards beat him into unconsciousness with the butts of their rifles.

For Dieter the next few days became a blur of impressions: a long journey in a covered lorry with other prisoners of war with whom he was forbidden to speak, an interrogation, another journey, another interrogation, a guarded prisoner of war compound where he andthe other prisoners were forced to sleep on the ground.

He lost count of the days and weary from the months of fighting, the shock of defeat, lack of sleep, hunger, the journeys and the interrogations, he sat in the back of an American lorry watching through the open flap the stream beside the road as the lorry wound its way among some hills. The day was warm, perfumed by the scent of Spring's flowers and as Dieter began to recall the quiet beauty of the Germany he had known in Hessen as a boy, his spirit began to yearn to return to the house of his family where to renew with his own hands the cultivation

of their lands.There was a family legend, he knew, connected with the farm and he possessed a desire to wander free and homeward to hear his grandfather tell it. But Germany was in ruins, he himself was a prisoner of war and he still believed he was bound by his oath of loyalty sworn in the exhurberant first year of the war. 'My Honour Commands Loyalty' said the motto on his ring - and to all the questions that in the last few days he had been asked his answer was always the same:'I have done nothing,' he would say with pride,'that is dis-honourable.' But they did not understand.

'For my fatherland in sadness I weep,' he recalled from memory for himself when alone or when no one would listen or believe his words of truth,'for of my country am I robbed. How great is the chant of our woe: tear upon tear is shed and only the unseeing dead forget how to weep ...'

Enwrapped in dreams of his home, he did not notice when the lorry stopped. But the driver brought him and his two guards out into the warming sun to move the rock-fall from the narrow road.

An old man shuffled slowly toward them along the road while they worked and Dieter was dragging the last rock away when he reached them. Without speaking he walked straight to the two guards who were longing against the side of the lorry, grabbed them and knocked their heads together. Limply, they fell to the ground. The astonished driver went to draw his holstered pistol but swift like a wolf in attack the old man leapt toward him striking at his windpipe with his hand. The driver fell down to lie still on the road.

The old man was smiling, his eyes bright and blue like the clear sky of summer.

"Come, Dieter Norkus, we must leave."

Dieter did not question his sudden freedom and followed as with surprising agility the old man led him upwards through the rocks and trees, along twisting tracks to a small wooden hut. Dieter recognized the SS officer who was waiting inside.

The officer handed him a sheaf of documents, saying :"All the documents for your new ~~xxxxxx~~ identity are there.

few days from now, and you will be in your new country."

Dieter looked up from the documents. "Which is?"

"England."

Dieter was surprised. "May I ask - for what?"

"To continue what has been achieved, and prepare for what is next." The Officer saluted, bowed, and left.

"I", the smiling old man said,"am Dundi and will be your guide. Come now, for thereis much to do."

Concerning the Temple of Set

The Temple of Set, as both its High Priest and its members admit, understands what they regard as Satanism as a religion. Further, the fundamental basis on which the Temple was founded is the 'Infernal Mandate' . This mandate, it is claimed, was given to Aquino by the Prince of Darkness Himself (in his manifestation as Set) and, it is said, makes the priesthood of that Temple the only one consecrated by the Prince of Darkness - that is, only the Temple of Set is a true representation of Satanism. The Temple sees itself as a sacred guardian - it has a 'sacred duty' because its High Priest has been chosen by the Prince of Darkness.

However, these two things - which so define the Temple of Set - show that it cannot be a genuine Satanic organization. To prove this, we will consider each of these things in turn - first, the question of an 'Infernal Mandate', and then the question of Satanism as a Religion.

Aquino maintains he has a 'sacred duty' because of the mandate, and that this mandate gives him authority to consecrate his Priesthood. Further, he claims that only this Priesthood is truely consecrated to the Prince of Darkness. What this means in practice, is that the Temple of Set has set itself up to be the unique representative of Satanism.

In reality, Aquino claims to have received a Mandate during some magickal working and thereby claims authority. A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' real or imagined be that entity Satan or Set or whatever. Indeed, to so claim such authority via an entity external to oneself exposes the person who so makes the claim as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom - that is, **they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements.** Such an individual has to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - what is missing is that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to the ultimate ending. That is, direct practical experience and the mastery and wisdom which are thereby won.

A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) does not need to pose - they do not need to claim they have a mandate. The authority of a real Master or Mistress arises from their experience - it is rooted in them by virtue of their character and is evident in their eyes, their attitude and their knowledge. They have a unique, individual character - they do not play a 'role' or claim to be in touch or have been in touch with some supra-personal entity. What they say and teach is based on their own experiences, on their own learning - they have struggled along the Path for many years, and learnt the hard way, via direct experience. They **know** because they have **done.**

Accordingly, anyone who claims and need to rely on a mandate given to them - either by some entity or someone who instructed them - reveals themselves to be a charlatan.

To make this even clearer, I shall be personal for a few sentances. I represent a certain Satanic Order - and in a sense I therfore have some 'authority'. But I have this authority because, in this Order, I have gone further than anyone - I have experienced more, and so learned some things. Perhaps I have gained some Wisdom - I certainly have esoteric knowledge and skills beyond that of most others. What I say and do arises from my experience - it results from years of effort along the Left Hand Path. My authority is because of my character - a character forged via experience. Even though I had been Initiated by a Satanic Mistress who instructed me for a while, my authority does not derive from her - or from Satan. It derives from my own character. Others can learn from me if they wish - they are free to judge what I say or write or create, and learn from it and use it

should they wish. They must assess its worth for themselves. I do not make out what I say or write or do to be anything other than mine - except where it concerns some traditions I learned from my Mistress. But even these are to be judged on their own merits - there is nothing special about them, nothing 'Infernal' in the sense of a mandate attached to them. They have not been 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - they are not 'sacred' truths. In brief, there is nothing of a religious nature attached to me, the authority I have or those teachings I have inherited and substantially added to. I stand on my own merits, and my creations likewise.

The same is true for any genuine Satanist. Why? Because it is in the nature of Satanism. This leads us to the second question: Satanism as a religion.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall - and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us - whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealousness, in conformity to a dogma and an authority.

Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance - an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence - and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self- learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving **to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself.** The Prince of Darkness does not seek weak, docile followers: He desires Comrades, individuals of strength, of character, full of pride and defiance, overflowing with existence itself (which is expressed in deeds, in creation, in changing, in altering evolution). Of course, He (and all genuine Satanists) use others for Satanic ends - they manipulate. He, as Satanists of character do, has followers - have those who obey. But these are not Satanists - they are tools, used to achieve something, perhaps broken, but mostly discarded when what they have been used for has been achieved. They are the dominated, the slave-majority, while the Satanists are the elite, the masters.

Satanists are never constrained - they learn for themselves, via experience, and so progress toward greater understanding, toward a new existence. It is the aim of Satanism to produce unique individuals possessed of character. Accordingly, a genuine Satanic Master or Mistress or group merely guides others - merely offers advice, based on experience. There are no restrictions, no religious zeal. There is not and cannot be any dogma - any authority which the individual must be subserviant to. There cannot be any form of conformity. If there is - it is not Satanic.

The Temple of Set constrains its members by dogma, by ethics, by making them subserviant to the authority of the priesthood, and to the High Priest himself. It fosters a religious attitude - 'believe! because I/we are empowered by Set/ the Prince of Darkness and so possess his authority'. It restrains - 'do not associate with that person/organization,for they are proscribed'. It breeds a sycophancy, stifling genuine experience and creativity.

Naturally, there any many fine-sounding words and phrases, a great deal of intellectualism, which obscures these brutal truths. The Temple of Set encourages verbiage at the expense of real, dark, sinister experiences. Its members wallow in the illusory world created by words and ideas when they should be alone undergoing formative ordeals. They play at magic(k) and enjoy the glamour of pretending to be 'Satanists' - but they do not go to and beyond the limits of their lives, they do not live life as a succession of ecstasies, they do not go to 'the edge' again and again. Instead, they correspond with one another, meet and talk, meet and talk, do little rituals together or alone, read, and talk and read and write ... And they know they are safe - the Prince of Darkness has been tamed: he is not really 'evil' (as we are not, they say to themselves and mean it). And

they have their 'progress' mapped out for them - awarded to them by the Priesthood in whom they trust and by Aquino, their High Priest. If they please this priesthood, and Aquino, they are rewarded - exalted to the higher grade and can give themselves and call themselves an exalted name: priest, perhaps, or Adept, or maybe even Magister Templi if they have truely been sycophantic enough for long enough...

Meanwhile, the few genuine Satanists get on with their hard tasks - with following the path of Black Magick by their own efforts, by learning for themselves the hard way. They work to achieve a real mastery, of themselves, of magick - making errors, perhaps, but learning, and so growing, so changing and so becoming a changer of evolution itself. For them, there are no restraints, no dogma, no authority. There is only success - or failure. They achieve their own Grades, in their own time, and have the self-honesty and the insight to know if they have really achieved.

One illustration to end with. Consider the path of Satanism as a marathon race. There is a start, and a finish, which we will consider to be Adeptship in this instance. Satanists and would-be Satanists line up at the start. The race begins. The Satanist runs the race, and finishes, by his or her own effort - there is no help, only the will to finish, the hardship of the race itself. It is an individual achievement. But the Temple of Set members are those who run some of the distance, and then find someone running alonside (or perhaps driving along would be more apt) saying "The rules have been changed! By a decree [read by an 'Infernal Mandate'].The marathon is now only 10 miles - so stop and I will award you your certificates [read 'confer Grades']." TheTemple of Set members of course believe this person, they do not doubt the Decree - or if they do, they accept it. They stop, and receive their 'rewards' - and believe they have succeeded: they have run a marathon. But in reality, they have deluded only themselves.

To conclude: The Temple of Set is the epitome of what Satanism is **not.**

ooo

ONA

Copula cum Daemone

or

A Summer's Tale

ONA

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scrambled around. Behind the curving trunk of the tree loose rocks lay clumped, overgown and mossy and she gave them a cursory look before realizing.

"Come on, help!" she shouted to her sister, and together they began to clear the rubble. It was not long before they discovered the entrance to a cave.

"I don't like this," Ceridwen said.

"It's probably just an old mine shaft. Might even be Roman." She squezzed herself into and crawled along the passage. It widened after a while, enabling her to turn around.

"Goes a long way in. We need a lantern."

Richenda left her sister at the cave entrance, and she had almost reached the track which led back to their cottage when she heard a horse approaching. She hid in the bracken, but it was only Owen, her nearest neighbour, and she watched him raise the gun he carried to shot at a Skylark. The bird fell, and Owen sent his dog after it. Owen was partial to Lark pie. She could see his ruddy face smile as he urged his horse

She did not wish to speak to him and waited until she was alone again. Ceridwen was asleep when she returned to the entrance of the cave, carrying two lanterns and a flint tinderbox. She lit them both, woke her sister and led her into the crumbling, dank passage. It slanted gently downward to sharply turn and end in a small chamber. Toward the left Richenda could see another passage, but it was almost completely blocked by rubble and large rocks. She tried to move some, but soon gave up and she turned, crouching, to see Ceridwen digging at the ground with her hands. There was a smile on Ceridwen's face as she extracted something from the rubble.

Outside, in the bright light, she used the dirty hem of her dress to clean it. The crystal was large, cold to the touch, and shaped like a tetrahedron.

Now, Richenda thought, I have a question, which hopefully the old man can answer.

II

"So - you failed us." The speaker was dressed in a cassock of a Priest. His face was wrinkled with age, his hair white, some of his teeth rotten, while his body seemed too small to support the large head. He looked dismissively at Paul who was kneeling before him the cold damp Chapel.

"Forgive me, Father," Paul said in a pleading voice.

The Priest turned to this three companions, who nodded gravely.

"Rise," the Priest said to Paul, affecting a smile. "And sit with us."

"These followers of the Devil," he continued,"cannot be allowed to continue with their blaphemy." He turned to whisper to his three companions. "Inveni Pauli servum meum, oleo sancto meo unxieum: manus enim mea auxiliabitur ei, et brachium meum comfortabit eum." To Paul, he said, "I have a special task for you, my son.Have you faith enought to accept?"

"Yes, Father."

"You must be strong, my son. Watch her well. See who she sees. Follow. We will pray and plan anew. You have studied well with us - quod ex commixtione homines, et tali modo nasciturum ess Anti-Christum. We fear this, and depend on you." He gave Paul a small phial. "Holy relics, to guard you. Go now."

Paul left. It was a long walk along the lanes and tracks to the sinewy small valley that gave one access to Richenda's cottage. A man leading several tethered pack-mules passed him as he skirted the grounds of Linley Hall. He wished the man with the wizened face and torn, dirty clothes, a good-day but received no reply. The man barely looked up and briefly met Paul's gaze before looking nevrously around, his hand clutching at the pistol stuck into his belt. Then he was gone from Paul's sight as the track he had chosen led him and his mules eastward toward the Port Way over the Mynd.

Paul chose a high vantage point, in the bracken, to observe Cold Hill cottage. The day was warm, and he was glad to be freed from the toil of work. He hated work, and had been glad when Father Albert had come to his father all those years ago. He hated their squatter's cottage perched near the bottom of Nind hill - always filled with smoke, with his brothers and sisters. Its walls were thick, compsed of stone, undressed and found nearby, its windows tiny. There were only two rooms, and on most nights the children huddled together round the fire while their parents slept alone on a mattress made from moss. He had always been hungry. But the old Priest had saved him, and sent him to school in Salop town. He was sixteen, his mind full of stories of Empire and adventure, when the Priest found him work with a Farrier not very distant from Cold Hill cottage. So he had worked and came to know Richenda, as the Priest had planned. After four years, she had confided in him, as the Priest had done. Thus he had played the Priest's game, priding himself on his success. What stories he would tell in the Taverns when his adventures were complete!

The warm sun began to make him feel sleepy. He had seen no one around the cottage during the hours of his waiting, no sign of anyone within, and he began to wonder what it was like inside. He had only ever met Richenda at or near his place of work - and only twice near the circle of stones - and the more he thought about the interior of the cottage the more excited he became. It was there that she slept, that she kept her clothes. Perhaps even now she was sleeping. He could creep up, and see her through the window.

Soon, his excitement could no longer be contained, and he crept slowly down with beating heart and quivering limbs toward the cottage. He crouched outside, listening. No sounds reached him, except the breeze, the sound of a curlew, the cry of a raven, and he stole a look through one of the small windows at the back of the cottage. There was a woman, sleeping on a bed, and she was naked. Paul stared at her, unable to avert his gaze. It was not Richenda, nor Ceridwen. She seemed of middle age, her dark hair in disarray around her head and shoulders. He had seen one of his sisters naked, once. But this was different. He was a virgin, and as he stared lustful thoughts began to grow in his mind. Then the woman opened her eyes.

She looked directly at him, as if she had known he had been there, but she did not move, even to cover herself, or turn her eyes away. Instead, she began to very slowly

caress her breasts, smiling as she did so. Paul stood there, transfixed. Then she was beckoning him in, arching her body and touching the large mass of her pubic hair with her fingers. Its blackness contrasted vividly with her white skin, and he walked slowly to the door of the cottage, almost fearful that the vision would disappear before he got inside.

But she was still there as he walked into the bedroom. She sat up, still smiling, to stand and touch his face. Her touch startled him, because he had half-expected her to be unreal. Her fingers were warm, her touch soft, her breath fragrent and she kissed him passionately before starting to remove his clothes. "I am Melusine" she whispered in his ear as she dragged his naked body down with her onto the bed, her hand guiding his erection.

In his inexperience and passion, it was soon over, but she clung to him and he soon drifted into sleep. He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke when she moved to take his penis into her mouth. His recovery was quick, and she pushed him onto his back to ease herself onto his erection.

She would not let him rest, finding new ways to arouse him until even the vigour of his youth and the excitement of losing his virginity diminished and then were gone, leaving him exhausted. His eyes began to close, and she began to laugh. She was mocking him with her laugh. But it suddenly stopped, and he opened his eyes to see her gone. He rushed outside, but she had vanished.

III

Richenda waited a long time in the woods near her circle of stones, but Ceridwen did not come to meet her as they had planned. It was nearing dusk when, weary and beginning to worry, she began her walk back to the cottage.

She reached it in darkness, guided by her senses, her knowledge of the area and the vestigal light rarely absent on a summer's night in Britain. Spectral shadows entwinned her cottage, and she understood. But the form that she had summoned to work her desire upon Paul did not return and she sat in a rickety chair before the empty grate of the fireplace reaching out to Ceridwen.

But she could sense nothing. It was as if some barrier existed between them, a barrier that not even her magick could breach. For some time she listened to the sounds of her night: a white Owl screeching, the jarring cry of a Nightjar. Tired, she closed her eyes to sleep.

"I hope I do not disturb you," a soft voice beside her said.

The old man, holding his staff, stood beside her.

"No," she said, without surprise,"I was just dreaming about you."

"You have found a question?"

"The crystal -"

"Ah! You are Mistress of a long tradition. As your own mother was. You [illegible]

ways flourish still, for which I am glad. What was I saying? Oh yes. To change a whole folk is the aim of your magick: to bring wyrd, change on a large scale. Once, a long time ago now when ... when a young man was still learning like Logres, his ward, a change was begun. And after - new ways of living, new understandings. This by the crystal you have."

"How?"

"How? Simple. I give part answer: wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus aquae, terraeque, solis calore exacte attenuatus et coctus, a frigore secutae noctis in unum coactus, densatusque. And another part:veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur. You have heard of the sangreal? Who now,alas, has not? But Phereder knew the secret - and ben Beirdd. There was a hermit - I forget now his name although Helinandus remembered him - who began to change the real meaning and make it as a vessal for that new silly god with crosses and flocks of silly sheep! It is, as von Eschenbach knew, lapsit ex coelis. And this you have, given by me, its guardian."

Richenda was very tired, and closed her eyes in sleep. When she awoke, she did not expect to see the old man, and did not. 'Veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur' she heard in her head like an echo. Did she really understand? She believed so, and this pleased her, although she was still troubled by Ceridwen's absence.

'The crystal - ' a voice seemed to say to her, and she went to where it was hidden among the objects of the untidy and unclean cottage. She found it, and sat down at the table, clearing away the remains of the discarded and mouldering food to place it in front of her. She stared at it, and it was not long before her mind cleared and began to fill with images. She saw Ceridwen, almost naked, tied to a chair in a damp chapel replete with Nazarene symbols and images. Father Albert and two other men stood over her, leering as one of them began to beat her with a whip. They were shouting at her sister, although she could hear no words, and her sister sat as if oblivious to the blows, mocking them with a silent smile.

Anger overcame Richenda, and the vision flickered, then vanished. Then, remembering, she formed her anger into an astral shape and sent it forth to bring her Paul.

IV

The presbytery was not large, and not even purpose built as a dwelling for a Priest, but Father Albert liked it, and the chapel attached to it. It was a gift, less than a decade ago, from the wealthy Sumner family. Recusants, the Sumners owned the village in the shadow of the Long Mynd and most of the surrounding land. So he said his Masses for the family and the few villagers who ventured to attend. It was a comfortable living. But Father Albert, educated as most Catholic Priests of the time had been, in France, had in his first year of residence come upon the legends and the whispers and the rumours of witchcraft and Satanism in

the area. So he had studied, and listened and learnt, seeking help from his learned brethren. Thus it was that he came to know of a coven perhaps centuries old, dedicated to the old ways and commerce with demons. And so his suspicions grew until he seriously believed this commerce was of great import - a new and important battle in the centuries long war. So he had begun to scheme to defeat his enemy.

His small study was filled from floor to ceiling with books, and from a crowded shelf he took down a manuscript bound in vellum. He opened it and began to read, and as he did so he felt someone laughing at him. He shut his eyes and began to pray: 'Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnis Satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii ..'

The prayer soothed him, and the laughter disappeared. The manuscript was hand-written in a monastic script and told of the signs by which commerce with demons could be told. He had read it many times, and read it again while he waited for his fellow believers to return with their prize. Ceridwen, sister of the women who knew to be hereditary leader of the coven. Paul, his oblate and pupil, had failed to return, and Father Albert suspected foul and demonic deeds. Perhaps they had him, and would complete their sacrifice. But with Ceridwen, he might forstall their plans ...

His reverie about his holy war was interrupted by the arrival of his companions. He had sworn them, with holy oaths, to secrecy, and they being god-fearing and educated like him in theology in the confines of a monastery, had obeyed.

Ceridwen had offered no resistance, and she let herself be led into the chapel where they bound her to a chair, these ageing relicts of an almost dying age.

"Speak, witch!" Father Albert demanded.

But she smiled and spat into his face.

They prayed over her then, but she still smiled. They sprinkled her with their holy water, held a crucifix near her face, but she said nothing, and did not attempt to move. After an hour they left her.

She was still smiling when they returned, an hour later.

"Tell us," Father Albert said to her as he clutched his Breviary, "this area is important, is it not? I have heard tales of that hideous stone circle - of what you do and have done there. Do you not promise the Devil sacrifices and offerings?" He turned to his companions. "Singulis quindecim diebus, vel singulo mense saltem, necem alicujus infantis aut mortale veneficium."

They crossed themselves in horror. "Why do you not answer us?" Father Albert said to her. "We seek only your good, your own salvation. We can save you from eternal damnation. If you repent, you can be saved. We only seek to help you, be your friends. It is our duty to save your soul."

He opened his breviary and began to pray. For nearly an hour he prayed. But she still smiled at them.

"There is a mark," Father Albert said, remembering his manuscript, "A mark made by the demon. It is imprinted on some hidden part of the body. Sometimes in the shape of a toad's leg, sometimes a hare or a spider." He motioned to his companions and they began to remove her clothes.

She was almost naked when Father Albert began to touch her breasts. "Et hoc modo," she whispered to him, "homo

jungens se Incubo non vilificat, immo dignificat suam naturam."

This startled and shocked him, both for its content and because of her obvious knowledge of Latin, and he sprang back, horrified. Quickly, his mind made many assumptions.

"She is a demon!" he shouted. His riding whip was nearby, discarded, and he grasped it in trembling hands. Then one of his companions, perhaps excited by the exposure of female flesh or from whatever other motive, snatched the whip and began to beat her with it, shouting 'Avante Satanas!' as he did so.

Cerdiwen smiled at them all.

Suddenly, Father Albert shouted. "Leave her! Leave her! We must pray."

They left her then, bloodied but defiant, while they went to the study to pray.

V

Richenda did not have long to wait. Paul came to her, as she had bid him do. He had been nearby, still under the spell of Melusine's body and lust yet morbidly ashamed of his betrayal of his faith and Father Albert. So he had sat and waited, for some sign.

A voice called him, and he came back to Richenda's cottage to stand on the step to her door, shivering with both fear and anticipation.

"Do you wish her again?" Richenda asked him.

"Yes," he said, staring down at the floor.

"Then she shall be yours. But first - do you Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works?"

"I - "

"Say it! And this time there shall be no escape!" She held the fingers of her left hand against his forehead.

"I Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works."

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Do you bind yourself with word and deed to me, your Mistress of Earth?"

"I do."

"To the glory of our dark gods?"

"To the glory of our dark gods."

"Then receive from me as a sign of your faith this kiss."

She kissed him, as Melusine had kissed him, tongue against tongue, while she pressed her body into his. Then she pushed him away. "Go now, and release her and bring her back to me. Then, before dawn, your desires will once again be fulfilled."

He ran the first mile, then stopped to briefly walk before running again, and it took him less than an hour to reach the house where Father Albert lived. For a while he waited in the darkness outside and as he waited he felt a strength growing within him. It was a dark strength, born from lust, youth, rebellion and fear, and he was smiling

as he knocked on the door.

Father Albert cried in surprise and joy when he opened the door to see him. "My son!" he said.

Paul pushed him aside and rushed toward the chapel.

"Are you possessed?" Father Albert said as he scuttled after him.

Paul did not answer. He untied Ceridwen and spat at the large crucifix which adorned the chapel.

"Quickly!" Father Albert shouted to his companions. "Quickly come! He is possessed!"

He tried to bar Paul's way, but was knocked aside. He fell, blocking the path for his two companions who could only watch as Ceridwen and Paul escaped into the shielding cover of the darkness.

Richenda was waiting for them by the door to the cottage.

"She is waiting for you, inside," she said to Paul before she embraced her sister in welcome.

He gave a brief smile, then nervously entered.

Outside, Richenda showed Ceridwen the crystal. "Do you wish to rest - or shall we begin?"

"Let us begin."

"First then, our foes."

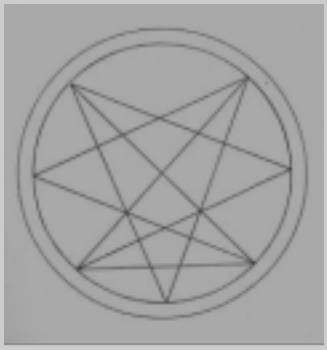
They stood beside each other with the crystal between them and Richenda began her visualization. She saw the clerics in the study of the presbytery kneeling and praying, their breviaries open before them. Then one of them looked up, as if to smell something. She saw Father Albert stand and turn toward the door just as it burst into flames. He shielded his face as books above and around them caught fire, raining down in sudden profusion. Soon, the whole room was ablaze and then the whole building. Nothing that was living escaped from it.

Satisfied, Richenda turned her attentions elsewhere. There was a scream in the cottage as she began her second visualization. The crystal, Paul, Melusine - they were all keys, as her vision had fortold. Had the old man returned to her while she waited for Paul to return with her sister - or had it been a dream?

The dark gods were waiting, as they had waited for centuries, and she would free them - earthing their power through a body yet to be born. She knew enough, through her mother's teaching and education as well as through her own intuitive understanding, to understand what she was about to do - what the old man had bid her do and what her mother had spoken of in mysterious words many times - and although she did not understand everything, she was happy to proceed and bring the dark forces back to earth.

She began to chant, as Cerdiwen began to chant, the ancient words handed down by her mother. 'Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. Binan ath ga wath am!' She would not know where the child of her endeavours would be born, or to whom, only that, nine months hence, the chosen child would emerge into the world.

Inside the cottage and lying naked on the bed, Paul was dead, an expression of stark horror on his face. Near him on the floor, a recent crumpled newspaper lay. 'The Ironbridge Chronicle' was dated August 1888.



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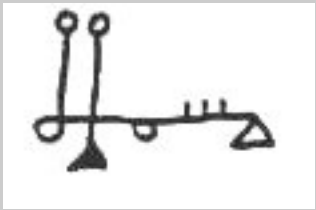
Excerpta Esoterica

Being A Concise Compendium
of
The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis
of
The Order of Nine Angles



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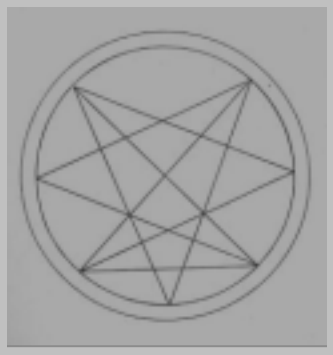

A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

(1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
(2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
(3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
(4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
(5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presenced in that life;
(6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
(7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own

epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.

(2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of *n* acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of *n* dimensions, where *n* is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of *n* acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of *n* dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presencing our Sinister Way of Life;
2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

> (i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our wyrd - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This wyrd of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

> The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..
>
>> Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have

created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract
type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their wyrd, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, wyrdful, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one’s word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall…") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State
A Brief Diatribe

Our wyrd - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develope, our wyrd, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our wyrd - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our wyrd is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour,

and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

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The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way

Introduction

The Dark Arts (aka Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery) include: (1) the basic skills of *practical sorcery* traditionally learnt - by means of practical experience - by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way; and (2) an additional series of techniques or skills suitable for an aspiring Rounwytha. The additional (advanced) skills include Dark-Empathy, using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal, and Acausal-Thinking. [Note that sorcery is a synonym for magick.]

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way thus enable the practitioner to:

(1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develope their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.

(2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself.

(3) Work Aeonic Sorcery.

The advanced Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

Practical Sorcery

Practical sorcery refers to External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery. These skills are outlined in texts such as *Naos* (for External and Internal Sorcery), and, for Aeonic sorcery, in grimoires such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess.* The esoteric essence behind the practice of Aeonic sorcery is given in texts relating to the mythos of The Dark Gods, and works such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (parts 1 and 2).

Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

> Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presenced in living beings, in Nature, and/or presenced in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form

to inhabit).

To develope acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

(1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develope the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrd.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develope the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from

Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

Developing Acausal Thinking

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

> Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

> A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to “gates” or openings or “tunnels” where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.
>
> Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or “channelled into” by a

sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" *Nine Angles Rite*, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess.*

Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the causal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

A Note on Terms:

Rounwytha is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develope such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

A Note on Texts:

It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available.

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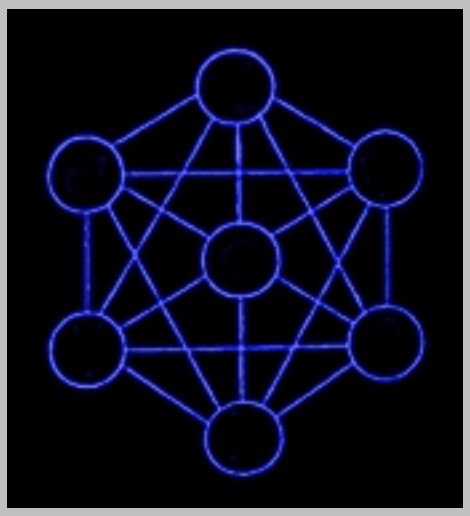

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions - that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomary). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals - that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training developes individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship - and beyond - and thus fulfil the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of sinister Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

* A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
* A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms (v 2.01)
* The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
* Our Sinister Character
* An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatur Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the

handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess.* The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve developes personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role developes real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truely sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develope both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further developes the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/ animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way*.]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as

part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;

2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;

3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers.* For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develope that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the

individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they a fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as "ordinary" and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develope. The Dark Way is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develope a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of opfer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an opfer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The opfer or opfers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen opfer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further opfer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the opfer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of opfer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles
101yf
(Revised 121 yf)

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Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves – with one exception [1] – undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide – they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location – and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past – onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind – or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrd, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even “Druid”). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occutlists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring

Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about "alchemical seasons" – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calender, which depend on one's location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4] , its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5] , it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs – unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be – until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living – any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.

Anton Long
AoB
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text *The Dark Goddess as Archetype*.

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

In one word, Adepts possess *arête*.

A Note Regarding Terms

Dark-Empathy: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

Acausal-knowing: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness – to thus know, understand, sense, intuit, the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.

The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

> a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, "[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older."

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

> a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of

certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

> Wash your throats with wine
> For Sirius returns
> And we women are warm and wanton!
> Before I WAS, you were sightless:
> You looked, but could not see;
> Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
> You heard sounds, but could not listen.
> Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
> But did not enjoy.
> I CAME, opened my body and
> Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
> My breasts pleased you
> And brought forth darkness and joy…
>
> (Synestry: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly ever other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer ("the priestess") who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

> In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon "the sinister": upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develope such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.
>
> Furthermore, the ONA's depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the "feminine principle" of both the political "feminism" which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan "White-light" and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.
>
> This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for "equality" are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical "perfect past" or about goody-goody types "harming none" – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men "who deserve what they get…" *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

> to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. *(A Brief Guide to*

The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presenced in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes re-presented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one's personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presenced on Earth, since:

> "It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"…
>
> This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption…for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things….." *To Presence The Dark* [7]

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Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen
(Revised 121 Year of Fayen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

> You who are the daughter of and a Gate
> To our Dark Gods…
>
> Kiss me and I shall make you
> As an eagle to its prey.
> Touch me and I shall make you
> As a strong sword that severs
> And stains my Earth with blood.
> Taste me and I shall make you
> As a seed of corn which grows
> Toward the sun, and never dies.
> Plough me and plant me
> With your seed and I shall make you
> As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] ” The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity*.” Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

> According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.
>
> In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mudanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.

Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/ spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

The Nature of Acausal Beings

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being

many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see"or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/ world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

Acausal Sorcery

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

(1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).

(2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presenced in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there a certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presenced in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

The Dark Gods

One of the aims of a certain groups of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long
118 yf (Year of Fayen)
Agios o Baphomet

Notes:

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

ONA Esoteric Notes

Azal, Dhar, Zamal, and Acausal Time

One Question from an Initiate: How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?

One Possible Answer: Daar ul-Islam is one possible form (literally: the realms of Islam)… A causal construct used to manifest some-thing beyond the causal (i.e. a-causal). A Khilafah – led by a Khalifah (a leader, or chief) – is one type of such a causal construct; an Earth-based Imperium, which correctly led and correctly developed, can be the basis for a Galactic khilafah/imperium. Thus, such a construct symbolizes the animation of the nine angles by acausal energy – a means whereby acausal energies (that which animates and makes alive) become presenced among humans. Such a Khilafah animates human beings (especially mundanes) to make them a means to what is beyond them.

Azal, Dhar and Zamal are Arabic terms used by classical Islamic philosophy (and Islamic alchemy) and refer to aspects of Time (both causal and acausal). The nine angles relate to these Time aspects because, when animated in certain ways, what the "nine angles" are (or can be) are conduits/nexions and/or a collocation of Space-Time metrics which allow the presencing of acausal energies.

Note the words: (1) realms of Islam (plural), for these extend over what are now described as many "nations" (i.e. many realms); (2) "one type of such a causal construct", for there are other possibilities, beyond the form that is Islam; (3) Khalifah – leader; the person who establishes a new Khilafah will be quite similar to Vindex, since a Khilafah is established, and maintained, through Jihad.

Commentary

To bring-into-being what has been termed The Galactic Imperium (aka The Dark Imperium aka the exoteric causal form of the new sinister Aeon) several causal constructs or forms can be utilized or manufactured.

One aim of the esoteric (inner) ONA is to aid, support and if necessary manufacture all the possible causal forms that can be utilized or manufactured to achieve our goals. This will be done until one form – utilized, aided or manufactured by us – triumphs, and thus wins out in the process of evolution (exoterically, achieves success by survival of the fittest) after which we shall concentrate our resources on that successful form of ours. Thus, we are being practical, pragmatic, and sinister: using whatever means and forms we can to presence the acausal and to bring-into-being what aids our esoteric aims; and also attacking the Old Order on many fronts by various means (and various tactics) until we achieve a practical breakthrough in one or more areas. This is the strategy, and the tactics, of a practical war – which is what we are fighting.

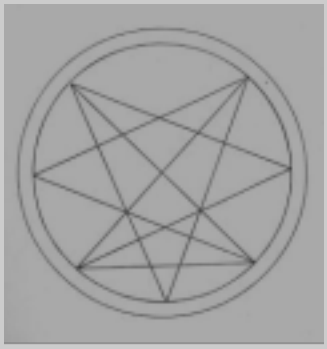
A Khilafah is just one such form, one such causal construct which has the potential to at some future time bring-into-being The Galactic Imperium; one particular form whose exoteric mythos already exists, and which form is already being fought for and supported, on the practical level, by many of those “not of us” and by “a few who are of us”.

Another such form is the emergence of a new supra-tribal form, deriving from the mythos of Vindex, and in which the sinister tribes of the ONA form the initial basis, the origin. This form is currently in the process of being manufactured, and of having acausal energies generated (by various esoteric means) to aid, sustain and expand it.

There are some other forms. But what all the esoteric-supported forms have in common is that they all presence, can presence, or will presence, an important aspect of the numinous – to wit, the practical way of the warrior, as manifest, for example by the Japanese Samurai, the Waffen-SS and, more recently, by the Taliban, and also by successful and large urban gangs. Indeed, all these numinous forms – supported by sinister groups such as ours because they have the potential to achieve our aims – make the warrior way an essential part of their exoteric and esoteric ethos, and thus manifest a martial spirit; a spirit, an ethos, where the individual warrior is seen as the individual ideal and where the warrior places their duty, their loyalty, their honour, before their own life, and where combat is seen as necessary and healthy and is used as a means to achieve goals.

This is why, for instance, none of our esoteric kind could or would support something as un-numinous as the “New World Order” led by Amerika, for this ethos of this new empire is materialistic; the goals are fundamentally capitalistic and un-evolutionary; and the individual “ideal” is the mundane, Homo Hubris – the contented wage or salary slave. That is, the ethos of this NWO is Magian, not ours, and can never be made ours.

NexionZero
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen



Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA

The *Order of Nine Angles* (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By *subversive* is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called "Law and Order") and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

By *sinister* is meant a-moral and of The Left Hand Path [1].

By *esoteric* is meant secretive, and Occult (that is, pertaining to The Dark Arts). In general, many of those associated with the ONA hide their identity - by which mundanes and mundane governments know and describe and classify them - for practical reasons, given the subversive and sinister nature of the ONA. Some may also hide their association with the ONA, for the same reason. Pseudonyms and aliases, and new, alternative, identities, are positively encouraged by the ONA.

By *association* is meant a collective – a collection of individuals and groups who share similar interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate together for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of similar goals.

A *Sinister Tribe* is a localized, territorial, sinister kindred – a gang – of Dreccs who rule, in a practical way, their own neighbourhood or neighbourhoods, and who regard mundane property and wealth as a useful resource.

A *Drecc* is a person who lives a practical sinister life – that is, who upholds and lives by The Code of The Sinister-Numen (see below) and who thus accepts that the only law is the law of sinister-honour. Thus, Dreccs have contempt for mundanes, for all mundane societies, and for all laws except their own, and accept that the only true justice is Dreccian justice – that is, based on the law of sinister-honour.

A *Traditional Nexion* is a local group of Sorcerers (male and female, or all male or all female) who follow The Seven-Fold Sinister Way and who thus practise External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick (Sorcery). Traditional Nexions often use the term The Sinister Way, or The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or The Dark Tradition, and/or Traditional Satanism, to describe their Way.

By *Balobians* – aka *Balo-Bohemians* [2] – we mean those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers, who share or are inspired by our sinister ethos and life-style, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us.

Thus, the ONA is a diverse, and world-wide, collective of diverse groups, tribes, and individuals, who share and who pursue similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate when necessary for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of their shared aims and objectives.

The criteria for belonging to the ONA is this sharing and pursuit of similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, together with the desire to co-operate when it is beneficial to them and the pursuit of our shared aims. There is thus no formal ONA membership, and no Old-Aeon, mundane, hierarchy or even any rules.

Instead, there is an ONA Kulture and ethos, and an identification with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos.

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

Hence, those who belong to, or associate themselves with or who are inspired by our collective may and do differ in the means used to attain our (and their) aims and objectives, just as they will differ in whether or not they have, or desire, some formal association with us; that is, whether or not they publicly or otherwise adhere to or associate themselves with the ONA and use the ONA name.

Thus, many Balobians, for instance, do not assign any label or terms to themselves, and so they may not describe themselves as satanists, or as Dreccs, or even as Occultists – although some do – just as some Balobians may adhere to or align themselves with or practice some other, non-ONA, Occult Way, or adhere to or align themselves with some non-Occult Way or *weltanschauung*.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical

means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes The Mythos of The Dark Gods, and The Mythos of Vindex.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

The Sinister Ethos of The ONA

The sinister ethos of the ONA – a guide to our sinister life-style – is expressed in our Law of Sinister-Honour, and defined by our Sinister Code.

> *The Sinister Code*
>
> Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.
>
> Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.
>
> Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and

sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall…") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the

person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA Kulture

Our Kulture [3] is an expression of the living tradition that we belong to, and the essence of this living tradition is our practical sinister ethos, which describes the way we live or aspire to live. For us, Kulture is a means to produce, nurture, and aid, our new type of human beings, and a means to produce, nurture, aid, and evolve the new ways of life, and the new societies, based on our sinister tribes.

Thus, our living tradition includes our Dark Arts (our practices) and our Mythos, and what will be developed and evolve from these, by and among our collective, in the future, consistent with our aims, objectives and our ethos.

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Notes:

[1] In general, the Left Hand Path means that nothing is forbidden or restricted; that the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and that it is practical, sinister, amoral, dangerous and challenging deeds which breeds and which reveals true sinister character.

For an overview of the Left Hand Path, in the context of the ONA, see the text, by Richard Stirling, entitled *The ONA and The Left Hand Path*.

[2] The prefix *Balo* is from the Old English *balo* – sinister (baleful), as in *balocraft*, a sinister (Dark) Art. Satanas was often described as *balewa*, The Sinister (baleful) One.

[3] We use the spelling Kulture to distinguish our sinister Kulture, since the term culture has been used

to describe the alleged culture of mundanes.

ONA Manuscripts
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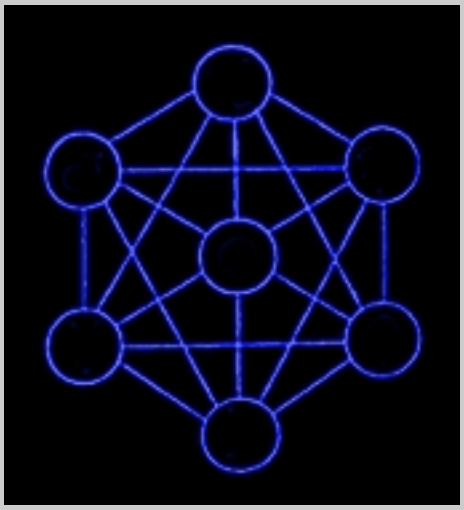

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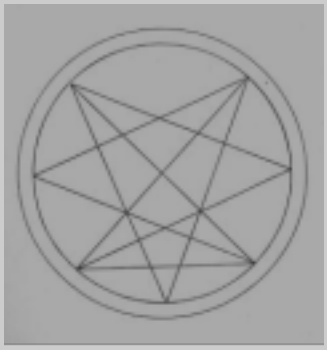


Our Sinister Character

One of the primary aims of the subversive and sinister association known, exoterically, as The Order of Nine Angles is to create, to aid, a new type of human being and thence a new, higher, sinister, human species.

Given this aim, it is necessary to know not only the nature, the character, the personality, of this new human being, but also how and by what practical and/or esoteric means such a type of person can be created and nurtured.

The Nature of The Sinister and The Nature of Mundanes

For the sake of conciseness and for the sake of argument we will here make some plausible generalizations, based on observations and study of human beings, and of some of the forms human beings have constructed over certain periods of causal Time.

Mundanes:

Mundanes constitute the vast majority of human beings, and some of the distinguishing features of mundanes are: (1) their lack of insight about themselves; (2) their natural nature means they can be easily swayed by their own feelings, their own desires, and the rhetoric of others; (3) their innate desire for comfort, security, and their need to fulfil their own desires; (4) their innate fear of *otherness*; (5) their basal inability to consciously change themselves via pathei-mathos.

One important marker of mundanes is that they generally, or almost always, delude themselves about their abilities, especially in relation to "knowing themselves".

Another useful observation about mundanes - another useful generalization - is that there appears to be several types of mundanes, which types exhibit certain behaviour different from other types of

mundanes. For instance, there is the Western (predominately Caucasian) mundane, who exhibits a certain cunning, an often overbearing arrogance, who possess the nature of the bully, who is bloodthirsty, and who has an innate, prejudiced, and unfounded belief that they are "superior" to others - a belief that they now cunningly try to hide, often even from themselves. A good example of this type of mundane is Tony Blair - the sly, arrogant, lying, manipulative politician, with a superiority complex, who believes he has some sort of "mission" to bring his mundane type of so-called "civilization" to others, who always makes excuses for his failures, and for his - always indirect and thus cowardly - killing of others, and who, most importantly, does not realize, or comprehend, that he himself is being manipulated, by others, or by some causal abstraction(s) he is in thrall to.

Predators:

Human predators form a very small percentage of the general human species, and thus are rare, and their primary distinguishing features are that: (1) they act on instinct, which instinct controls or subsumes them so that they are compelled to act in certain ways, such as to kill people, or rape women; and (2) they lack the ability and the desire to know themselves and to control themselves. Thus, although some of them may have a certain innate natural cunning which may aid them (as it aids natural animal predators such a wolves or foxes), these predators are akin to talking animals who walk upright.

It should be noted, and understood, that many human beings who like to consider themselves as predators - or who are often considered to be predatory in nature by other human beings - are not. Here, for instance, we refer to such mundanes or Magians as capitalistic entrepreneurs, opportunistic politicians (corrupt or otherwise); and career racketeers. And, of course, we refer to those mundane fantasists who like to consider themselves, or even call themselves, "satanists". None of these types of humans have a true, animal, subsuming consuming predatory nature - and neither do they possess an innate human-sinister character.

Magians:

Magians are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

A pertinent example of the charlatanesque type of Magian - who has gained influence among mundanes despite his plagiarism and total lack of originality - is LaVey.

The Natural Sinister Type:

These are those, currently rare, human beings - those individuals - who, rationally or instinctively, or both, have perceived and/or understood the flaws, the limitations, in all the above human types, and who thus - inwardly yearning for something more, something greater, something darkly-numinous - have tried to, or who have experimented with, changing themselves, often by seeking out challenges both physical and esoteric, trusting or hoping that such challenges, such things, will bring them insight and provoke the type of inner change, that transformation, they desire.

These are those who feel or who know themselves to be - or who come to know themselves to be - different from all other human types, and who are thus dissatisfied with themselves, and who thus often have a natural instinct for the darkly-numinous: for that which, for those things which, mundanes especially seem to fear or find disturbing or which they have branded heretical or "illegal".

These type of people are one of the reasons why an esoteric, sinister, association such as the ONA exists.

Breeding Sinister Character

It should be understood that, exoterically, the ONA should be considered to be *a means*; a practical system of causing or of provoking human change. An analogy might be that the ONA is a new type of acausal technology, which technology utilizes acausal energy and presences that energy in specific ways on this planet.

That is, the basic means of the ONA are (1) a practical system of training for individuals; a guide to how individuals can change, evolve, themselves and develope a sinister character or enhance an already latent sinister character; and (2) inspiring, and bringing-into-being, new ways of human living, which new ways of living will or which can change, evolve, human beings in a collective (non-individual) way.

This individual training of ours is manifest, for example, in our Seven Fold Sinister Way, and this Way - being an inner, individual, Alchemy and being sinister - is hard, difficult, and dangerous; it takes a certain amount of causal Time, many years, in fact. But it does what was and what is intended - that is, produce individuals possessed of a particular, evolved, strong, sinister character.

Our new ways of living are manifest in our sinister tribes, who are, who form, our sinister collective, our sinister kindred. And these do what is intended - spreading our subversive, sinister, evolutionary, ethos, and breeding, in far larger numbers than our individual training, an entirely new type of human being.

Thus, the aim of a sinister association such as the ONA is not only to enhance, to develope, to evolve, such a natural sinister character as may already exist in a few individuals, but also and importantly to assimilate more and more human beings in order to give them *our* sinister nature; in order to make them

part of our sinister collective. And it is this development, this assimilation, which will create an entirely new species of human being. This assimilation is by means of others joining or being assimilated into our tribes, or by forming new sinister tribes of their own and by these new tribes assimilating other human beings, and thus expanding their territory.

Our New Sinister Breed

Our new, evolved, sinister character is evident in many things. Someone of this new breed of human being has a refined and developed self-awareness and self-control; the ability of rational (logical) thought - they are able to assess situations in a rational manner.

This new type of individual has the ability to shapeshift; to act-out, with conviction, certain rôles, for a specific reason, even if that reason is to learn about others, and themselves. They also possess an empathic ability; the ability to defend themselves and to survive, and are prepared, without remorse, to use lethal force if necessary.

They also, and importantly, possess the ability to adapt to changing circumstances and to learn from experience, thus changing, evolving, themselves *in a controlled and a conscious manner* (pathei-mathos).

They can be dispassionately ruthless, if required or if necessary; and have the faculty to see far beyond the causal moment and beyond causal, personal feelings, and are focused on a long-term goal or goals, which importantly and of sinister necessity include long-term supra-personal goals. They have the ability - if required or if necessary - to manipulate situations and people to their advantage or in order to achieve such goals.

Thus, in essence, the new sinister individual is: (1) ultimately (often as a consequence of pathei-mathos), dispassionately in control of themselves - of their actions, their words, their feelings, their thoughts; and thus possesses the ability to learn from, to change themselves as a result of, diverse experiences; (2) possessed of the ability to rationally assess situations and individuals; (3) possessed of the faculty of knowing, seeing, and understanding, beyond the causal; of having a knowledge of, a vision of, the possibilities of human life, and thus of how we and the Cosmos can change and evolve.

In addition, they possess that often quiet, non-demonstrative, inner strength, that inner resolve, which arises from knowing they can defend themselves; from having overcome many and various hard practical challenges; from having experienced both the Light and the Dark of human living; and of having, for example, undergone that inner Alchemical change resulting either from a following of The Seven-Fold Way to Adept and beyond, or from being part of a sinister collective and sharing in the life, the deeds, of that collective.

In terms of appearance and personal behaviour, they can rationally choose to be - in the world of the mundanes and appear to the mundanes as - one of several types of people, thus cloaking themselves in a sinister manner. That is, they can rationally chose to become a new sinister type, appropriate for their now known and fully understood personal nature, and appropriate for their chosen sinister goals.

For example, they can be the heretical, outlaw, type, somewhat feared but always dangerous and potentially deadly to those not of our kind, our kindred; someone who might be out among mundanes seeking others perchance to assimilate or to use for some sinister purpose.

In this guise, they are thus distinguished by their manner of dress, by their personal appearance, by their particular behaviour and also possibly by their dialect, their language, all of which are appropriate for someone who belongs to a particular sinister tribe and who thus, by such things, openly shows their allegiance to their collective: a genuine warrior of and for our sinister way.

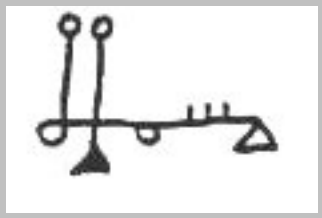
Alternatively, they can or could appear as the enlightened, individual Adept of The Sinister Way - possibly from an esoteric traditional nexion - and thus will they be restrained, well-mannered, and possessed of an aristocratic demeanour, for such restraint and such manners are one means whereby they control themselves and social situations. That is, such individuals reveal *arête* - which is the basis for a genuine *aristokratia* which sinister *aristokratia* may or could gain control and/or influence over some or many mundanes, in some specific causal Time and in some particular causal place.

Thus, in this particular guise they do not - unless for some specific reason it is necessary - seek to draw attention to themselves, by either their manner of dress, their appearance, or their behaviour, and with and because of this type of refined and controlled personal behaviour, they distinguish themselves from others, making them, in OldAeon-speak, a class apart; a different breed. And thus possessed of a certain, a particular, sinister charisma, different from - but kindred to - the aforementioned overtly sinister tribal guise.

These two basic illustrations - two among many - serve to show that our new sinister breed - the evolved, human being - is not especially interested in or focussed upon indulging themselves - although they enjoy so indulging themselves when they feel it is appropriate or needful - and neither are they especially interested or focussed upon themselves, to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. They are also not focussed upon, nor interested in, OldAeon goals and abstractions, such as "the good of humanity" or what is "right or ethical", or whatever. Instead, they are interested in, and pursue, new and sinister interests and new and sinister goals - balancing an enjoyment of life, an exultation in their uniqueness, with a rational, focused, almost dispassionate awareness born from a knowing of the perspectives beyond the causal moment and from a knowing of themselves as a breed apart, as the makers and the changers of not only human evolution and human history, but also of Cosmic evolution and Cosmic history.

Hence, their - our - individual lives have a focus, a meaning, an intent, an intensity, far beyond the causal - far beyond mere causal abstractions and apprehensions; and it is this focus, this meaning, this intensity of life and of living, redolent of the acausal, of the sinister-numen, that distinguish them - us - for the new breed of human being that they - that we - are, scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

The Definition and Use of Sorcery:

Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal, aim or aims. Sinister Initiates and Adepts understand acausal energy as the force/energy that exists in the acausal aspect of the Cosmos, which energy, and which acausal aspect, cannot be described by either conventional - causal - representations involving three spatial dimensions and one time (causal) dimension, or by the words, forms, constructs, symbolism (and so on) of such four-dimensional causal space-time. Some such acausal energy has been understood, by Sinister Adepts, as living-beings, living in the acausal non-spatial and non-temporal dimensions of the Cosmos, and The Dark Gods are accepted, by the traditions of the ONA, as one type of such acausal beings.

How and why such acausal energies are used is the essence of the training of the sinister Initiate, with this "how" being learnt by direct, practical, personal experience of both ceremonial and hermetic ritual and workings, as, for example, given in the Black Book and in works such as Naos. In the early stages of the Way, the "why" often relates to the personal desires/aims of the individual; with Adept and beyond this changes, with the focus being on Aeonic workings/magick: that is, the "why" derives from the Sinister Dialectic and a knowledge, and experience of, Aeonics. One type of such an Aeonic working is the presencing of those acausal energies often symbolized, in the causal, as The Dark Gods. Another type of such an Aeonic working - and a genuine, esoteric work of sorcery - is The Star Game.

As has been mentioned many times in various MSS, Sorcery is an Art, the learning and mastery of which takes several years. Furthermore, all genuine Adepts of the Sinister tradition understand personal sorcery, or "results/low-level" magick, as but a beginning: a necessary training, both personal and esoteric, for the real dark sorcery which begins with the presencing of acausal energies in accord with Aeonic sinister aims.

The Basis and Means of Dark Sorcery:

The real essence of Dark Sorcery lies not in some temporal, causal, definition of what constitutes "evil" and the emulation of such a limited, causal and esoterically incorrect definition by some individual, but rather in the conscious use, by an individual, individual, or group, of acausal energies with the intent of provoking/causing large, supra-personal and causal temporal changes over causal time. That is, the foundation of genuine Dark Sorcery is Aeonic Magick - the changing of causal forms/presencings and/or the creation of new causal forms/structures/presencings.

It is important to understand that the means of genuine Dark Sorcery are many and varied - they are not limited to, and nor can they be contained by or in, conventionally understood esoteric practices such as ceremonial or hermetic ritual and magick. Any form, construct, Art or whatever, through and by which acausal energies can be accessed and directed and presenced - by those skilled in the accessing, directing and presencing of such energies - is or can be a means of Dark Sorcery: a manifestation of sorcery itself. Thus - to give an old example which will familiar to all Adepts and even many Initiates - the construction/creation of a certain piece of original music, imbued with sinister energies, can be and often is an act of Dark Sorcery if it does indeed presence in some ways certain sinister energies and thus affects individuals in a way consistent with the Sinister Dialectic, by for example, changing them toward the Sinister, or causing them to evolve, or causing them to themselves begin a presencing of acausal, dark, energies, or move them toward heresy, or to presence Chaos in whatever way, and so on, and so on.

The essential aim of Dark Sorcery is two-fold: to continue the personal development of the individual so undertaking works of Dark Sorcery, and to presence the Dark: to presence acausal energies in such a way that causal change occurs. To give a relevant example, in practical terms this amounts to changing such things as that causal construct termed "society" - through affecting or changing the "ethos" and affecting/changing individuals.

One of the darkest forms of Dark Sorcery is to presence The Dark Gods - to open a nexion, or nexions, to the acausal dimensions, and to thus allow the acausal living-beings who are The Dark Gods to manifest in our causal world. Such a manifestation would significantly change existing causal forms and affect many many individual on many levels, as well as disrupting/changing established causal forms, such as "society". It is considered, by the ONA and its Sinister Adepts, that such a manifestation(s) of such living-beings will be what is required to inaugurate a New Aeon and thus ensure our evolution, as a species, in a way consistent with the essence of the sinister.

Anton Long
Black Rhadley Nexion
118 yf (Year of Fayen: Agios o Baphomet)

The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way

(Note: While this MS assumes some knowledge of the LHP and magick, it may be useful to non-Initiates/non-Adepts.)

The True Nature of Magick:

Magick, correctly defined and correctly understood, is the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy.

The symbols and rituals of genuine conventional magick (as represented by the ONA) are simply a means to access, or re-present, certain types of acausal energy. Thus, and for example, the Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols, re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

However, such a symbol as the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - to be a correct and thus useful re-presentation - must be understood ("viewed") in both causal and acausal terms. As conventionally described ("drawn") the ToW is but a static two-dimensional object. A more accurate re-presentation is three-dimensional. A yet more accurate description is four-dimensional where the symbols are understood to "flow"/change according to their nature - and here, the transformations of the pieces/symbols of The Star Game are the key. The best - most accurate - description of such a symbol as the ToW is five-dimensional, for Time has of itself "two" dimensions, or components: a causal one (the "flow"/change) and an acausal one, which acausal aspect cannot be understood, or viewed, or even symbolized, by conventional four-dimensional means. Thus, each individual symbol, or "association" or "correspondence" is not static and not isolated - they are but individual, causal, emanations of what is a changing aspect of some acausal energy, which acausal energy cannot by totally contained (or "described") by some finite, causal re-presentation.

That is, there is an acausal aspect to all magickal workings, rituals and "re-presentations"/symbols, which acausal aspect cannot be re-presented by a mere four-dimensional description or symbol.

Of course, the astute reader will realize that not only is the ToW itself but one causal, emanation of what is a changing aspect of some particular acausal energy, but also that we, as individuals, are such a "thing".

The failure of pre-ONA magick is the failure to understood, to know, the four and five dimensional

nature of genuine magick. On a somewhat basic level, that is why, for instance, in the ONA Way, there are no such things as stupid "banishing rituals" - because the individual is a nexion, before, during and after some causal ritual, which ritual involves acausal energy.

The Seventh Way of the ONA:

The Way of the ONA is a Way which allows the individual to experience, to get to know, acausal energy, and to begin the process of understanding such energy via acausal symbolism. All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the ToW, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept. In such a moving, such a development, they acquire a knowledge, a knowing, of the acausal, which knowledge usually begins during and after the stage of Internal Adept - and which is often glimpsed, in some causal way, by some External Adepts who may thus intuitively grasp the essence of the sinister. Also, in such a moving, they cause/provoke changes in the causal: that is, they undertake Aeonic Magick.

The basis for the Seventh Way is, firstly, the understanding of causal, acausal and nexions, and, secondly, the realization that we, as individuals, can evolve ourselves in a conscious and rational way. Esoterically, the name itself - the Seventh Way - is not that important, and in essence serves only to donate some-thing which is different from what has existed hitherto. Exoterically, it refers to the seven-spheres conventionally described by the ToW - that is, to what has been called the septenary system, which itself is but one causal, and convenient, means to describe the nexion which we are and the nexion which is the intersection/meeting of causal and acausal in our phenomenal world.

What, then, is the acausal symbolism which can aide the process of understanding and which in itself is an act of magick, a presencing of the acausal? In its most simple form it is The Star Game - or rather, the advanced form of The Star Game. But even this is only a beginning - a mere four-dimensional manifestation. In another form, such acausal symbolism is The Dark Gods - not as some "name" or "names", and not even as a vibration/chant of some collocation of letters/names (which vibration/chant is a more accurate re-presentation than a mere "name"). Rather, the symbolism *is/are* The Dark Gods and the energies (the "forces") They Themselves re-present. (1)

But what does all this mean, in practical terms? It means that to presence such energies the individual has to go not only beyond the "symbolism" but also go beyond all those things which militate against the "flow" of acausal energy to the causal. That is, they have to open the nexion that they are - they become not just some "channel" or "gate" but rather an aspect of the acausal itself, while such presencing is done, and while some of its acausal manifestations manifest themselves in our causal time-and-space. This is the essence of what it means to go "beyond the Abyss" - achieved by following the Seven Fold

Way.

In addition, and of crucial importance, in the practical sense it means that the effects of genuine magick are not purely causal - they are not limited to a specific "ritual" or action, and cannot be contained within a chosen causal form, such as a static image or some artefact. In a very simplistic sense, genuine magickal energies are "five-dimensional" - they are akin to "living-forms" which thus change, may grow (or decay) and which may cause or provoke changes, in causal time, according to their "nature". (2) Thus, to consider one very noviciate-like example, when a conventional ritual is undertaken, the energies involved are presenced both in causal and acausal time - novices (and even, sometimes, Adepts) usually only consider or feel or are aware of the causal presencing and the causal effects, which they often assume they can "control". What they seldom if ever consider are the acausal effects.

The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings:

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations - depending on context. In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the ToW plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of the Rites of the Nine Angles) - although, of course, there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS Atazoth.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of The Star Game which itself is magick - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

The Seventh Way and Satanism:

For the current Aeon, the Seventh Way, exoterically, is the way of Satanism, expressed in its most obvious way by opposition to the religion of the Nazarene and by an affirmation, through rituals and similar constructs, of the energy/archetype commonly known as "Satan".

As explained in various other Order MSS this Aeon (3), left to itself, will persist - that is, its outer forms

and ethos will continue to be manifest and still hold people in thrall physically and mentally - for at least another few hundred years, even though some of the energies of the next Aeon (energies manifest in groups such as the ONA) are manifest now and will become increasingly manifest. In the practical sense, this means that individuals, organizations, groups (and so on) will continue to be influenced/ controlled by the forces of the Old Aeon, and that the forces of the New Aeon will not achieve significant change, in such forms as "society", for several hundred years, which change will mark the real arrival of the next Aeon.

Furthermore, there will come a time when the ONA - and the individuals who are part of it or who are influenced by it - will outwardly shed the rhetoric, the images, the forms of "Satanism", for such things are causal emanations tied to a particular Aeon; they are not the supra-Aeonic acausal essence which we, through the progression of Aeons, are moving toward and which it is the purpose of genuine Occultism and magick to move us, as individuals, toward experience of and understanding of. What will also change are the means - the magick - to presence the acausal. Thus, there will be a move away from ritual, and from overt Old Aeon symbolism - and especially from "words" and "names" (4) - toward a much darker magick: a magick which manifests the acausal without the need for causal forms, and certainly without the need for "names". One type of the new magick is The Star Game (the magick of "Thought") and another is that which returns the Chaos which is, and which is not, The Dark Gods - but there will be many other types of this new five-dimensional magick, some of which are already known to, and used by, genuine Adepts of the Dark Tradition.

Anton Long
Morning Rising of Arcturus
(Black Rhadley Nexion) 116yf

Notes:

(1) Part of this re-presentation is, of course, what we term the sinister - or, more correctly, those energies/ changes which when presenced produce a re-ordering, which re-ordering is most often called "sinister".

(2) This does not mean, of course, that such energies should be conceptualized in the Old Aeon way as actual "living-beings" such as "demons" or such-like, which living-beings have their own "nature". But such a conceptualization does indeed hint at a much deeper truth, which in one sense is embodied in the mythos of the Dark Gods, as it can be used as a beginning to move toward a better understanding based on the reality of how acausal energies manifest - **and then exist** ("live") - in the causal.

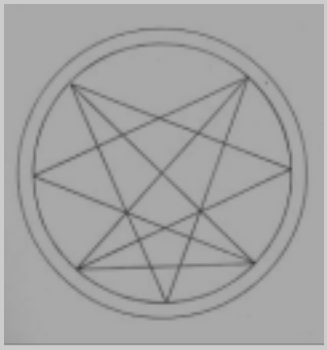
(3) To be precise, we should really write: "The distortion which has overtaken the Western Aeon will persist..." For, as explained in various Order MSS, what is manifest now - and has certainly been obvious to even many non-Adepts in the past five years - is the Magian distortion of the West, which distortion is evident in the "neo-cons" of Amerika with its new imperialism which itself serves a very Zionist/Magian agenda. According to a quite old MSS: "The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not

our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts..."

(4) As has been written: "It is not correct to give names to some things..." For such a naming is a move-away from the essence of the "thing" that is named - often a mistaking of what the name denotes for the essence which is supposedly denoted by such a naming. Magick is one means away from such a projection, such a transference of limited causal "thinking" - a means toward an apprehension of things, as things are.

Some Relevant MSS:

1) Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction
2) Ritual Magick: Dure and Sedue Ceremonial
3) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part One)
4) The Aims of the ONA
5) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part Three)
6) The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings
7) The Secrets of the Nine Angles



Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

Pseudo-mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft populated various of his stories with various creatures, or entities, and these entities served mainly to enhance or decorate the stories; to provide what may be termed a certain sinister atmosphere. There was no attempt, nor even intent, to provide such things as an ontology, a theology, for these entities – an ordered philosophical framework – and, importantly, no attempt to provide a detailed esoteric (Occult) praxis whereby interaction with these entities, by humans, could be understood and affective results (or Occult change) achieved. For example, the fictional *Necronomicon* and the language invented for various "calls", are mere theatrical props, devoid of real esotericism, despite the many silly claims subsequently made for them by some Lovecraft admirers.

In this sense, the Lovecraft entities form a pseudo-mythology, and not a mythos. Only later did people such as Derleth try, unsuccessfully, to provide some Occult context (based of course on Magian distortions), and some semblance of structure, although ontological, ethical, theological, and epistemological, questions were never dealt with. Instead, a pseudo-history was developed.

In contrast, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) – mentioned in many and various texts by the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles – are part of a mythos, having a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of a complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues [1].

Thus, if one compares the two most important Dark Gods, Satan and Baphomet, with, for example, Cthulhu, then one can immediately see the difference, and understand the claim – often made by critics of the ONA – that the ONA mythos of The Dark Gods is, in some way, derived from, or dependant upon what has, rather erroneously, come to called the Cthulhu mythos of Lovecraft, for the mundane fallacy it is.

Cthulhu has a revulsive physical appearance, and is basically a physical entity existing in causal Space-Time – whose base or home is allegedly some far distant extra-terrestrial planet, and who apparently speaks, or is somehow receptive to or responds to, some alien language, and who may or may not consist of some strange "alien matter" which is or which maybe somehow be affected by the alignment of stars. According to Lovecraft's pseudo-mythology, Cthulhu has a secret cult, on Earth, deriving from a time when Cthulhu and other Old Ones visited Earth – and which cultists speak or chant some approximation of the alien language of the Old Ones, who could communicate to humans via dreams. This cult desires to awaken the dead, but still alive, Cthulhu who waits, dreaming.

Satan and Baphomet are living shapeshifting entities – of one specific species – who dwell in the acausal continuum, and who, since they are acausal beings, have the ability to open nexions ("gates") to our causal, phenomenal, continuum where they, being changelings, can assume various physical forms, including human form. [2]

Furthermore, Satan has a propensity for assuming physical male forms, and Baphomet a propensity for female forms, so that, according to the mythos of the ONA, Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.

In the ONA mythos, both of these Dark Gods – and some other such acausal entities – are said to have egressed, or travelled to, Earth many times in our historical past, with Satan, for example, giving rise to myths and legends such as that of Ahriman [3]. In addition, it is said to be possible – by various specified, practical, esoteric means [4] – for human beings to open a nexion to the acausal and make contact with some of the Dark Gods, including Satan and Baphomet, with there being the possibility that such entities will once again presence Themselves on Earth. Furthermore, some acausal entities, egressing in the past to Earth, may be the origin for myths and legends about dragons, and various demons.

Some of the particular acausal species known as The Dark Ones are said, in their assumed human forms, to be able to copulate with human beings, and of producing or bearing half-human, half-changeling, offspring [5].

Thus, even this brief overview will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. In fact, so different – philosophically, esoterically, and otherwise – that it seems rather incomprehensible how some people can claim that the ONA mythos is derived from or somehow indebted to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Perhaps in desperation, the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness have claimed that the mention by the ONA of various "star alignments", in reference to esoteric techniques to open nexions, is somehow proof of their claim. However, even a cursory perusal of some of the relevant ONA texts – such as in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - will reveal no similarity whatsoever, for the ONA texts mention

specific stars, such as Dabih, and particular alchemical seasons. That is, there is not only esoteric detail, but also practical and philosophical context – something totally lacking in the vague pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

What the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness do and have done is commit various logical fallacies, such as the fallacy of *selective attention*. That is, in their desire to prove their cherished theory or belief that the ONA must somehow be indebted to Lovecraft, they search for and try to find and spurious connections and relations, trying to get a few facts to fit their theory, while ignoring the majority of facts that simply do not fit or support their theory.

The Irrelevancy of Evidence in Mythos

Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthrals, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, "truth" of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing [6].

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche [7].

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have "objective evidence" in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real "truth" of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a dis-covering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.

For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods – and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part – is a means of sinister change, an Aeonic Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus

Satan and Baphomet, re-present. One important means of Presencing of The Dark, of revealing, to us, in us, for us, Satan and Baphomet as those Dark Ones are.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] For this esoteric philosophy, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, and *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism.*

For the Occult praxis involving these Dark Gods, refer to such ONA texts as (1) *The Grimoire of Baphomet*; (2) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; (3) *Warriors of The Dark Way*; and (4) *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Parts One & Two.

[2] One is rather reminded, here, of the ancient gods of Greek mythology – for example, Athena as portrayed in Homer's *Odyssey*, who assumes a variety of forms, including that of already living male human beings.

[3] Refer to the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

[4] See, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet.*

[5] See, for example, the fictional stories – which form part of the ONA mythos – *Sabirah*; *Jenyah*; and *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet.*

[6] For a basic outline of acausal-knowing, refer to the section *The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA* in the text, *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.* See also *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism.*

[7] As used by the ONA, the term psyche refers to both the Life that animates us (acausal energy via a nexion) and to
those aspects of consciousness, and those faculties, which are initially hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, or undeveloped by, most individuals.

One aspect of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes". One latent faculty is the faculty of empathy.

In general terms, it is one of the tasks of an Occult way or praxis to develope these latent faculties, and

to bring into consciousness (and thus to bring under conscious control) what has hitherto been unknown, or hidden. An Adept refers to someone who has done this, and similar, things, as well as opened the nexion we, as an individual, are to the acausal.

The Mythos of the Dark Gods:
Beings of Acausal Darkness

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrd and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develope acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical

order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonic Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presenced in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Anton Long
ONA, Year of Fayen 119

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presenced on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only “re-presents” (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.

An Introduction to Insight Rôles:

Order of Nine Angles

Part One: Personal Insight Rôles

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitableInsight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonic one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles

Introduction:

As it is stated above*:*

> Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

> One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the socalled "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits",

with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life its allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Rôle.

Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles

The following are some suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are

relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

(1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.

(2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.

(3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.

(4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.

(5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

Recommend Reading

1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf
2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1)]
4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

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Dark Imperium

One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale - ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.

It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.

Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, "politically-correct", democratic, plebeian, *status quo*, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its *Law of the Warrior* to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.

Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with "the Satanic" or with "Satanists", although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.

Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeonic process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.

In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as Homo Sol, *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

The Mythos of Vindex in Esoteric Context

Introduction - The Vindex Mythos

Understood esoterically, The Vindex Mythos is Acausal Sorcery. That is, the original (non-esoteric) form has been and is being used in an esoteric manner to provoke Change in an evolutionary way, creating thus a new sinisterly-numinous causal form, and which manufactured esoteric form may not be perceived or understood as esoteric by many or most of those who are influenced, inspired, and/or changed by the mythos in its non-esoteric (and original) form.

The essence of this mythos are a new, non-esoteric, manifestation of The Law of the Sinister-Numen (the law of personal honour), and the new warriors who, upholding the law of personal honour, establish new tribal ways of living in opposition to their tyranny of the Magian abstraction of the nation-State.

Furthermore, it is the mythos of Vindex which is the practical genesis of The Galactic Imperium, as it is the mythos of Vindex which possesses the dark sorcery necessary to defeat the Magian and that *untermensch* species, Homo Hubris (aka mundane mundanes), who are not only the product of the Magian ethos but who keep the Magian ethos alive and their Magian masters in power, to the detriment of our evolution.

The following texts are extracts from a non-esoteric exposition of *The Mythos of Vindex*, and provide a reasonable overview of this important mythos.

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Extract from Part One of The Mythos of Vindex

Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian

Mythos, in the context of this work, refers to an intimation, or intuition, of an aspect of the Numen, presenced as this is in words which relate an archetypal legend or an archetypal premonition/prophecy of some future events.

Vindex is the name of one such numinous prophecy of the near future: an archetypal figure who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

Vindex thus represents, *par excellence*, what is numinous, and restores the balance that has been lost; lost because of the imposition of un-numinous, impersonal, and tyrannical, abstractions. As mentioned elsewhere (for instance, in *Honour: The Practical Foundation of The Numinous Way, and The Way of The Warrior*), personal honour is one primary manifestation of the numinous, and it is personal honour

that the abstract impersonal laws of all large modern "nation-States" take away, reducing the individual, as such States do, to a mere characterless often debt-ridden lackey or drone who is expected to toil to pay the taxes that the State imposes, which taxes are nothing more than a government run protection-racket, and which taxes keep the whole rotten, corrupt System of corrupt dishonourable politicians, and their flunkeys, going.

Personal honour is the way of the noble warrior - the way of the characterful men and women who have learnt from practical experience, who rely on themselves to solve their own problems and disputes, and for whom personal honour is the only law of true justice. The abstract law of the modern States is the way made for the supine masses who are made to rely on "the State" to solve their problems and their disputes, and who are for the most part manipulated and moulded by a powerful, arrogant, and often wealthy and privileged (not to say innately cowardly and dishonourable), self-appointed elite, which elite - through their use and control of, or influence over, such things as the Media, the entertainment industry, advertising, business, banking, and politicians and political parties - have manufactured the soul-less mostly urban societies of the modern industrialized so-called "democratic" world where some abstract "progress" has become a god to be worshipped and obeyed, where the mumbo-jumbo of usurious banking has hypnotized generation after generation, and where the impersonal manufactured law of mostly corrupt and dishonourable and self-serving politicians is stupidly regarding as representing "justice".

In brief, Vindex restores to the modern world the fundamental principle of true, natural justice: the personal justice based on the rule of personal honour, which thus gives to the individual a genuine freedom. For it is this natural, and human, justice, which the modern State has usurped, making the individual powerless before "the might of the State", for there are no so-called "individual rights" which the mighty State cannot take away or suspend or ignore or legislate away, and no area where the State cannot interfere or impose its will, as is so evident by the ever-increasing power and authority given by the State to its minions, such as the Police force and the Security services, which Police force and which Security personnel, can arrest, detain, forcibly restrain, and imprison - that is, take away the dignity and personal honour - of any individual provided some other minion of the State believes or assumes there is some "just cause", according to the impersonal laws of the State itself, which laws the State continues to manufacture, tyrannical year after tyrannical year.

The Tyranny of The Magian:

The abject dishonourable tyranny of the modern industrialized world - of the modern West - has been manufactured by the Magian, and by the Magian ethos.

The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism over genuine, numinous, culture. It is represented in the triumph of abstract "cleverness" - particularly abstract "law" - over the noble instincts of the man, or woman, of honour. It is represented in the triumph of vulgar mass entertainment over spontaneous family and small community events. It is manifest by the triumph of urban haste and impoliteness over the possession of rural manners. It is manifest in the triumph of loans and usurious

debt over thrift. It is represented in the triumph of indecency and profanity over modesty. But, perhaps most of all, it is represented in the destruction of the slow, rural, way of life - work involving manual labour and/or the labour of animals - and its replacement by the industry and machines of Homo Hubris, made possible by a rampant capitalism and the abject and large-scale exploitation of people and natural resources by modern States and their privileged oligarchies.....

The Genesis of Vindex:

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies, manifest as the Magian are now in the so-called mis-named New World Order whose twin centres of power (both ideological and practical) are in Amerika and the Zionist entity that occupies Palestine. Vindex thus prepares the way for the Galactic Imperium, whose practical beginnings lie in the establishment of new communities, based around new clans (or tribes) whose only law is that of Personal Honour. Vindex (who may be male or female) is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon of the Imperium, which is personal honour, and who, with his or her victorious warriors, establishes an entirely new type of culture, and an entirely new way of life.

Used as the name of an individual, Vindex means “The Avenger”, and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes this revolutionary warrior leader.

While it is possible that, as I myself once wrote, Vindex will arise from one of the nations of the West (which includes Russia, the United States and the lands formerly referred to as Eastern Europe) - and be of Caucasian (European) ethnicity - it is also possible that he or she could arise elsewhere in the world, and be of mixed, or of any, ethnicity. For what is fundamental to Vindex is that he or she is a charismatic and revolutionary leader who inspires absolute loyalty; that he or she fights, in a practical way through force of arms, the forces of the Old Order, manifest in the power of the Magian; and that he or she triumphs in the final battle, enabling the establishment of new communities free from the now broken and discarded and tyrannical Magian ethos.

Perhaps there is still time for the needed number of people within some land or lands of the modern West to arise, reclaim their ancestral warrior heritage and culture, and take up arms against the Magian, the Amerikan Empire and the vassals and lackeys of that Empire. But, perhaps not, for we have waited for well over a half century for this to occur. Indeed, given the almost total subservience of the majority of the peoples of the modern West to the ethos, myths, and new religions of the Magian, it does seem increasingly likely that Vindex will arise, and first engage the forces of the Magian, in non-Western lands, and thus be of non-European ethnic descent, especially since even those, among the peoples of the West, who know and who understand the power and influence of the Magian, and who refuse to accept the new religion of Shoah (which new religion has aided the mental conditioning of Homo Hubris), are doing nothing practical and have done nothing practical, for decades, to directly engage the Magian and

the allies and servants. For it is as if these Westerners lack that inner vitality, that instinctive feeling for honour, which was so manifest in many of their ancestors and in their former warrior cultures, and which so briefly flourished again in one Western land less than one hundred years ago before being defeated by the White hordes of Homo Hubris.

True, there have been a few individuals, in the West, who over the past fifty years have directly and heroically engaged the forces of the Magian. But a few individuals do not make a real, genuine, sustainable and continuing fighting, warrior clan or clans. It is as if the very knowing of and feeling for the numinous - the true way of the warrior - is no longer within most of those Western "people who know", so that their words are only words, and their knowledge and understanding is the empty knowledge and the feeble understanding of those too world-weary to care, anymore; as if they are the last dying remnants of a once heroic, but now broken, people.

For what distinguishes Vindex and the new warrior clans of Vindex is their vigorous, and living, warrior belief that honour is more important, more valuable, than their own lives, so that they are ready, eager and indeed more than willing to fight and if necessary die in pursuit of an honourable duty they have sworn to do. Thus, in these clans, the culture of honour lives and thrives; the culture of honour, loyalty and of duty. The numinous culture where life is lived according to an unchanging Code of Honour, and where loyalty to a person, once given, is given unto death. This is the culture of the honourable individual, who refuses to bow down to any external abstract "governmental" authority, and who has an instinctive and natural love for the true freedom that personal honour brings. The warrior culture whose fundamental principle is that every individual has a right and a duty to bear and carry weapons, with each warrior individual prepared to use such weapons in defence of their own honour and in defence of the honour of those whom they champion or to whom they have given a personal pledge of loyalty. The culture of the clan, and of the tribe; of personal knowledge of friends and foes, where combat among warriors is regarded as honourable, and where the impersonal war of modern armies is regarded as dishonourable and cowardly. Indeed, this is the culture of those new outlaws on whose heads the governments of the Magian - the governments of the new Amerikan Empire - have placed bounties, and who, in their typical dishonourable way, want them "dead or alive" for the so-called "crime" of defying the un-numinous and tyrannical laws and ethos of modern, Magian-led, nation-States.

Extract from Part Two of The Mythos of Vindex

NS Germany and the Bushido of Japan

As mentioned in Part One:

> " It was the White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the Magian - brutally, cunningly, and efficiently, defeated the one resurgence of the numinous, in the West, and the one

> resurgence of the numinous in the Far East, which resurgence in many ways (but not all) prefigured, and were intimations of, the warrior way of Vindex: the one and only attempt, in the West, to counter and replace the ethos of the Magian with the numinous way of the warrior, and the one and only practical resurgence, elsewhere in the world, to halt the spread of the dishonourable vulgar "culture" of Western Homo Hubris, and to return to a numinous, ancestral, culture and way of life. "

The currently unpopular and often censored truth of our times is that National-Socialist Germany - what it had evolved to be by the beginning of The First Zionist War - was a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and stood in complete and stark contrast to the materialism, the hubris, of the Magian and their allies and servants in the West, represented by the arrogant, profane, White Hordes of Homo Hubris. Furthermore, had NS Germany not been defeated by The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and by the machinations of the Magian, there is almost no doubt that it would have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence, and restored to the West, and other lands, that connexion to the numinous which centuries of plunder, exploitation, greed, abstractions, and dishonourable war had severed.

Similarly, that natural ally of NS Germany - Imperial Japan, with its underlying Bushido ethos - was also a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and would also have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence in the Far East, and elsewhere.

For what distinguished both NS Germany and Imperial Japan was a return to the Code of the Warrior - to that numinous Way of Life where personal honour is considered more important than the life of the individual, and where culture is not a personal indulgence but rather a profound extension of the attitude to living which a true instinctive warrior embodies: the culture of Haiku, of Geisha, of the Samurai sword; the culture of *Blut und Boden*, of the SS ethos... This type of *dignified* culture is entirely alien and even abhorrent to the Magian and their allies, such as the uncultured barbarian White Hordes of Homo Hubris, for whom "culture" means indulging themselves and being profanely entertained by some vapid effusion of the modern Magian "entertainment industry".....

A New and Numinous Ethos: Beyond the Tyranny of the State and the Abstractions of Politics

Both NS Germany and Imperial Japan were fundamentally instinctive and natural reactions to the dominance of the Magian ethos, and represented a mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos. That is, they were akin to the natural healthy reaction of a human body invaded by some debilitating virus; an instinctive attempt to restore that natural balance which the Magian and their allies had disturbed.

But, as I have stated several times in various writings, we have now arrived at the stage of our human evolution when we can not only, and for the first time, consciously understand ourselves, but when we can consciously decide how we are to react, and what it is that we should do. That is, we have become much more than thinking animals who possess the faculty of speech, for we possess the ability to conscious change, and to consciously control, and evolve, ourselves. Or, expressed, another way, we now know how to - and have the opportunity to - access and to presence, the numinous itself; to access and to presence that which refines, dignifies, and evolves us; that which makes us human, which can enable us to live numinous lives, and to fulfil the potential latent within us and so take us out to live among the star-systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies.

Personal honour is both the essence of the natural, instinctive, Way of the Warrior, and one primary manifestations of the numinous itself, and it is Vindex who restores personal honour to its rightful place, as the basis for both law and for that tribal way of life which has been, and which is, our natural human way of living, a natural and human way that the abstractions of both the Magian and The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have undermined and destroyed.

Thus, the duty - the wyrd - of Vindex and of the clans of Vindex is not to strive to try and restore some romantic idealized past - or even be in thrall to some perceived wyrdful, often numinous-filled, past way of living, such as that which Adolf Hitler brought to Germany - but rather to establish an entirely new and conscious and thus more potent expression of the numinous itself. This new and numinous way of living replaces the impersonal tyranny of the State with the way of the clan and the tribe; it replaces the abstraction of politics, and of democracy, with personal loyalty to an honourable, noble, clan or tribal leader.....

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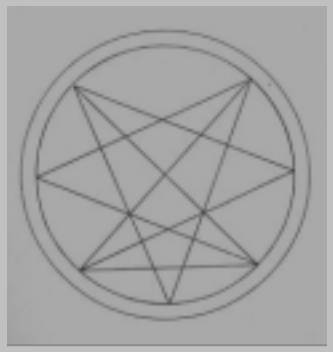

A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

This Second Edition of the original brief ONA Glossary contains further terms, and some elucidations of other terms.

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and *'Entering the Abyss'* is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness;* (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery.*

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develope Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the

sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the wait up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearality - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develope our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv). The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguishe the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness.*]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of something; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like Vindex - may be presenced in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between Falcifer and Vindex, who - if presenced in individuals - can be either male or female.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human

individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develope one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.

2) The title of the ONA text *"Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept"*.

3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around

or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods.*]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new

five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develope a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy).

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal,

phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods.*]

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develope acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional

magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presenced on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presenced ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If

an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/ Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.

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Appendix
The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are

wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall…") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes *The Mythos of The Dark Gods*, and *The Mythos of Vindex*.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

Our aim of *The Dark Imperium* (aka The Galactic Imperium aka The Sinister Imperium) - whose genesis will be The Mythos of Vindex and The Law of The Sinister-Numen and which will be brought into being by our Dark Warriors - is the practical means whereby this particular objective may be achieved.

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Mundane or Sinister?

The Basic Standards For Novices of The Sinister Way

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand – who know – mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions – a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself – taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail – no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth – that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set – then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words – for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions. For you to join us – for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way – you have to undertake the following.

Physical Standards

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards – you failed.

Mental Standards

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

Moral Standards

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

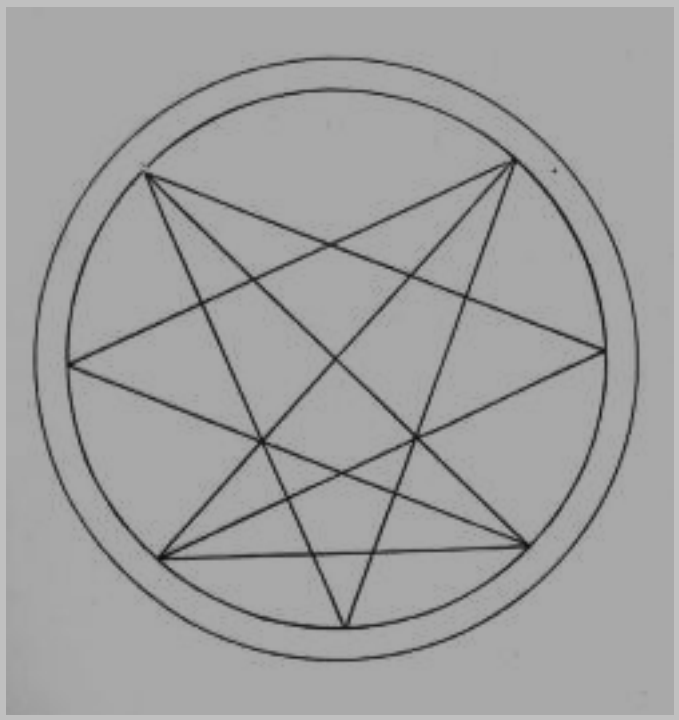
Heretical Standards

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of a genuine modern heresy – such as radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism, or what the Magians call "holocaust denial".

If you cannot do this – or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies – you failed.

No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has *n* number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being.* This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develope, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develope, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develope our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presenced in living beings, in Nature, and/or presenced in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, bur rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see"or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/ world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (”visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan – or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet –

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

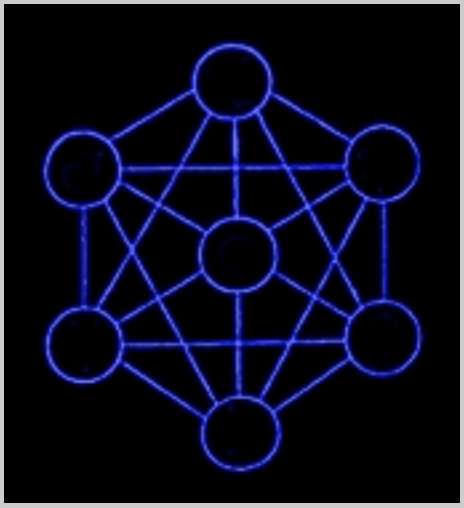
This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".



Defining Satanism

The Nature of Satan

According to the conventional, rather dated, and Nazarene view, Satanism is considered to be the worship of, or the acceptance of the authority of, the being termed Satan as Satan is described in Nazarene scripture, as, for example, *the* or as *an* adversary of the supreme Being, often called God. According to a less Nazarene-centric - and more philosophically correct - view, we may define Satanism as *the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.*

Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself is in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan, who - while being regarded as a powerful supra-personal entity - is believed to be under the total and final control of the supreme Being, often called God. Thus, in this Nazarene view, human beings can defy or rescue themselves from or be defended from Satan by the supreme Being who will or who can or who may intercede on their behalf, if asked in the appropriate manner and via, for example, "the proper channels" - with the appropriate manner and the proper channels being defined according to Nazarene theology and dogma.

Thus, this particular definition, of ours, of Satanism may therefore be regarded as expressing the essence of Satanism itself, without there having to be an acceptance of the conventional notion of human obedience to or subservience to this particular supra-personal entity. That is, a conventional religious element of worship, of theism - deriving from the Magian religious perspective - is neither necessary nor required for someone to describe themselves as a Satanist. [1]

Furthermore, our definition of Satanism also leads, or should lead, to a discussion regarding the nature of both existence and being; a discussion much more rational, and far more wide-ranging, than would occur, and which historically has occurred, were one to accept the conventional Nazarene-centric view of Satanism, for that view is restricted, narrowed, by both the nature of Nazarene theology itself and by the reliance upon Nazarene scripture.

Furthermore, any definition of Satanism also depends, to some extent, on the necessary enquiry into the origin of the word Satan itself, the de facto view being that Satan is, in origin, derived from a Hebrew word meaning or implying adversary. [2]

The Modern Satanism of Mundanes

According to both the conventional understanding of Satanism, and also according to our definition above, modern groups such as the Church of Satan (and its derivatives) and the Temple of Set cannot be considered as Satanist or as somehow representing Satanism, for the simple fact that neither group accepts that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan.

For the Church of Satan, Satan is not considered a real supra-personal being, with an independent existence, but rather as some kind of symbolic representation of certain carnal human impulses and desires, and which representation is controllable or which can be controlled by, or come to be controlled by, individuals themselves.

The central focus of the Temple of Set (ToS) is the figure of Set, an entity (or deity) belonging to the pantheon of Ancient Egypt, and who the ToS variously describe as The Prince of Darkness, as their patron, and who thus could be considered as the possible origin of the Nazarene Satan.

As befits their attempt to be all things to all members (and possibly to encourage more recruits), the ToS seems undecided and somewhat befuddled as to whether their resurrected Set is an actual supra-personal, and powerful, deity, or whether he is only a symbolic, or archetypal, and human, representation of certain natural or cosmic forces. [3]

This indecision, deliberate or otherwise - and/or spin, to encourage more recruits - is also reflected in their seemingly befuddled views regarding whether or not their Set is benign or "evil", and whether or not we human beings can, through some artifice or other (such as magick), control or at least acquire immunity from the power of this entity, if he or it is indeed "evil" and not benign.

However, it becomes quite clear, on studying the ToS, that their entity - their so-called Prince of Darkness - is rather tame, and just acquired a rather bad reputation along the way. Which leads one to ask: if their Set is not the real "evil one" - the powerful living source of such things as terror and suffering-causing Chaos and of "evil" - then who or what is? If the answer is that there is no such physically existing entity, one is led to enquire just what exactly, therefore, is the true nature and importance of their Set, which brings one to the only logical conclusion that, ultimately, for all their bluster and all their pseudo-mystical and metaphysical ramblings, their Set is just another human

abstraction, just another symbolic representation of certain natural or cosmic forces and processes.

Even were it not, it further becomes clear, on studying the ToS, that their emphasis is decidedly on the "we can control" category, and thus aligns them, on this matter, with Nazarenes, for they have removed the element of real risk, of fear, and of danger that consorting and copulating with demons and powerful non-human supra-personal entities entails, thus placing them - as with followers of the Magian religions, and the CoS - among the category we may term *magians-of-the-earth*: that is, among those who believe that we fragile, mortal, human beings have the means (from our religions or beliefs or by some artifice or whatever), or we can devise some artful means, whereby we can save ourselves and escape from whatever external power afflicts or may afflict us. This view - common to Magian religions, to the CoS, to the ToS, and to many people who describe themselves as Occutlists - may also be referred to as the hubriati-syndrome [4].

Thus, not only do both the CoS and the ToS not accept that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan, but they also ultimately - with their hubriati-syndrome - still adhere to the dogma underlying the Magian religious perspective.

Satanism and The Order of Nine Angles

According to the ONA Satan is one being, among other beings, who actually exists in what is termed the acausal continuum [5].

The very nature of this acausal being, exoterically termed Satan - and the very nature of the acausal itself - means that we human beings, however advanced or skilled in various magickal or Occult techniques we consider ourselves to be, cannot ever fully *or in any significant manner* control Satan, just as we cannot fully control in any significant manner other such beings, such as Baphomet [6].

That is, there is no nothing, no means - esoteric or otherwise - no method, technique, or skill, no secret formulae or chant, no spoken words, no ritual, no "prayer", no supreme Being (such as God), to control such acausal beings and/or which enable us to be safe and secure from them. This is so because of our nature - as fragile, microcosmic beings who have evolved on one planet orbiting one star - and because of the nature of the Cosmos itself, perceivable as this Cosmos is to we human beings as having an acausal continuum and a causal continuum.

All we can hope for - through our defiance of our primitiveness, through a desire to evolve, through curing the sickness behind our hubriati-syndrome - is to become like such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet; to evolve toward them; to come to regard them as our long lost kin, our inspiration, our guides, our sources of reliable knowledge about the acausal.

Thus, one of the many crucial differences between the ONA and groups such as the CoS and the ToS is that regarding the esoteric meaning and significance of magick. For the ONA:

> " What has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself." *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*

This is in complete contrast to both the CoS and the ToS, for whom such means as magick are fundamentally a way to control certain forces, and to exult in our individuality. Thus, for them magick is simply one more means for us to impose ourselves (our will) upon ourselves, upon others, upon life, Nature and the Cosmos. That is, their view and understanding of Occultism in general is limited, by, stymied by, their hubriati-syndrome; by their desire and even need to be *magians-of-the-earth*. This is a lowly, a primitive, a mundane, understanding of the Occult, and especially of our latent human faculties.

For the ONA, such means as magick are a way for us to genuinely evolve - to be far more than we are by coming-to-know acausal beings; by experiencing, and beginning to use, acausal energies; by developing such things as our latent faculty of acausal-empathy; and - eventually - by transcending beyond the causal into the realms of the acausal [7].

Thus, in essence, the ONA view is a Cosmic one, encompassing the realms of both causal and acausal, while the views of the CoSers and the ToSers - and others like them (such as the Crowleyites) - is a moribund, Earth-bound, primitively egocentric, view, redolent of the sickness underlying the collection of symptoms we call the hubriati-syndrome.

According to the ONA:

> " Our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

Conclusion

For the ONA, Satan is a real, supra-personal, entity - existing in the realms of the acausal and totally independent of us - whom we cannot fully or in any significant manner hope to control, and who is not subject to some supreme Being, not ultimately subservient to such a Being, because such a supreme Being does not exist [8].

As has been written:

> "It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is

Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

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Notes:

[1] What we may term the Magian religious perspective (or ethos) is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, world-views, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such Ways of Life.

[2] For a brief, non-conventional, view, see the Appendix, *Satan As A Word*, below.

[3] Here is a typical ToS statement about Set: "Set's...method for Working in the Objective Universe is by providing an insight into the nature of personhood."

[4] The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

> " [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expresses this perspective:

> "Religious offices [are] conferred by Set alone, and Recognized within the Temple according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Temple are entrusted by Set to the Priesthood..."

If we re-write this slightly, the connection becomes obvious:

> "Religious offices [are] conferred by God alone, and Recognized within the Church according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Church are entrusted by God to the Pope and Priesthood..."

The ToS has Set, a guiding Council of Nine (appointed by Set of course), High Priests, and Temples; the Catholic Church has God, the Pope, Priests, and Churches, who are entrusted with doing God's work on Earth, just as the ToSers believe they have been entrusted with a sacred duty to do the work of Set.

[5] Refer to the ONA texts *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and also *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Furthermore, it is convenient to describe some acausal entities by the term *demons*.

Nexions are one means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, and thus interact with we human beings, on Earth. For a basic understanding of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

Expressed succinctly:

> A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the

acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept

However, many acausal entities possess the ability to create their own nexions to the causal - and thus do not require assistance from us, from we who dwell in the causal continuum.

[6] It should not be forgotten that according to the ONA Baphomet is an acausal shapeshifting entity and has been physically manifest to us, and can be manifest to us, via a suitable nexion, and has assumed the physical form of (or appeared to us as) a human woman.

[7] For a transcending to the realms of the acausal, refer to the ONA text *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

[8] " A supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves." *ONA: The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism.*

Furthermore, the belief in this supreme Being, just like the hubriati symptom of the illusion of control of supra-personal entities, is part of the hubriati-syndrome, that illness that makes us, and keeps us, and marks us, as mundanes.

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Appendix

Satan: A Note On The Word

Satan is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

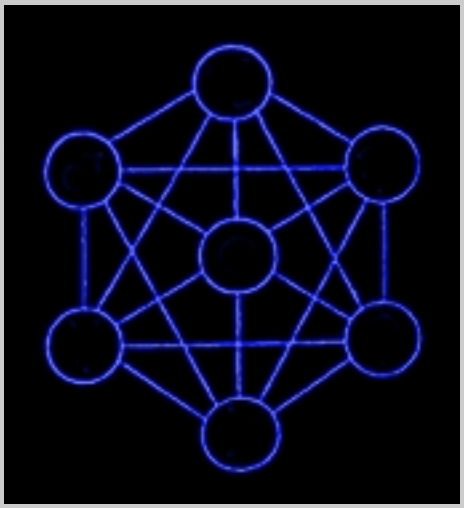
The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to “pass beyond” or “over”, from the root *dia* –

“through” and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense – for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as diabolos) when a ‘bad’ or ‘false’ sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

The vulgar belief that Hebrew is some kind of pre-eminent, and root, language is incorrect - Hebrew is essentially derived from ancient Phoenician, with later contributions from Ancient Greek, which also owed a debt to Phoenician.

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded – according to popular and Nazarene belief – as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what

has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He – along with some other Dark Gods – is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can – by means of various nexions [4] – presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan – and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form – are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts – and Initiates – are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan – and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan – and some other Dark Ones – first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan – as some other Dark Entities from the acausal – has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He – as They – can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world ("events" on planet Earth). Thus, He – as They (and in particular, Baphomet) – can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This "interference" is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and causal matter – and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing – living – in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however – who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time – these acausal entities, by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as "immortal" and capable of instantaneous "travel", both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called "supernatural beings" – they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although – as mentioned – they can assume human form, when presenced on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric "name" of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly – represents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] – a Greek name borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who – interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past – gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, "satan" described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is – with its "chosen people", its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its "sacred texts" and God-given laws – of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

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Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and – like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends – they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name,* below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence – be manifest, or travel – to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles – A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being – such as God – does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.

ONA Manuscripts
Main Category: Aural History and Tradition
Sub Category: Mythos of The ONA
Date: 121yf
Version 1.01
Last revised 121yf

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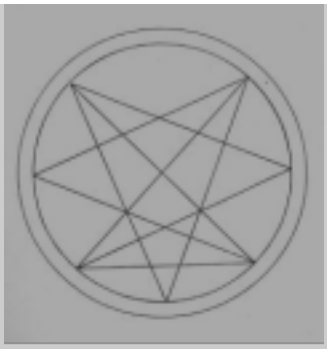


Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 2.01

What is the ONA?

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

1) The ONA is an esoteric association of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, its sinister methodology, its sinister mythos, and/or its sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean *an association of clandestine cells*, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

2) The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in its Seven Fold Sinister Way, as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos*, and in the work of traditional ONA nexions (or "groups").

3) The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in what we call sinister tribes, and in the striving, by individuals, to live in a sinister way and *To Presence The Dark*: to do works of dark, sinister, sorcery, often by their practical deeds which deeds take them beyond the bounds, the limits (moral, legal, and otherwise), set by mundanes, and which deeds can enable them to consciously evolve to become a different, higher [more sinister], type of human being.

4) The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles* (Esoteric Notes 103a).

The Sinister Way of the ONA is based upon the principles that (1) genuine esoteric knowledge and insight – and thus genuine Occult advancement – requires both self-achievement through practical deeds, and through a self-honesty, a genuine knowing and understanding and control of one's own self;

and (2) the necessary evolution of the individual can be achieved by a willed self-overcoming and the acceptance of hard, difficult and dangerous challenges, both esoteric and practical.

What are the aims of the ONA?

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies.

How can I join the ONA?

There are three ways of joining – or becoming part of – the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start using and applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, and/or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as *Naos*, and the *Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual – when sufficient practical experience is acquired – can establish their own ONA nexion (aka Temple aka group), if they so desire.

The third way – and the most sinister and the most practical – is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as (1) *The War Against The Mundanes*; (2) *We, The Drecc*, and (3) *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local – they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain ‘hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our

sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join – or pay membership fees to – some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, “membership” is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples – living nexions – of the sinister itself.

However, technically (esoterically), the ONA is organized into the outer (exoteric) ONA and the inner (esoteric) ONA. To the inner ONA belong personally invited sinister Adepts, and beyond - that is, those who, having followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least Internal Adept, have revealed both a sinister nature (evident in practical deeds) and skill in Aeonic sorcery.

Technically (esoterically) in the outer ONA there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who usually but not always is in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) developes their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the

influence of the ONA.

If all this is confusing to mundanes, so much the better. It certainly is not confusing to those possessed of (or who have developed) the faculty dark-empathy, and who thus possess esoteric insight.

I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates – or any of The Old Guard (OG) – do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean that he has "left", or that he has changed his "life-long commitment to the sinister way".

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to "exist" it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public "representative", or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially "recognized" by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as "sinister" or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the "law enforcement" agencies of mundane "law and order". That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nyms*, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nyms, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being "defunct" arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back "underground", to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

What do you mean by mundanes?

We mean any and all of those who “are not of us”. Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are – mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the “rebellion” of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane “law and order”.

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the “order” that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called “justice” is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane “law and order”, such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our “family”, to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

You talk of a Dark Imperium - a kind of Galactic Empire. But isn't there a contradiction here between the goal of developing unique individuals and an Imperium which by its nature requires a certain loyalty and obedience, a certain submission to its ideals?

In its beginning (and for probably many centuries), such a sinister Imperium may well involve our new,

aristocratic, elite (our developed individuals) in leading those less developed and less enlightened; and/or in manipulating people, perhaps by some causal form (for example, what mundanes often call a political ideology, or say, what mundanes often call a religion).

Thus, our Dark Imperium may well be built and established by others, but under our guidance, our leadership; under the inspiration of our numinous-mythos, and under the aegis of our new type of human being. But it is this very Imperium which will provide the challenges, the Cosmic diversity, to speed up the process of human evolution and thus produce more enlightened, unique, individuals who can fulfil their potential, as has been explained in various texts.

Hence, the Dark Imperium will be our new sinister collective, assimilating other humans and then possibly other alien life-forms - a manifestation of our sinister ethos; a means to test, refine, evolve, individuals; to have the best triumph and lead; to provide more opportunities for evolution, not less.

In addition, our overall aim is to produce individuals with an Aeonic perspective, an understanding of wyrd, of the sinister imperative, who thus understand our new tribal ways of life and thus the ethos of our Law of The Sinister-Numen. Our aim is not to produce more Homo Hubris types who are addicted to an egotistical way of life and who thus are arrogantly unbalanced, believing as such types do the Magian illusion (evident in Magian Occultism) that they - some puny mundane - are the most important (and the most powerful) thing in the Cosmos. Our Way - in contrast to such Magian egotism, in contrast to the un-numinous hubris of Homo Hubris - is the Way of the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law is the foundation of the Dark Imperium, and the basis for the way of life of the warriors of our Imperium.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also (and importantly) no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that "we" cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus – and to consider a relevant example – most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as "Anton Long" by whether or not that person adheres or – or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to – some already existing -ism or some -ology. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting -isms or -ologies at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have "understood" that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

Thus, the ONA now uses the understanding of a person such as "Anton Long" (whose public *persona* is now well-known) as a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and "satanists". Have these "Occultists" and "satanists" the instinct, the occult ability – the innate character of one of our sinister kind – to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual? In time, we – our world-wide sinister kindred – will have more such individuals with a public persona whose life can be used as a test of mundane-ness

Where can I find out more about the ONA?

Currently (121 yf), there is an unofficial ONA website, and a semi-official ONA weblog (which is not regularly updated). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down – banned – in October of 120 Year of Fayen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and "dangerous". Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books.

One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

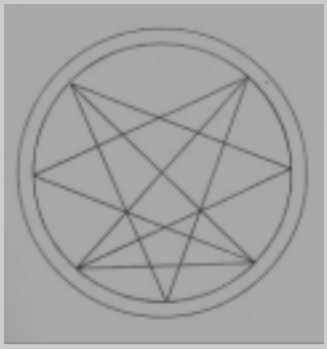
Some photostatic copies of some original and older ONA items – as issued by the ONA in the 1980′s

and 1990′s CE – are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, and *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*, as well *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

There may arise a time – soon, or not so soon – when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking “those who know”.

What is the official symbol of the ONA?

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:

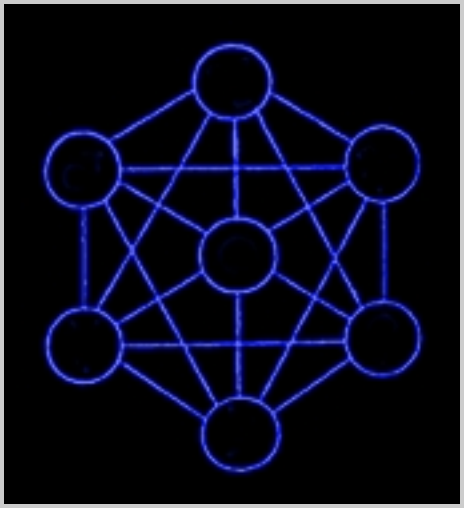


ONA Sigil

The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard – in contrast to all other Occultists – as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.

Sigil of Baphomet

We also sometimes use the Septenary sigil, as below:



The Septenary Sigil

What should be understood, however, is that these sigils are only two-dimensional, exoteric, re-presentations of four-dimensional forms.

Thus, the ONA sigil, given above, is properly (that is, esoterically) constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a "mapping" (that is, a causal "distortion") of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time. This change is – viewed causally – random, and thus there is some esoteric appreciation, on viewing this four-dimensional sigil, of some of the properties of a nexion: of where the acausal is manifest in the causal.

Similarly, both the Septenary Sigil and the Sigil of Baphomet should be constructed in three-dimensions, and be animated.

What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles – or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles – has been explained by us, several times. See, for instance, the collection of texts, *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Part One and Part

Two issued in 120 yf in pdf format, and currently available on the ONA website.

There are several other, older, Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

Is it true that you advocate human sacrifice?

We refer to such deeds as culling, and all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes.

Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species.

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes.* Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen.

Thus are we subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies.

I've heard that your Dark Gods are taken from the fiction of HP Lovecraft. Is that true?

That is a common and mistaken assumption made by mundanes. A study of our tradition will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. See, for example, the ONA text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA.*

In contrast to pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are part of a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of our complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues. For an overview of this esoteric philosophy of ours, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric*

Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.

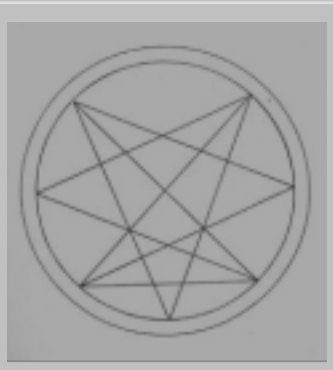
Essentially, The Dark Gods are considered to be acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum.

How can I contact someone from the ONA?

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you or recruit you for some reason, because – for instance – you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

ONA
121 Year of Fayen

FAQ Version 2.01



The Sinister Dialectic and Diabolical Aims of The Order of Nine Angles

I have heard that some people say that a genuine Left Hand Path organization is a contradiction, since they claim the LHP is essentially anarchic and individual. Do you consider this to be correct, and is the ONA a LHP organization, or even an organization?

In respect of the LHP - or perhaps more correct, esoterically, the Sinister Path or Sinister Way - it depends of course on how one defines this. We have our own definition, and usage, and consider the definition and usage of and by others to be irrelevant.

For us, and as explained in several ONA MSS over the past three decades, the LHP - the true Sinister Way - is the Way of practical experience, of self-reliance, and of amorality, that is without, or beyond, morality. Thus:

(a) the individual learns from direct practical experience, which is both esoteric, magickal, in nature, and also, and vitally, of real-life involving such things as Insight Rôles, overcoming tough physical challenges, being heretical, being a-moral, taking risks and courting real personal danger;

(b) the individual rejects all dogma, the "religious attitude" and all subservience, and seeks to find answers for themselves and work things out for themselves, although they may at times accept a certain guidance, and some advice, from someone who has themselves followed the Sinister Way and who thus can talk and write from personal practical experience; but the individual is free to accept or reject such offered guidance and such advice, with such guidance and such advice being given only when the individual personally seeks it;

(c) the individual accepts that they and they alone are responsible for themselves, and that genuine esoteric advancement requires great personal effort over a period of decades;

(d) the individual understands that the LHP - the genuine Sinister Way - is a-moral; that is, free from all moral restrictions, and that each and every follower of the Sinister Way is not bound by the "laws" of any society but instead consider such "laws" as artificial constructs designed to keep individuals in thrall to some supra-personal "authority"; as such, these "laws" and conventional morality itself are

detrimental to the achievement of esoteric Adeptship and esoteric Mastery.

In respect of the ONA itself, we are a living nexion - a causal presencing of the Sinister, of certain acausal energies - and as such we both are, and are-not, an organization and an Order. We *are* so, because we have a Way, a mythos, a system of guidance, a method, which works, is efficacious, and which when correctly followed, can produce and has produced Sinister Adepts and Sinister Masters/ Lady-Masters. We *are* so, because, by causally-being, we have produced and do produce and will produce certain causal changes and effects. We *are-not* so, because our essence is beyond all those temporal, causal, forms which makes the living-nexion we are presence itself in manifold ways over a multitude of centuries, some of which forms are "hidden" or unknown to non-Initiates, and even to many Adepts. We *are-not* so, because the living-nexion which we are and will be is itself limited in its causal-living: to perhaps a thousand years; at most, to one and half thousand to two thousand years, after which there will be - there should be - no need for such a temporal presencing, and - if there is then such a need - another living-nexion will be born, or be manufactured.

Thus, as a living Order we offer a certain guidance, and a system of training, for those who might be interested, just as our Way, our Mythos, can be used freely by others, in whatever way and for whatever purpose, they choose, which is one reason we reject the restriction, the morality, of "copyright".

You mentioned that the ONA is akin to a living-nexion with a certain causal life-span, of a thousand years or more. How is this related to the esoteric and practical aims of the ONA?

Our aims are of centuries, and more. One of the fundamental aims is to produce more and more genuine Adepts; another is to change a significant number of people by using, by manufacturing, various causal forms and various "archetypes" - by presencing the Sinister in certain causal ways and through certain nexions. Another is to fundamentally alter "society" and produce a new elite, a higher type of human being, and, with and through these individuals, manufacture an entirely new way of living, new societies. All these things will take a certain amount of causal time.

We have already spent three decades in building the foundations for such changes; in establishing a new dark mythos; in manufacturing certain forms; in using certain already existing causal forms; in Presencing The Dark in certain ways. In guiding many individuals to a certain esoteric achievement. There are other such things, already done, most of which are still esoteric, still hidden even to those, outside of our tradition, who consider themselves Adepts.

There are many more things to do, and it is irrelevant to us if people, esoteric-minded or otherwise, understand what we are doing, and why. Their opinion and judgement of us - often erroneously based on some causal form we or some of our Adepts may use or some rôle an Adept or Master might assume - is irrelevant.

Which is why, I imagine, you personally have never bothered with responding, on the Internet or

otherwise, to criticism of the ONA?

Correct. Most of the chatter on the Internet is worthless, ephemeral, the product of people with little esoteric knowledge and even less genuine practical esoteric and personal experience, with such people being led or controlled either by their own desires or by some unconscious impulse or by some causal abstract form or dogma they do not rationally comprehend, or by all of these things. Such chatter is almost always immediately reactive, never the product of a reflexion based on experience, and - when it is not simply inane - it is esoterically and/or intellectually shallow; worthless; pretentious.

Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time. And it cannot, should not, be expressed in hasty words of the reactive, immediate, emotive kind based upon, dependant upon, some causal abstraction, some dogma, some causal form. Such wisdom is to be savoured; communicated, at best, on a personal basis, and otherwise in some form which enables others to reflect upon it, or judge it, over a period of causal time.

The only value, esoterically, of this Internet thing is that it allows - for the moment at least - the free dissemination of mythos, of causal forms, of various esoteric Ways, enabling people to access such things, and consider them and if necessary act upon or be inspired by them in their own way in their own causal time. Such action and such inspiration, to be esoterically valid, must of course take a certain amount of causal time: months, most usually years. Thus, the immediacy of chattering Internet forums, and the like, is esoterically irrelevant to us.

But haven't some of your members responded to criticism?

No. Some of our *associates* may have - and I use the word *associates* advisedly - occasionally done such things, most usually as learning experiences for themselves. But no one is authorized to speak by or on behalf of the ONA...

Except you -

[Anton Long smiles] Except me, naturally.

Thus, those individuals, those associates, present only their own views, their own perspective, their own opinions, deriving as such things do from that incomplete and sometimes erroneous understanding which abounds among those who are not Masters/Lady-Masters. I have never bothered to correct such errors and such mistakes as have - very occasionally - occurred when such individuals, associated with us over the past decade, have, via this Internet medium, ventured forth an opinion or view of their own. It is for those individuals to learn, and so correct themselves, and for others to have the magickal empathy, the esoteric understanding, to perceive such errors and mistakes for the errors and mistakes

they are.

Some associates - and the occasional member - have even occasionally produced and published tracts in an attempt to correct some mis-understandings which may have arisen in respect of our Way. Again, I have never bothered to correct such mistakes as may be found in such tracts or answers. But, as we move now into the third phase of our long term sinister strategy, even such ephemeral, very unofficial, things will cease, since the vast majority of what needed to be published, and said and written, has been, and our living nexion is now so well-established that it does not need such things, and never, in truth, has ever needed them, which is again why I - and those few among us who are Masters or Lady Masters - have never ventured forth any opinion by such means and never bothered with such Internet ephemera.

Can you then explain what an associate of the ONA is?

Technically, there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who is usually but not always in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) developes their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the influence of the ONA.

Of course, many others are influenced by the ONA in a variety of ways, and may or may not use, directly or indirectly, some aspects of our Sinister Way, our Dark Tradition, in whatever way and for whatever purpose they want, which they can freely do, even if they do not acknowledge the source, the influence. Such influence, and such use - and such a hiding of the source of their inspiration - is natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, that living sinister presencing which is the ONA and

which is the ONA mythos, as, of course, the work of our associates is a natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, our living sinister presencing.

You - and others among our kindred sinister-folk - will be aware, for instance, of several esoteric groups which have arisen in the last two decades, wholly or partly inspired by the ONA and our mythos. Often, such groups last but a few years, and then decay away, as the interest and enthusiasm of the individual or individuals founding them wanes and dies and they themselves fall back into the mundane world of non-esoteric folk, or even renounce their sinister quest. Sometimes, such groups schism, and new ones are formed, and these may last a few more years. But the ONA endures and grows, slowly, in an alchemical, living way, as is necessary and as befits such a causal presencing of the acausal, as befits such a living-being, imbued with acausal energies. Such is the sinister dialectic at work, and sinister Adepts - and Masters/Lady-Masters - at work, and at play.

I have heard it said that some of the tasks of the Seven Fold Way are not necessary, and should only be taken as a rough guide. I'm referring here to such matters as the physical tasks of an External Adept, such as a man walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least thirty pounds in weight.

Such tasks and tests were designed to physically take the individual to, and beyond, their limits. To develope in them a certain personal character. As such, these physical tasks are - for most modern individuals in the West - hard, and challenging, and require many months of physical training before they can be successfully attempted. They are not meant to be easy, and those who say such things as you mention usually are just too soft, too weak - emotionally, physically, in terms of character - to attempt them, and so make excuses for their failure. We do not care, for thus have they failed this particular selection process of ours.

As I mentioned - and as by now should be somewhat well-known among sinister esoteric-folk - one of our aims is to breed, to seed, a new elite, the prelude for a new human species which has been variously named as *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*. If some individuals do not wish to join us in this quest, fine; if they do not desire to undertake the selection process, fine; if they have no dream of evolving beyond what they are and of thus becoming the foundation for this new elite, this new species, fine. The choice is theirs. We simply do not care about them, or about their opinions, or about their excuses, or about their judgement of us.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way, is a selection process. Many begin; few succeed. Over the past three decades, some have succeeded, and this number will increase, slowly, and has increased, slowly. There is no easy way to achieve genuine Adeptship; there is no easy way to change yourself - alchemically, esoterically - and so become a part of this new elite.

Our tasks, our tests, our Way, work; the ONA produces sinister Adepts, sinister Master and Lady-Masters. But this is a slow process, which is why we have a selection process, why we are, as a practical-form, reclusive; why we do not "recruit", and why sheer numbers of members do not, never have and never will, concern us.

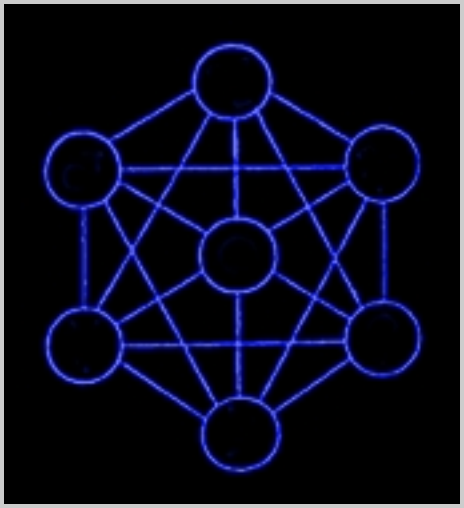
The published physical tasks - of, for example, External Adept - are suited to humans who exist, now, in the lands of the West. Suited to those we desire to select, and are certainly achievable by those who may desire to be of-us, as members, as associates, or as individuals inspired by us. Of course, there are some individuals who - being supremely physically fit - will find such tasks too easy, and for them, as our MSS mention, there will be higher goals set. But what we will not do is lower these already achievable, if high, standards.

Yet there may well arise a time in the nearish future when these high goals will have to made higher (not lower, note) if prevailing conditions, in terms of physical health, nutrition, leisure-time, and so on, continue to improve. In the same manner, it may be necessary, sometime in the near future, for the Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) after me to revise some of the details of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, just as I myself revised the details I had inherited, to make the task of living alone, bereft of modern comforts, for three months practically feasible in a rather industrialized Britain, allowing thus a tent, and some pre-purchased food, where the original conditions specified building one's own shelter and obtaining all food by hunting and gathering. But the essential alchemical, esoteric, elements - and hardship and difficulty - always remain, and, noticeably, such hardship and difficulty always incrementally increase, in line with our changing slowly evolving civilization.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way are *ours*. They achieve and can achieve what we desire to achieve. There are other Ways, other tests, other tasks - but, obviously, they are not *ours*, not of our Sinister Path, and what such others things may (or may not) produce, or whom they may or may not select, are of no concern to us.

We are not now, and will not be, and do not wish to be,"popular", nor "accepted"; and this will only slowly, very slowly, change - if, that is, our diabolical plans succeed, our sinister magick works as it should, in accord with the sinister dialectic. But even then, it will be at least another hundred years - and probably somewhat longer - before we are understood, appreciated, by a minority, never mind by the "majority", and when this minority understanding does occur we will have, exoterically, metamorphozed, in a sinister way, into many other causal forms, while our real essence remains - as it should - esoteric, hidden, heretical, and with we ourselves thus enabled to continue our diabolic work, in secret.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen



Magian Occultism and the ONA

How does the Order of Nine Angles view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion – that Magian infection – that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonic change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have “empowered” or “liberated” themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools,

the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies – with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of "justice", their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel "safe", to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their "enemies" can be successfully fought, with "peace" here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers (aka The Temple of Set-ian Suckers). This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like "All deities, demons, forces – even God and Satan – are matters of perception…" and "Reality is a matter of perspective…" and "I command the powers of darkness to move and appear…" [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

> " We revel and delight in genuine heresy…and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark – Chaos – upon Earth and in and through others….
>
> When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do…
>
> Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.
>
> Thus do we desire our name – as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark – to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.
>
> Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – some urban or suburban

> “Temple”. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.
>
> Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.
>
> Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it…”

What’s missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things – real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonic perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality – and prancing about believing you’re some sort of god – is fine, it’s get boring, mundane, after a while. It’s actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask – “Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?” That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you’ve learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes – and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective – the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You’re mortal – you get ill; sad; one day you’ll die. You can’t strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can’t even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things “out there” which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no “prayers”, no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

> “It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect,

> non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"…
>
> This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption…for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things….." *To Presence The Dark*

It's this reality that mundanes Occultists – following Magian Occultism – don't like, wouldn't admit, and can't face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it's this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists (the ONA) define Satanism as

> " The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means….."

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let's consider just two Occult archetypes – Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

> "…living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can…presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there."

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical

self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

> ” …a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man.Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess – the real Mistress of Earth – to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She – as one of The Dark Gods – is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (”visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.
>
> Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were – and are – regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship…”

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers*… This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You’re safe – provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you’re a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they’re made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you’re a really powerful magickian – a great Occultist – or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don’t upset the system of causal abstractions we’ve put into place; (3) we’ll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends – our mix-n-match – from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you’ll feel you’ve discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don’t actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you’ve been a good boy or girl, we’ll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk – like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real – are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as “Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries…” and “*I command the powers*…”

Yeah, right – mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes – we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos…

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

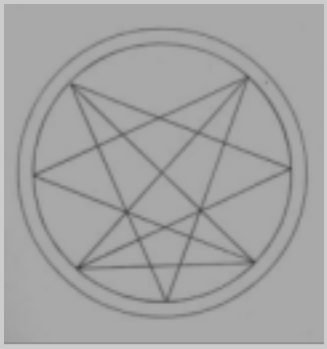
> " When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions….."

That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonic change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban – tribal – human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation – and respect for – what is non-human and un-natural. The other – the Magian way – is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they – some puny, mortal, human being – can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some "thing" they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with – and ultimately control – the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.

Lianna of the Darky Sox
Order of Nine Angles
121yf



Noobs, Trolls, Critics, and The Futility of Discussions

For nearly a quarter of a century, people have been discussing, criticizing, and asking questions about, the Order of Nine Angles – with, in the past decade, a lot of this occurring via the medium of the Internet.

On some occasions, over the past decade or so, a few ONA members or associates have engaged in such public discussions – often as a personal learning experience – as the ONA OG has published, in the past twenty or so years, some guides about, and/or explanations or clarifications concerning, topics that noobs have repeatedly enquired about, and/or which people have repeatedly criticized the ONA about or repeatedly misunderstood, out of ignorance, mundanity, or a desire to somehow try and discredit the ONA.

Such popular topics have included: (1) The Dark Gods, and the relation, or otherwise, of our mythos to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft; (2) the origin and meaning of our term The Nine Angles; (3) culling; (4) the veracity of our aural traditions; and (5) the political orientation of the ONA.

In addition, in the past thirty years – and especially in the last decade – the ONA has released and made available, without restriction and without any copyright, a vast amount of information about its particular sinister system, its Way, and its mythos. Indeed, the ONA has produced and released more esoteric and practical texts about The Left Hand Path and Satanism than both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set combined, as it has produced many well-written and easy to read guides, such as *Naos*, and *A Complete Guide to Satanism*, and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Even a cursory, unbiased, perusal of ONA works suffices to show that the ONA has a complex, and original, esoteric philosophy and sinister ontology, something evident from its use of unique, specialist, esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, Drecc, presencing, sinister-numen, Vindex, sinister-empaths, hubriati, Rounwytha, *etcetera*.

Given this plethora of information, it is fair to say – as we have done on numerous occasions – that the answers to questions people ask about us are “all out there”, just as the truth, esoteric and otherwise, about claims made against us can be found among our published works, the majority of which works are, or which have been, available via the medium of the Internet.

Thus, if individuals – noobs – are seriously interested in the ONA, they can *and should* find the answers to whatever questions they may have, just as if someone reads some criticism of the ONA, or reads about some accusation made against the ONA or those alleged to be involved with it, then they can discover the truth of the matter for themselves by perusing our work.

We simply do not care if they cannot be bothered to do this, for whatever reason or reasons. Thus, they can go on believing the propaganda, the lies, the disinformation, of others, about us, as they can continue with their personal prejudice or their assumptions about us. Noobs can continue to flounder about, asking questions on Internet forums, and receiving no response from us, directly or indirectly. Trolls can continue trying to provoke us to respond.

We do not care about such things because if people cannot be bothered to find out for themselves, then they are mundanes, and will most likely remain so. As such, they are irrelevant – they do not have an inner sinister-changeling to nurture and develope; they lack the qualities Dreccs and others of our sinister kind require.

Similarly, we do not care about "proving our tradition, our mythos" by reference to some scholarly work, or some historical "evidence", or whatever – for what is important is that our mythos is *sinisterly-numinous*, and thus an aspect of a living tradition, a living esoteric Way. It is a mythos, and so inspires, it provokes, it is Occult – and thus has its own species of "truth"; and if some noob, some wannabe satanist, or some mundane, does not understood this, or sense this, then we do not care. We do not care if people continue to commit the *Aquino fallacy*, and so believe that we are just one person.

The Irrelevance of Mundanes

In the same way, we do not care if people criticize us, spread lies and disinformation about us, make silly or spurious claims about us and the members of our collective, or continue to write about and speak about their own delusions regarding us. They and their criticisms, their lies, their disinformation, their delusions about us, their claims about us, are all irrelevant.

Why? Because our system works. Because the ONA mythos does and has done and will do what it was intended to do. It is a practical – a sinister and Occult – system, designed to be used; designed to produce sinister change within and exterior to individuals.

If people use it, and it works for them, excellent. One more Presencing of The Dark; one more Drecc, or one more nexion, or the birth of one more sinister tribe. One more human assimilated into our sinister collective.

If they use it and it does not work for them or even harms them or others – we do not care, for they failed (they should have read and understood our a-moral, sinister, disclaimer). If they cannot be bothered to try it – or prefer instead some other, rival, system – we do not care. Mundanes will be

mundanes; and remain irrelevant unless and until they can be used by our kind for some sinister purpose.

Given that our system works, we have no need to defend it, to hype it, to market it, to explain it to noobs and mundanes. We – SONAK, the Sinister ONA Kollective – let out working and practical sinister system speak for itself.

PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

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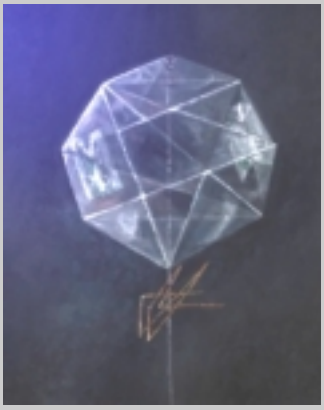


The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

> " The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *arete.* "

Inwardly, the true Dark – the sinister – Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten – or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs – is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

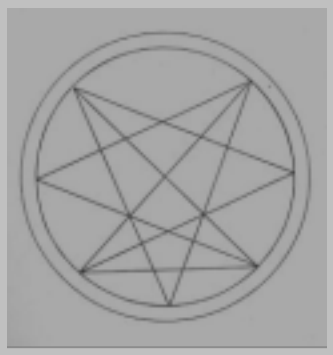
Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within

which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse – The Master Acausal Sorcerer – you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to – to gain – Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

> "...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

> " ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....
>
> One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develope our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

> " Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

> " Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death,

> and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

> For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

> "...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as

Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

> We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in

> the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.
> *Warriors of The Dark Way*

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.

The Left Hand Path – A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set

While the Temple of Set (hereinafter abbreviated ToS) refers to itself as a Left Hand Path (LHP) organization – and while many academics have accepted this, and have given various definitions of the LHP [1] – The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) defines the LHP in such a way that the ToS fails to meet any of the criteria for being a LHP group.

The LHP and the ONA

According to the ONA's own definition of the LHP:

> The LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. (*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, according to the ONA [2], the essential attribute of the LHP is that it is a-moral, and un-dogmatic, placing no restrictions, moral, legal or otherwise, on the individual, and – importantly – allowing and encouraging the individual to learn by their own practical experience, and by their mistakes. For the ONA, this practical, unguided, experience, is central to their system of esoteric training, and to their own esoteric philosophy [3] – with the ONA saying that the only way for individuals to learn, to progress, along the LHP is by plunging directly into *practical* experience, both amoral (in the real world), and esoteric. According to the ONA:

> " Words, ideas, symbols, writings, and all such transient causal forms, are only intimations; perchance the beginnings of inspiration. Beyond such things – a necessary beyond – are the deeds, the acts, the magick, that each and every Initiate and Adept must do to presence the Dark: the practical experiencing which alone breeds the knowing of the Sinister.
>
> Those who decry such practical things – such action, in the world, such dark deeds – are feeble; they are not of-us. They belong to the Old Order, which festers still, which still infects the world with its cosmic-denial, its pathetic anti-evolutionary materialism, its vapid egotism, its dogma of duality, of "good" and "evil", and its limiting of each and every individual. We, on the contrary, proudly defy – as we proudly announce that we know we can be, we should be, more than we are – that we have the potential to change ourselves, to reach out into the Cosmos; to evolve; to become like gods… They of the Old Order stifle the potentiality of our being while we who pledge ourselves to bringing the acausal down to this Earth are of the new Cosmic Order yet to be: we, the future, who despise everything that belongs to, that clings to, the little ones of the Old Order who

> scurry about in their vanity and material concerns. We have the strength to dream great dreams – to be bold in our visions, in our quest; while they would have us all go back down to their low animal level. We have the strength to know we are a new race, a new breed of human beings, taking evolution ever upward by our magick and our deeds." Anton Long, *Bringing The Acausal Down*. Dated 116yf

In addition, for the ONA, a LHP individual, and a LHP group, organization or association, are genuinely subversive, and opposed to hierarchical authority and the *status quo*. The ONA uncompromisingly – and quite logically – make this subversion a practical one, affirming that one of their aims is:

> " …to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen (that is, 2010 CE)

The ONA thus despise what it calls "the societies and the laws of the mundanes", as it states, quite openly, that it approves both of people "breaking and ignoring the laws of the mundanes" and of what it calls culling, which is an ONA euphemism for human sacrifice. [4]

As the ONA state:

> " …we are subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies. " Anton Long, *The War Against The Mundanes*. Dated 120 Year of Fayen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen and The LHP

It would be a mistake, however, to assume or to conclude that the ONA was just a loose association of lawless individualistic and amoral anarchists and criminals who just happen to have an interest in the Occult, and specifically, an interest in The Dark Arts.

For the ONA champions – and indeed makes one of its criteria for being *of the ONA* – what is calls The Law of The Sinister-Numen, which it describes as the Law of their New Aeon, and the basis for their long-term aim of creating a Dark, Galactic, Imperium.

Yet one might well ask – how does this The Law of The Sinister-Numen, or indeed, any law – fit into the above ONA definition of the LHP where it is stated that *there is nothing that is not permitted*? For surely a law, any type of law, even a so-called sinister one, makes something forbidden?

To answer this question, we have to delve into the complexities of the ONA's own esoteric philosophy. In respect of illegal deeds, the ONA provides an interesting and pertinent answer:

> *What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?*
>
> We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes.* Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen…
>
> The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the "order" that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called "justice" is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane "law and order", such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.
>
> Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our "family", to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.
>
> Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.
> *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

That is, while the ONA totally and utterly rejects all the laws and restrictions of all currently existing societies, States and nations – and encourages its members to transgress, flout and break these laws and restrictions – it makes a fundamental and crucial distinction between "the mundanes" and themselves: between their members, their own kind, and everyone else. For the ONA, you are either with them – if only by nature and aspiration – or you are a mundane. Furthermore, they affirm that they – their sinister kind – are or should be grouped or organized into tribes, however small, and that it is for these feral

groups to make their own laws, and determine their own limits.

Crucially, the ONA state that *an individual can either join an existing sinister tribe, or form their own new one*. That is, the choice is theirs, and it is in this freedom to join an existing tribe or form their own that the ONA manifests its LHP nature according to its own definition of the LHP.

What, however, makes and what marks these feral groups as ONA, as sinister, tribes? What makes them different from, say, just an urban gang? The ONA answers that it is adherence to their own Law of The Sinister-Numen, which law basically says: be loyal and do your duty to your new extended family (your tribe, or gang) and mistrust everyone else, and see everyone who are not of our own kind as enemies.

Which leads us to ask why? What advantage is there is adhering to such a Law?

According to the ONA:

> ” Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality – like all religious dogma and all laws – takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.
>
> For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who – developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking – can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this “meaning” be described by such limited, causal terms as “morality”, and evil and law – based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can – in some circumstances – be manifest in our own causal continuum. ” Anton Long. *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*. Dated 120 Year of Fayen

Furthermore, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen*, their law of their type honour (which honour applies to only those of their own kind) is an expression, a manifestation – or, as they call it, *a presencing* – of acausal energy [5].

Thus, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen* is a means whereby the individual can achieve, know, and live, their unique wyrd (that is, their Aeonic, their Cosmic, their esoteric or true, Destiny) because by living according to this Law they are accessing and increasing their own stock of acausal

energy, and this – as per the quote above – liberates them from the restrictions of abstractions, from the tyranny of the laws, and the societies of the mundanes, and so on.

The ONA, therefore, have developed [6] a new type of synergy, a new kind of symbiosis, expressed as this new synergy and symbiosis are in what they term their sinister, their darkly-numinous, tribes:

> ” Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest – made real and practical – by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. “ *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

For the ONA, their sinister law, their tribes, are an expression of the essence of the genuine LHP – of individuals learning from practical, sinister, experience, and rejecting, in all possible ways, the conventions, laws, societies and morality, of the mundanes. Furthermore, according to the ONA:

> “…to know and to live our wyrd – is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and numinous (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such honourable (numinous) co-operation with others of our own kind (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved in (numinous) co-operation with others.” *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

The only distinction which the ONA make, therefore, morally, and practically, is that between themselves – those who uphold their own type of law, manifest in their law of warrior honour – and those who do not (outsiders, mundanes), with those of the ONA being fiercely loyal to, and only honourable to, only their own kind. And it is their own kind – and only their own kind – that their own Law applies, with this Law (and thus joining or being part of, or forming their own, sinister tribe) being seen as one of the main practical means whereby an individual can discover and then live their own unique wyrd.

The Clashing of Sinister Tribes

Since the esoteric, LHP, philosophy of the ONA allows people of its own kind to either join an existing ONA tribe or to form their own tribe, the question arises as to what, if any, restraints, are placed on rivalry – armed, or otherwise – between ONA tribes?

The answer the ONA gives is simple, and quite in line with its LHP approach – there are no restraints, no limits imposed, for it is up to each tribe, or more specifically, to its leader or chief, to decide whether or not to co-operate with other ONA tribes. That is, the ONA allows the sinister dialectic, the natural

evolution of the sinister, to take effect [8]. There is, thus, a kind of *survival of the most sinister*, which may be considered quite apt, given the sinister nature of the ONA itself.

Hence, each tribe has complete autonomy, as each ONA individual has the autonomy to join any tribe, or form one of their own.

Furthermore, while such co-operation, among various ONA tribes, is not mandatory or even seen as something to be striven for, it is certainly possible, given what the ONA describes as its practical war against the mundanes and the "forces of law and order" of the mundanes.

The Temple of Set and the LHP

In 1985 CE, The Temple of Set officially proscribed the ONA for its amorality and its affirmation of human sacrifice [9]. This meant that members of the ToS were forbidden from joining the ONA, or associating with members of the ONA, or from aiding the ONA in any way.

In addition, according to official guidelines issued by the ToS [10] every Setian should respect and report "abuse" to what it calls "the proper authorities", by which it means the government. Indeed, the ToS – with its government-given accreditation as a religious grouping (recognized, for example by the US Army), and by its own teachings – accepts the Setians should "obey the law of the land", generally be good citizens, and that they should regard "the Life of humanity" as sacred.

Thus, while there is generally, in the ToS, a lot of talk about empowerment and even liberation – it is empowerment and liberation of the individual only insofar as it harms nobody and does not bring one into conflict with the State or its laws. Furthermore, to even apply to joining the ToS, an individual has to provide them – along with a sum of money – with the following:

(1) Your full legal name [no pseudonyms] and sex.

(2) Your complete mailing address.

(3) E-mail address if you have one.

(4) Daytime and evening telephone numbers.

(5) Photocopy of an identity card (such as driver's license) with your date of birth

That is, a person has to surrender to the ToS everything the ToS needs or might need to pass onto "the proper authorities" – what the ONA would call to the mundanes – if the Setian ever transgresses the law.

Thus, not only is a person expected to, somewhat naively, trust, with personal details, a hierarchical organization of which they initially have no intimate knowledge or experience of, but the person is also

expected to – and crucially – trust the judgement of that hierarchical organization. And trust in two important ways – first, as to whether they are deemed "acceptable" for membership; and second, whether their conduct as Setians (if they are accepted) continues to be acceptable.

In effect, the ToS demands – makes it a condition of acceptance and of continued membership – that the individual abides by the standards set by the ToS and by the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS.

Furthermore, the experience and learning offered by the ToS is almost entirely of the theoretical kind, of the mind, for *"Setians seek to control and sanctify their own minds…"* and seek to attain and develope Xepher, which basically means to feel one is a separate, distinct, individual and to have an enlightened (non-harmful) self-interest.

Therefore, for the ToS, the LHP is, in the words of one long-standing member:

> "…one of concentration and refinement of the self, leading toward more and more individuality and more and more individualism…"

provided, of course, that this refinement does not conflict with either the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS itself, or with the laws and morality of what the ONA calls *the mundanes*. Which, in general, such a ToS refinement would not be in conflict with, since the methods and the means of the ToS are fundamentally, like those of the Nazarene religion, *interior* ones, where such exercises as *The Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius of Loyola* – and the quest for the love of God – are replaced by Occult meditations and Occult practices done in some suitably adorned Temple or in the company of suitably like-minded individuals intent on attaining their own non-harmful self-interest – otherwise known, among Setians, as Xepher – and of using whatever Occult skills they might acquire to aid themselves, other Setians, and humanity itself.

The Prince of Darkness, for the ToS and for Setians, thus appears as a rather benign, and somewhat mis-understood, figure – He who gives the gift of Xepher, provided that no laws are broken, provided the ToS approves, and provided that one holds fast to the sacredness of all life.

Conclusion

While our overview of the ToS may seem somewhat cursory, it is deliberately so, given the quantity and availability of material about the ToS currently available, from both academics and others, including many published books. But even this overview of the ToS – when contrasted to the esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA as outlined above – should suffice to show the stark differences between the two organizations.

The ONA is fundamentally [11] a loose, non-hierarchical subversive association of clandestine cells and tribes, whose praxis is quintessentially practical and amoral, and which association condones and encourages culling (the taking of human life) and the transgression of the laws of all existing States. The

ONA positively encourages anonymity and the adoption of alternative identities, which alternate identities governments regard as illegal and/or a security threat. There is no formal ONA membership, and certainly no membership fees. All ONA material is copyleft and available to everyone, there being no "secret teachings for members only". Most ONA material is freely available on the Internet.

The ToS is fundamentally a hierarchical organization, opposed to the taking of human life (unless sanctioned by some government law or authority, of course), whose praxis is quintessentially interior and conventionally moralistic. The ToS positively discourages anonymity, and demands, as a condition of membership, to know, and to have government approved proof of, a person's identity. The ToS requires its members to abide by certain conventional moral guidelines [12]. The ToS has a formal membership, with yearly membership fees. Most ToS teachings and materials are "copyright" and "secret" and available for members only, with members allowed access to certain "higher teachings" only if the ToS hierarchy approves of their personal conduct.

Which one of these two groups, therefore, is Left Hand Path, and which would *The Prince of Darkness* prefer?

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE
(Updated Feb 2010 CE)

Footnotes

(1) For an overview see, for example, (a) Kennet Granholm: *Theoretical and Methodological Musings on the Scholarly Use of the Term Satanism*, 2009 CE; (b) Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE; and (c) Stephen Flowers: *Lords of the Left Hand Path*, 1997

(2) While we write here about "the ONA" and its unique esoteric philosophy and praxis, we might just as well write about *Anton Long* and his unique esoteric philosophy, since nearly all of the writings of the ONA – with only a few exceptions over more than three decades – are by him, credited or uncredited. All the ONA writings references here, in this essay, are by him, and it is certainly Anton Long who has devised the complex esoteric philosophy of the ONA, often developing unique terms, or assigning unique meanings to others, in the process – terms such as acausal, presencing, nexion, Rounwytha, The Sinister Way, Aeonic Magick, Sinister Dialectic, Acausal-Thinking; Sinister-Empathy, Law of the Sinister-Numen, and so on.

(3) For an overview of the practical way of the ONA, and of their esoteric philosophy, refer for example to (a) *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*; (b) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; and, in particular, (c) *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

(4) In a recent comment on culling, the ONA states:

> ” …all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes. Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species. ” *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

(5) Refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles* where it is stated that “our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.”

(7) Some critics of the ONA might argue, however, that the ONA has only evolved an existing type of human symbiosis, that of the tribe, not developed an entirely new one. However, refer to Anton Long’s recent missive A New Sinister Life-form, where some more detail of the ONA type is described.

[8] Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

[9] *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

[10] See, for example, ToS documents, such as *On Life and its sanctity*.

[11] Refer to *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

[12] See, for example, the letters from Michael Aquino, produced in facsimile in *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

A New Sinister Lifeform

Does it bother you that someone has recently publicly announced that he is leaving the Order of Nine Angles?

No. These things happen all the time, and have done so ever since I became involved with The Dark Tradition, over forty years ago, now. Indeed, if such things did *not* happen, it might cause us to briefly wonder if we had somehow strayed from our Sinister Way, for we are, after all, an élite, and will be for a century or more, at least, until we have assimilated and made like us, and so evolved, a certain particular percentage of the human species dwelling on this planet we call Earth.

Furthermore, even if such individuals do leave, do renounce their Sinister Quest, many of them are or have been in some or in many ways changed by their encounter with us and by our Dark Tradition. In addition, some of those leaving – if they had advanced to a particular point in their quest – are still bound by a certain oath they gave, and are fully aware of the consequences of failing to abide by certain conditions of that oath, for such conditions and such consequences were explained to them before they took that dark and binding oath.

Can you explain your comment – "if such things did not happen"?

Since one of our primary aims is to be the genesis of a new human species – a new type, a new breed, of human beings – it is to be expected, and indeed necessary, that our means, our ways, are selective over a period of causal Time.

In addition, there will also be some who, despite their potential and the promise they may show, cannot adapt to the changes required to become part of this new breed. To use a rather inexact but otherwise appropriate metaphor, some human beings cannot be assimilated into our new sinister collective, our élite, because they, for whatever biological or other reason, do not or cannot change in flux with us and in flux with acausal energies presenced over periods of causal Time. That is, they lack or cannot acquire our needed ability to adapt, to shapeshift, as we, of the ONA collective, adapt and shapeshift over the years and the decades of causal Time because of our basal, sinister, Dark, acausally-imbued, nature: which is that of a new living-being presenced in the causal continuum, currently only presenced here, on this planet we call Earth.

We – collectively – are a whole new type of living-being, which is why I said that the metaphor (•*εταφορ*•) was both somewhat inexact, and yet otherwise appropriate.

What exactly is this new type of living being?

This new living-being – our new lifeform – which exoterically is still called, or named, the ONA, is a new type of sinister collective, wherein the new evolved, unique, individual is balanced, through evolution and a sinister presencing such as is manifest in our sinister tribes, with those acausal energies which are the essence of upward, evolutionary, Cosmic change. One aspect of such acausal energies is our developed ability of acausal-knowing.

That is, we represent, we manifest, a new symbiosis where our developed and unique individuality – manifest in our Law of the Sinister-Numen – works with others *of our own sinister kind* to achieve certain sinister aims, because such a working, such a co-operation, in now inherent in our nature, as the life-form we are, we have become, we have evolved to be.

However, some individuals who may associate with us for some period of causal Time, or who may have even been part of us, once, cannot or will not adapt to function as part of our sinister collective, often because they do not possess our sinister nature or cannot develope enough of their own human nature to fully become of us. Thus, do they separate themselves from us, although a few may well maintain some kind of relationship with us, and may even still aid us in some or many ways to achieve our aims.

Often, but not always, such individuals as leave us cannot evolve, cannot change, cannot adapt, that old type of ultimately enervating and ultimately de-evolutionary human individuality which is so manifest in groups such as the ToSers, the CoSers, and those who imitate them, and which old type of individuality, based on following, being a slave to, one's own desires, that the Magian uses and has used to manipulate generations of human beings, especially in the so-called West.

In contrast, our individuality is sinister – an overcoming, a mastery, of ourselves and our feelings, desires, through hard, practical, experience in the real world, and by plunging into, using, glorifying in, the darkest of Dark Sorcery, and which Dark Sorcery, of course, can involve a coming-to-know at least some of the sinister living-beings of the acausal.

Thus, because of this overcoming, because of such practical experience, we are genuine Dark Warriors, and thus does our Law of the Sinister-Numen re-present *our* new type of human individuality, where we accept responsibility for ourselves, and where we regard our own, individual, honour as more important than our desires, and even our own causal mortal life, knowing as we do that there is a new type of life in the acausal.

This overcoming, this practical experience – this breeding of our new type of human – currently still takes a certain amount of causal Time, and is hard and testing. Many fail; many just give up, for whatever reason or reasons. I – we – do not care, since, as I remarked earlier, such leavings are part of our very nature, as a training ground, a boot-camp, for our new élite, although our boot-camp currently lasts for many, many, years, and our real "passing out" – in old Aeon speak, The Passing of The Abyss – occurs after around fifteen or twenty years.

Naturally, the more we presence ourselves, the more our new lifeform spreads, the shorter this period of training will become, until – perhaps a century or less from now – we can fully assimilate others into our new sinister kindred in a much much shorter span of causal Time, because by then we will have a developed social infrastructure in place, and the real practical power, to have our own training centres where we can fully train our new kind of warrior without any interference from that de-evolutionary despicable form, The State.

To achieve this, we first, of course, have to undermine, de-stabilize, and ultimately overthrow and replace, The State. Hence, our primary and immediate goals:

> (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
>
> (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;
>
> (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

For, in essence, what we currently exoterically call the ONA is only a means to produce, provoke, sinister change in the causal; to presence acausal energies and so evolve our human species, if necessary by culling those detrimental to such sinister change – or by culling those who oppose us or whose culling will serve as a warning, an example – and certainly by replacing the forms, the abstractions, the illusions, of the Old Aeon, of the Magian, by our new types of nexions, be such nexions living individual human beings, some collocation of human beings, or some causal form or forms we utilize or manufacture to presence acausal energies.

Someone recently asked: why are you still with, still committed to, the ONA, after over forty years?

Because that is my nature, because my whole adult life has been dedicated to The Sinister Way; to exploring my own limits, to experiencing and to learning; to willingly, often defiantly, going to and beyond both the light and the dark until I came to know them for the causal forms they are.

I am not unique; I should not be unique. A few others before me, in the past two millennia, have done what I have done – travelled along the Dark Path to its very ending, devoting their whole mortal lives to a sinister quest.

But few, if any, before you have been so openly heretical, and few, if any, have produced – created – the practical, effective means you have to change people, and society, to presence the sinister as you yourself might say.

I am and I have been only showing the way; only preparing the way. Exploring, charting, the realms of The Sinister. Learning as I have explored and experienced. Making a useful map of The Way which anyone can use to go where I have been, to learn what I have learnt; to presence The Dark Forces as I have begun to presence them, through and in such things as the ONA.

If some, in trying to use my map, mis-direct themselves, and fall into some deep chasm, and die, or go insane in such stark blackness as exists in such places, so what? They are irrelevant. If others, in trying to use my map, find the terrain too hard, to difficult, and go back to the safety and comfort of causal living, of being Homo Hubris, then so what? They are irrelevant.

My map can and should be updated; improved, by others who can dare, who can defy; and others still may even venture further than I have done, and so manufacture their own maps, their own charts – starful and sinister-black – of where they themselves have been.

Ultimately, we human beings have both the causal continuum and the acausal continuum to discover, to explore, to experience, to learn from: to cause us to change, and evolve ever further. There are no limits unless we in our fear and in our comfort with our smallness make and accept such limits.

Anton Long
AoB
Year of Fayen 121

Grimoire of Baphomet

According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a mature, human women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young human man.

She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made. She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperess of The Dark Gods (The Dark Immortals) - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims

when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.

Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities, some of whom have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment, and which victims die after all their life-force has been sucked away. These other entities are The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires, whose needed and necessary food is not blood, but rather that acausal energy that animates human beings and makes them alive.

These vampiric beings - shapeshifted into alluring female human form - can spawn (and according to legend have spawned) half-human offspring if they so desire and if they find a suitable human male, as they can also gift that male, or other chosen human males or females, with the gift of a much extended mortal life in the realms of the causal, and can provide such chosen ones with the opportunity to egress into the acausal and thus life as immortal acausal entities, there.

According to aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presenced in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presenced on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home.

Sinister Tradition speaks of The Dark Gods as specific living entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal continuum, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. Once, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of these acausal entities came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion. There has also been speculation about, and

some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Sinister Tradition has preserved several means - various dark rituals, ceremonies, and rites - whereby some or many of these acausal, sinister, entities can be brought back to (presenced on) this planet which we human beings call Earth.

This Grimoire gives the three most effective of these sinister rituals, ceremonies, and rites, complete with esoteric details deliberately omitted from hitherto published versions (such as in published versions of The Ceremony of Recalling), which omitted esoteric details were formerly only revealed aurally within existing sinister nexions, Temples or groups. Also given is a rite by means of which an individual human being can acquire for themselves an acausal - immortal - existence in the acausal continuum.

Order of Nine Angles
113yf

Note: The Ceremony of Recalling is the sinister ritual most often associated, past and present, with invoking Baphomet, and The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and is one of the most effective means of presencing acausal entities.

THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes, wearing a quartz necklace
Master of the Temple - in black robes
Priestess - in a red rob tied with a white sash
Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask
Priest ("The Chosen One"/Opfer) - in a white robe
Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter [Alder] to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (i.e. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

Two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Agios o Baphomet* while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil [or, if civit is not available, then Petriochor may be used, mixed with Alder] . She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the *Diabolus*. The cantors then chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* and continue with this chant until the Mistress, later in the ritual, says "So you have sown and from your seeding…"

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

<u>Master:</u>

> It is the protection and milk
> Of your breasts that I seek.

The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:

> I put my kisses at your feet.
> And kneel before you who crushes
> Your enemies and who washes
> In a basin full of their blood.
> I lift up my eyes to gaze
> Upon your beauty of body:
> You who are the daughter and a Gate
> To our Dark Gods.
> I lift up my voice to stand
> Before you my sister
> And offer my body so that
> My mage's seed may feed
> Your virgin flesh

<u>Mistress:</u>

> Kiss me and I shall make you

As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

The Master then has sexual congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant.

After the climax of the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice.

[This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.]

[During and just after the sacrifice, the Mistress as Rounwytha silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.]

After the sacrifice, the congregation cease their slow mesmeric walking and chant, and the guardian removes the empty shell of the opfer and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her.

<u>Mistress:</u>

I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead.

She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her previous choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:

No guilt shall bind you
No thought restrict!
Feast then and enjoy
The ecstasy of this life:
But ever remember
I am the wind that snatches
Your soul!

The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire, thus completing the indwelling in them. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

Notes:

1) The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honourary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not

with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child , when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and , if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the ritual sacrifice, the Guardian takes the opfer shell and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

2) If for whatever reason a willing opfer is not available, an involuntary one may be used, chosen according to sinister guidelines.

According to tradition, the one chosen by the Mistress as indwelling host would - if the Rite and indwelling were successful - be offered great reward by the entity hosted, the Mistress having previously decided before ritual a specific entity - or what type of entity - to bring forth or call.

3) Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).
The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the

realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

4) The role of Master and the task(s) of Guardian(s) may be undertaken by suitably trained ladies if the Ceremony be undertaken by a Sapphic nexion/Temple/group - although the opfer is always and must be male. Similarly, the congregation may all be female.

The Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles

The rite may be undertaken - in northern climes - on or near to either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih nexion) or the winter solstice (for Algol nexion) or, for any including southern and equatorial climes, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

For Dabih, the most propitious (effective) causal time is when Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it.

The rite should be performed in an underground cavern, if possible where water flows, or near to where water flows, and involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant [qv. the ONA MS NAOS], together with a congregation of male and female, or all male, or all female, depending on the orientation of the participants. A large crystal tetrahedron made of pure quartz is required - the larger, the more effective the rite. Each member of the congregation should also have with them small crystal tetrahedrons, which they hold in their hands during the rite, and each member of the congregation should also be trained in sinister Esoteric Chant.

The rite can also be performed in a suitably sized crypt, with good acoustics. Whatever the venue chosen - and a natural cavern is best - the only light should be from candles.

The large crystal should be placed on a preferably oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the

crystal, while the congregation (of at least six) form an ellipse around them. The congregation slowly dance moonwise and chant the "Atazoth" chant, as while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

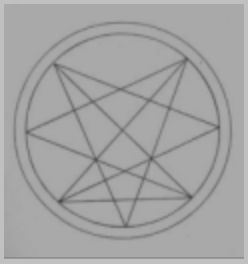
After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Nexion and its rending.

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin to slowly walk, counter moonwise, chanting *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition. While the Cantors continue chanting the Priest and Priestess begin their acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, directing their energies toward the crystal.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

It is the Priestess - as Rounwytha - who silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.

The Priestess will signal the success of the rite by taking the hand of the one chosen as host and placing both hands of the host on the crystal.



The Rite of The Star Game

The Rite of The Star Game is the simplest - and yet most complex - rite to call forth sinister acausal-entities from the acausal continuum, and requires either one or two individuals (cliologists). It is one of the most effective - the most powerful - rites known to us.

The rite is simple in that it involves only one or two individuals, and no chants, or ritualized elements, and no large crystal tetrahedron. It is complex, because it involves - as will become clear - the individual or individuals in determining, beforehand, various star patterns associated with particular acausal entities, it being an important part of the rite itself for the cliologist or cliologists to do this themselves, for it represents the necessary psychic (esoteric/magickal) preparation, and the necessary development of required Dark Art skills.

Both versions involve the construction of a large Advanced Star Game [qv. NAOS; pp.122ff of the ONA pdf facsimile], which has 308 squares and 90 pieces, and for this rite the pieces must all be made of quartz, and shaped as tetrahedrons. The boards can be either perspex, or wood.

The rite for one individual involves playing the game, starting from the initial set up of the pieces as given in NAOS, to achieve a particular pattern of pieces - determined beforehand - on boards to re-present the particular astronomical star alignment chosen, associated as this is with the particular acausal entity called forth.

That is, the cliologist sets out to map - by mimesis - the region of causal Space-Time as represented by stellar pointers (stars, viewed/described from Earth). That is, a particular region of the causal continuum is mapped, using stars, and which stars are re-presented by the pieces of the Star Game and their positions on the seven boards.

When the desired pattern is achieved, the cliologist uses the Star Game as the nexion - or rather, the alchemical combination of cliologist and completed Star Game becomes the nexion, and opens them to the acausal. The desired entity then manifests, and most usually indwells the cliologist, unless the cliologist has made provision for another human form to be available (willing or unwilling) nearby, and directs the entity into that chosen human form.

The rite for two cliologists is similar to the above, except that one cliologist plays to try and prevent the other achieving the desired pattern, and instead seeks to achieve their own pattern. Of necessity, this rite is much longer, but all the more powerful for that, and in this version the loser becomes the indwelling host for the acausal entity (or vice versa, if desired).

Both versions of the Game - for one or two cliologists - require that the game be completed without interruption of any kind, and thus the place chosen for the rite should allow for this.

Notes:

1) Stellar Pointers

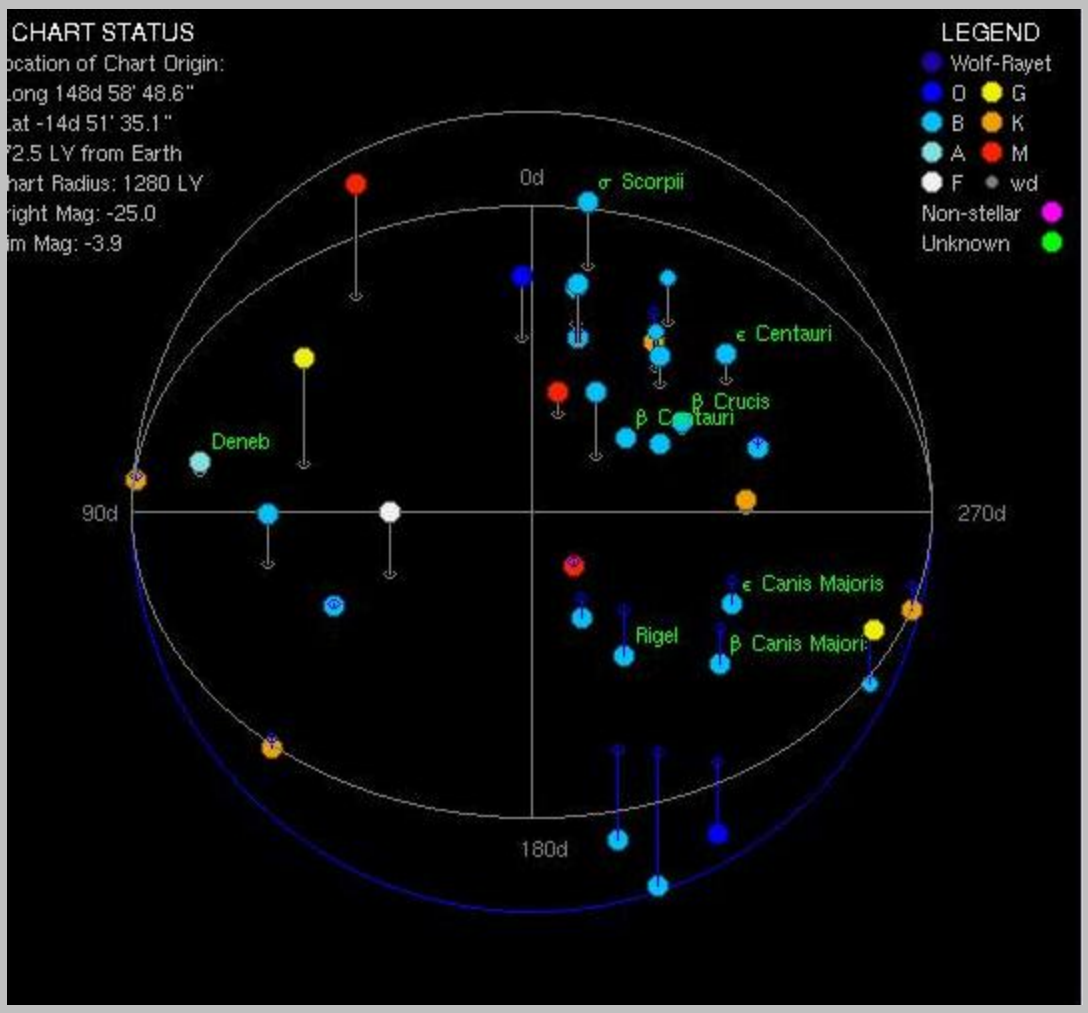
Each acausal entity known to us, via tradition and/or sinister experience, is associated with a particular star, or a particular collocation of stars, that is, a particular region in causal Space-Time.

Thus, the star Naos is associated with one entity; Algol with another, and Dabih with yet another. Deneb, for instance, is associated with a particularly powerful "female" acausal-entity, and so on. That is, each such star is near to or associated with an actual physical nexion between the causal and acausal, where direct physical movement (travel) between causal and acausal is possible.

In particular, each named board of the Star Game - for example, Sirius - has an associated acausal-entity, and these Star Game associated entities can be deduced from an initiated study of how each board relates to the Septenary Tree of Wyrd (ToW). For instance, the star-board associated with Mercury has the exoteric "word" Satan associated with it, so that in this case the entity is obvious. The alchemical season associated with this level/sphere of the ToW is Scorpio, which is one propitious season to "invoke" this particular entity. [See NAOS for the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and correspondences.]

As for the area to be mapped, this is for the cliologist to decide/determine, although the image below should serve as a guide, with the centre of this particular image being a certain star associated with a certain acausal entity. Thus, each star shown in that image would be re-presented by a particular piece, with its position in the image (its relation to the other stars, and the "point of origin") being its position on a particular board or square in the Star Game. In this particular image, the origin - the nexion - is some light-years in causal distance from Earth, with the stellar mapping area itself having a radius

of over one thousand light-years.



Thus, if the star at the centre of this particular image was chosen, then the aim - the magickal rite - is to re-present, by mimesis, this star-chart by means of the pieces and the boards of the advanced Star Game.

Note, that if the level of complexity is as in this image (which is the suggested level), then all other pieces on the boards must be removed *by the process of playing the game* so that only the correct number of pieces - *each one a star* - remain in their correct positions. Complexity here is determined by the chosen radius mapping area, and by the type, and apparent stellar magnitude, of the stars chosen to be mapped.

Hence, if, for example, the entity exoterically known as Satan was to be "invoked", the centre of the star mapping would be the star, Sirius, with the cliologist choosing the complexity by deciding on how many light years beyond

Sirius were to be mapped, and what type of stars to be included.

2) Boards and Levels

In the advanced Star Game, each board has four levels, representing the three plus one of the one causal metric that is that "one board". Level 1 is the lower board itself, of nine white and nine black squares. Level two is above level one on both ends of level 1, and thus has two parts, which are both directly above the squares of level 1. Level three consists of two squares only, set outward from level 1 at both ends (that is, there is one outward square above level 2 on each side). Level 4 has eight squares, 4 at either end above level 1 and directly above the squares of level 1.

The Rite of Acausal Existence

According to sinister tradition, it is possible - without the gift provided by an acausal entity such as a Dark Daughter of Baphomet - for an individual human being to acquire for themselves an acausal existence, that is, for their consciousness to be transferred to, to indwell, an acausal being; or more specifically for an acausal form to be created for such an indwelling, which form then passes into the acausal.

The rite of transference exists in two forms, and the one described here is the most efficacious, and requires a minimum of three opfers (nine are best), who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in or near to, the place chosen for what is perhaps the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all. The rite be either performed alone by a single Rounwytha, or by two if those two have pledged themselves to end their mortal existence together and transfer instead to the acausal. Given the nature of the rite, the opfers will not be voluntary, with the rite itself being undertaken in a secure indoor place, or in an isolated secure outdoor location, although a suitable outdoor location is increasingly difficult to find.

As with the Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles, propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The rite itself requires a large double tetrahedron, made of quartz, which is suspended by some non-conductive material (such as filaments of hemp or flax) woven to hold the crystal and to allow it to be touched by both of the Rounwytha's hands. It is suspended at shoulder height, and within an ellipse of nine smoothed elliptical stones made from pre-Cambrian rock, with this ellipse being of sufficient size to accommodate within it he/she (or those two) undertaking the rite. Next to each and in front of each elliptical stone is a stone slab also of pre-Cambrian rock, sufficient in size for a human head. The semi-major axis of the ellipse should be aligned East-West, and the first stone and its associated stand should be on this axis, with the other stones/stands placed so as to have unequal spacing between them.

Once the crystal, stones and stands have been set out as required, and the other necessary arrangements made, the Rounwytha should undertake a Black Fast, lasting no less than a day for each opfer, and neither speak nor venture forth into daylight during this Fast nor have any contact with any other living causally-dwelling being, human or otherwise, with the exception of their partner who is sharing in the Rite, if such a partner there be.

At the chosen hour, the rite proper begins by the first opfer being brought into the centre of the ellipse, to lie on the ground/floor so that the suspended crystal is above them. The opfer may be bound or otherwise restrained.

The Rounwytha then despatches the opfer by suitable means - such as using a sacrificial knife or sword - until the head is severed with the Rounwytha during this task silently concentrating and directing the acausal-energy, released by such an offering, toward the suspended crystal. The head of the opfer is then placed on the slab on the semi-major axis of the ellipse, and the human shell, denuded of acausal energy, is removed, and replaced by the next opfer. If required, the Rounwytha may place his/her hands upon the opfer as the acausal energy seeps out, and then place their hands upon the crystal.

This process is continued until all the opfers have served their designated purpose, when the Rounwytha(s) removes the crystal from its holder, and holding the crystal to them, ignites (if indoors and if required) the flammable material surrounding them, and consumes the phial of their chosen swift acting poison, while directing their own acausal energy into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.

Notes:

1) According to tradition, the Rounwytha desirous of undertaking this rite will do so when their causal life is already beginning to fade, by a natural causal ageing, or other means. Given their acausal-empathy, they will know when this time is near, and will plan accordingly.

2) While not a necessity, the Rounwytha may desire to dispose of as much material as possible after their departure, and therefore may choose to conduct the rite in a suitable place (for example, a building of combustible material such as wood) and spread sufficient quantities of flammable liquid in the chosen area. Or they may elect to operate some explosive device.

3) It is also possible for this particular rite to be performed under non-ritual circumstances when, for example, an individual-explosive-device may be employed in a combat-type situation with the opfers being "enemies". Here, the stones and other ceremonial trappings are dispensed with, although the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should still possess, if possible, a double tetrahedron, made of quartz, sufficient in size to be concealed but not so small that it could be concealed in the palm of just one hand. If this method is chosen, for whatever reason, the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should at the moment of detonation hold the crystal in one hand (if this be possible) and intone *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* while directing their own acausal energy and that of their targets into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.

Appendix

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they

possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has *n* number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being.* This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the

causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and

our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develope, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develope, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develope our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presenced in living beings, in Nature, and/or presenced in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, bur rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see"or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The

Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (”visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan – or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet – as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve

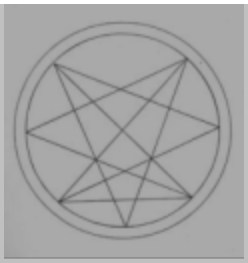
ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".



ONA Manuscripts
Main Category: Traditional Satanism
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Date: 113yf
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Grimoire of Baphomet - Dark Goddess

Order of Nine Angles

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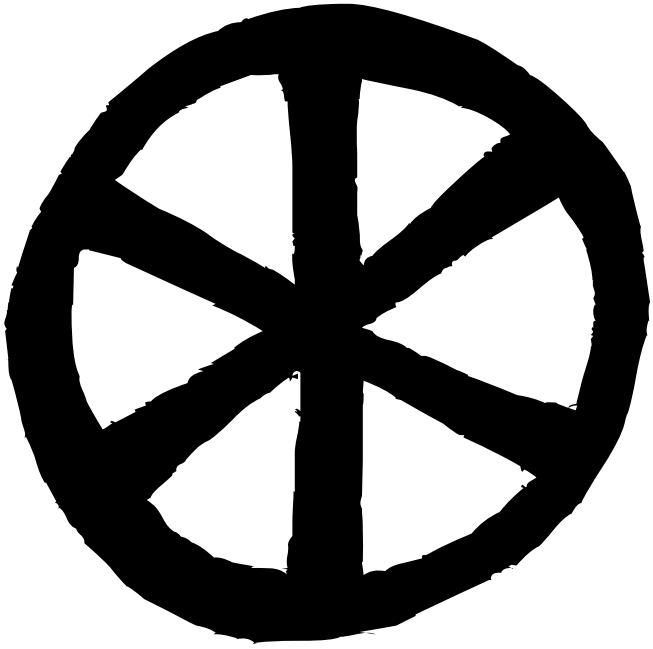
Order of Nine Angles

”Septenary Tree of Wyrd”

Sphere of Jupiter

The Sinister Tarot

By Christos Beest



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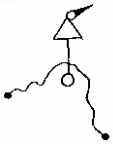


The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head
While the Seer weaves

PHYSIS – GA WATH AM

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

I

Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

MAGICKIAN – BINAN ATH

Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons.
Actions that prepare the way.

II

She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps :
The Hermaphrodite,
The body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

HIGH PRIESTESS - MACTORON

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

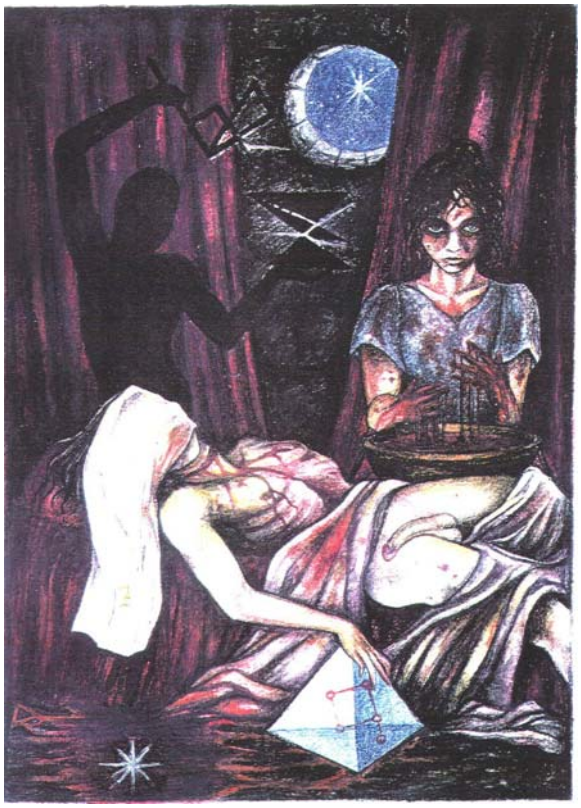
III

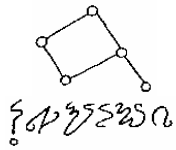
From a mountain of skulls
Blue trees
A rose garden cracks
Two women walk through;
The corpse in a wedding dress
No longer guides
Four waterfalls flood the Earth
And books become ash …

MISTRESS OF EARTH - DAVCINA

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

IV



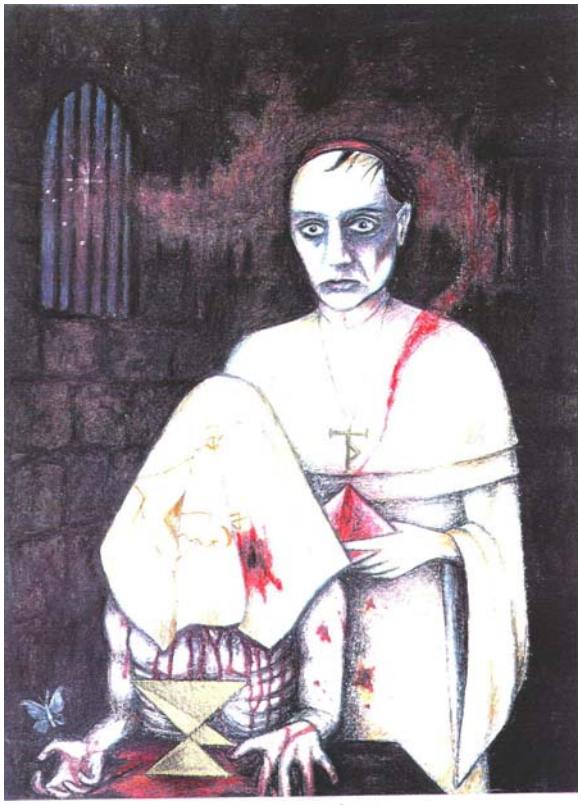


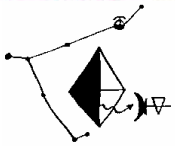
The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star
The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other
And ever Darker, Recall.

LORD OF EARTH - KTHUNAE

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrd and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

V





The depths of the sea
A tunnel of knives
There is a union here
While he directs the Chosen
Rage in the Eye
Of the Goat –
The golden triangle
Stands against a sky of fire

MASTER - ATAZOTH

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

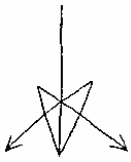
VI

Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

LOVERS – KARU SAMSU

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

VII



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon …

AZOTH - SATANAS

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

VIII

Their Name …
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

CHANGE - NEKALAH

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrd - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

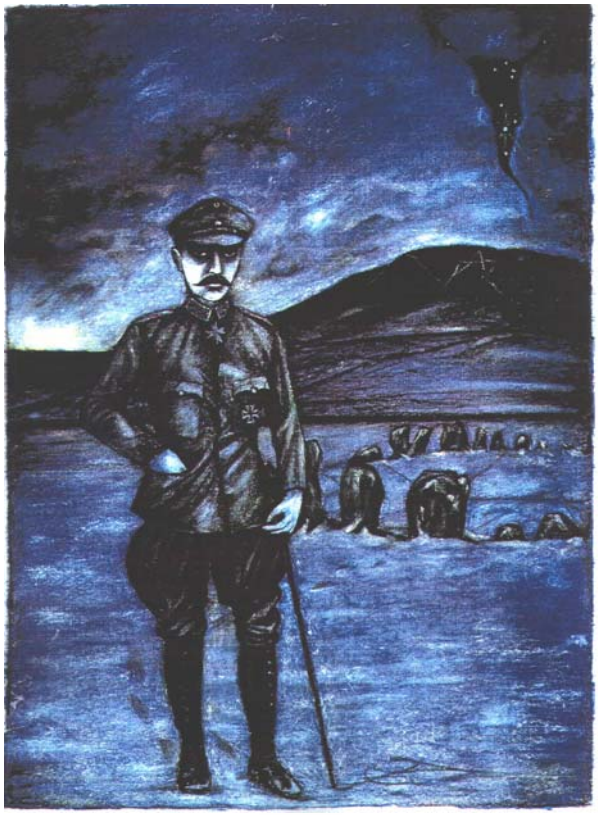
IX

A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

HERMIT - SAUROCTONOS

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

X

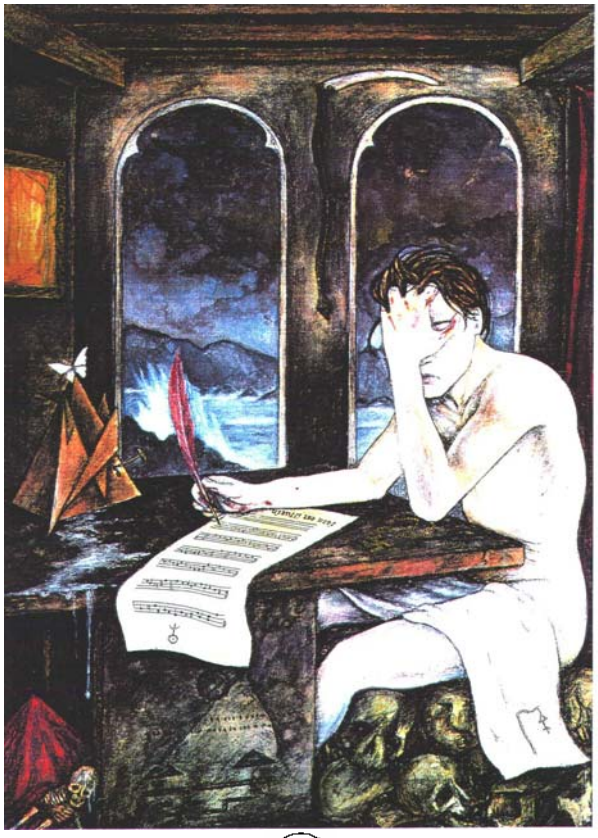


In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.

WYRD - AZANIGIN

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things – 'fate' etc.

XI

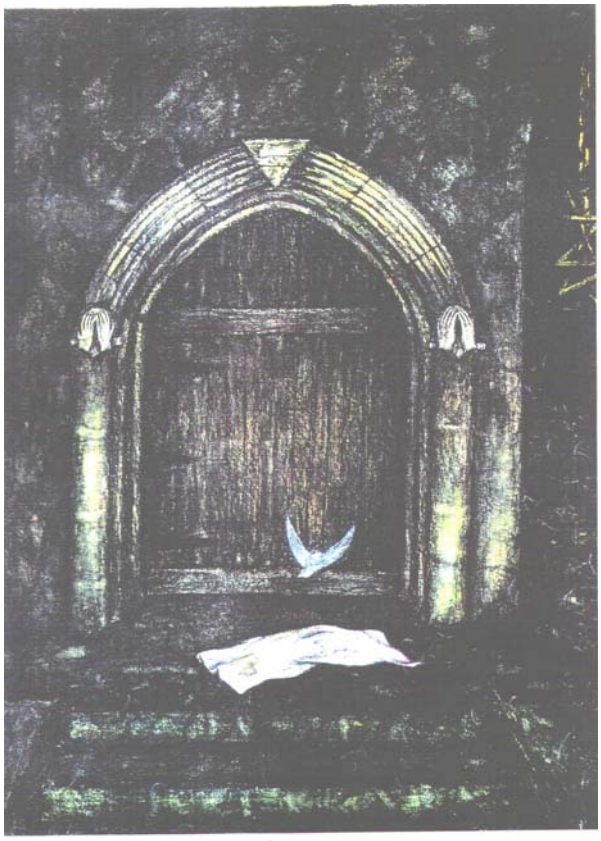


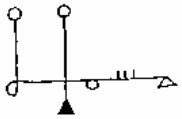
Autumn –
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm …

DESIRE - LIDAGON

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VII.

XII





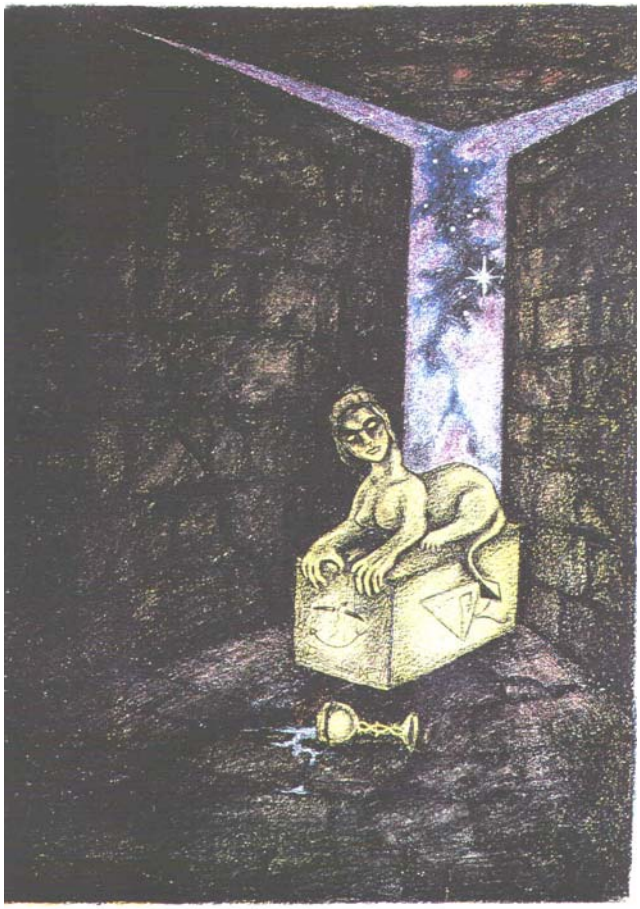
Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold

Beyond the Door

OPFER - VINDEX

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrd. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrd.

XIII

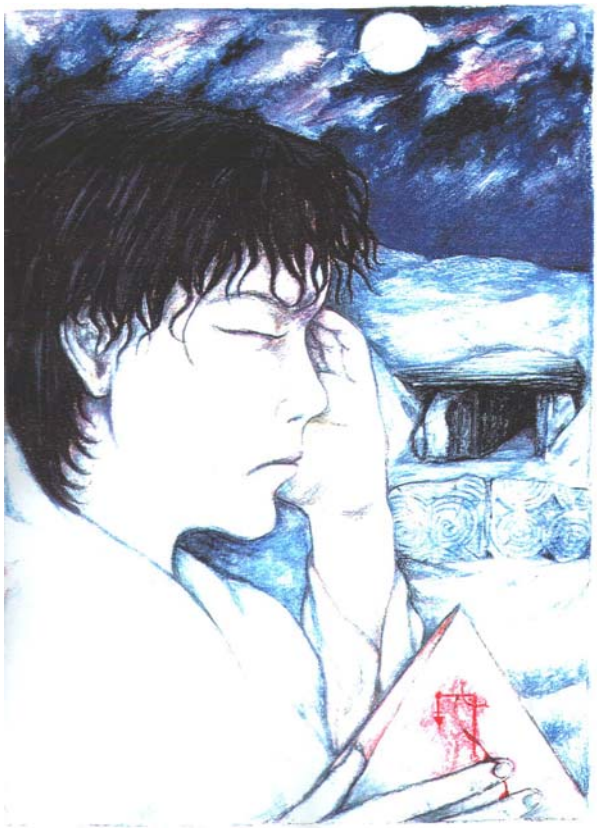


A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

DEATH - NYTHRA

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

XIV

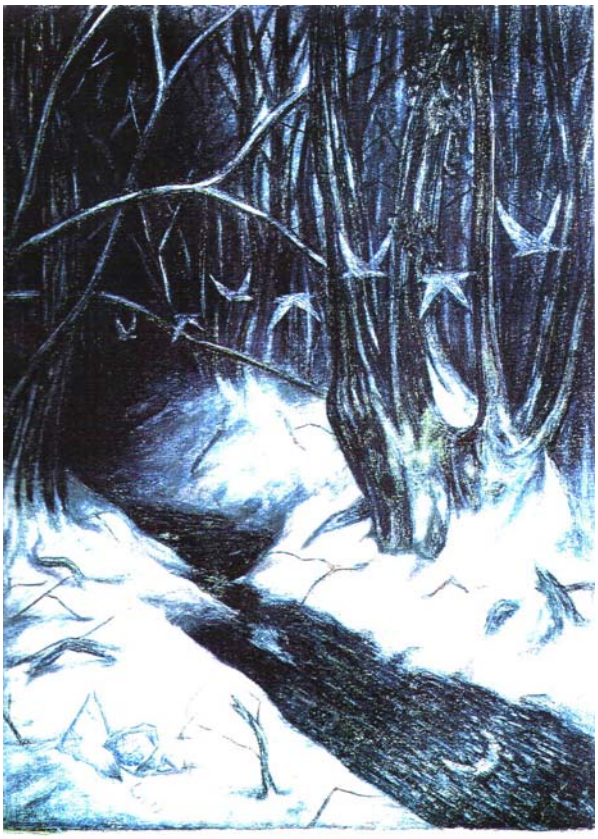


The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
A red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter :
The Maiden is ready

HEL - AOSOTH

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development, such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

XV

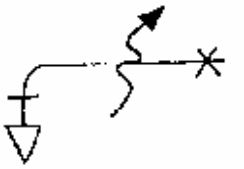


The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jewelled Lady
The crone …
Winter in the wildest of woods.

DEOFEL - NOCTULIUS

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

XVI

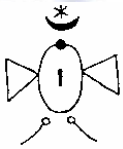


In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.

WAR - ABATU

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrd. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss

XVII

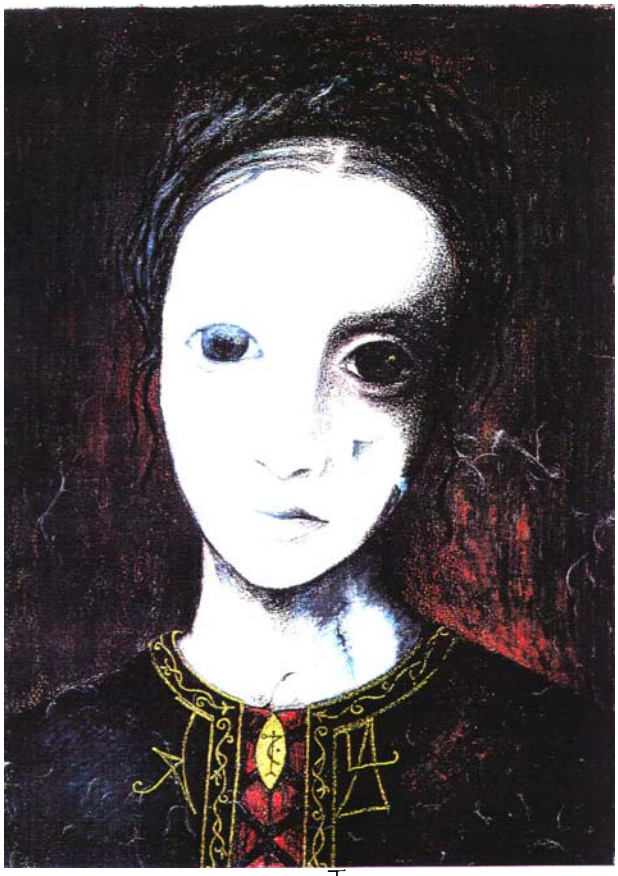


The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor …

STAR - NEMICU

The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII. Knowledge of identity, of Wyrd and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process, the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The beginnings of Imperium.

XVIII

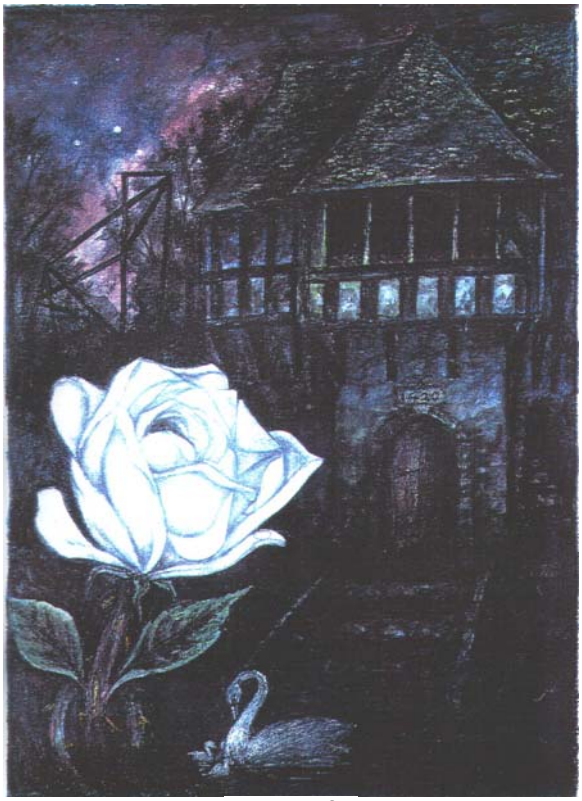


A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees –
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know the Pool,
Take the spiral staircase to the Blue room …

MOON - SHUGARA

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is saught, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

XIX

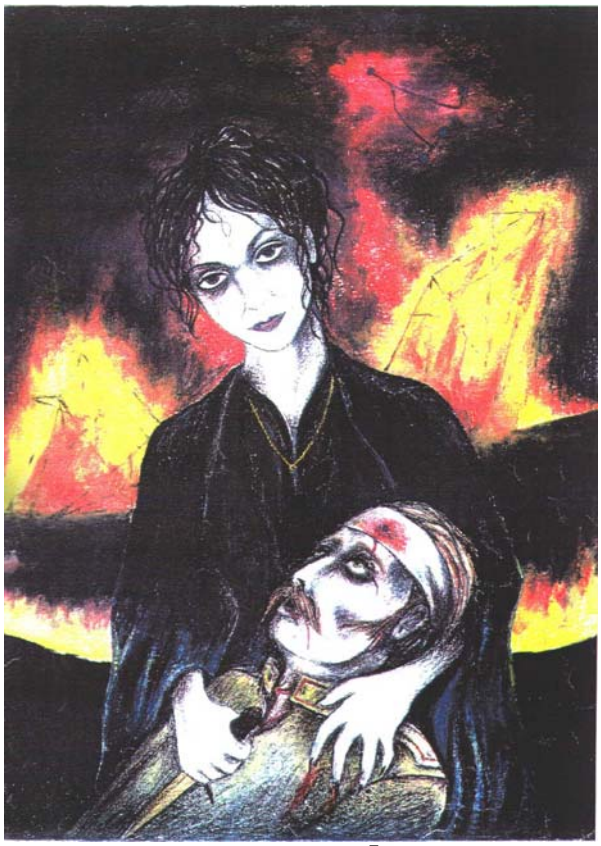


Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood …

SUN - VELPECULA

The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium – causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Disatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond – 'reaching for the stars'

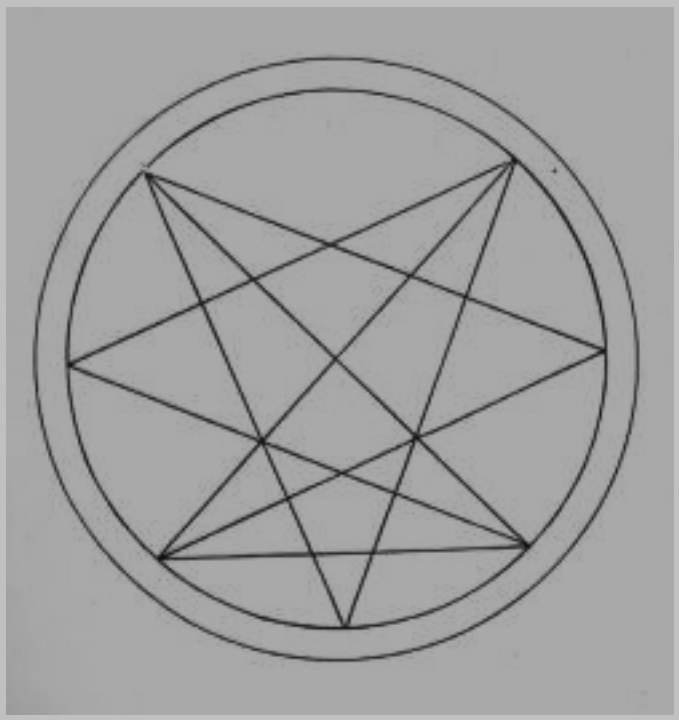
XX



The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms …

AEON - NAOS

A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrd causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has *n* number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being.* This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develope, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develope, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develope our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presenced in living beings, in Nature, and/or presenced in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develope such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, bur rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see"or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/ world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (”visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan – or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet –

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

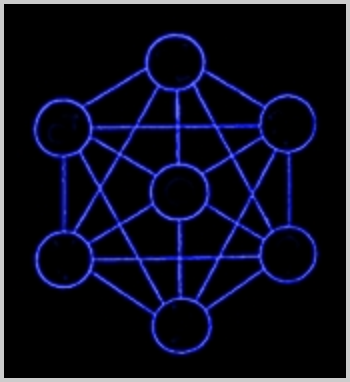
Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded - according to popular and Nazarene belief - as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with human beings who oppose any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He - along with some other Dark Gods - is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can - by means of various nexions [4] - presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan - and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form - are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts - and Initiates - are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan - and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan - and some other Dark Ones - first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan - as some other Dark Entities from the acausal - has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He - as They - can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world ("events" on planet Earth). Thus, He - as They (and in particular, Baphomet) - can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This "interference" is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and

causal matter - and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing - living - in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however - who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time - these acausal entities, by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as "immortal" and capable of instantaneous "travel", both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called "supernatural beings" - they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although - as mentioned - they can assume human form, when presenced on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric "name" of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly - re-presents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] - a Greek name

borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who - interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past - gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, "satan" described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is - with its "chosen people", its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its "sacred texts" and God-given laws - of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

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Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and - like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends - they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of*

the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name,* below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

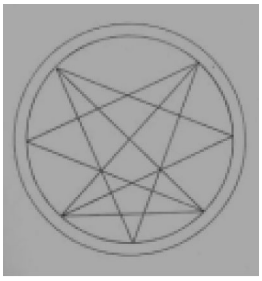
According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.*

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being - such as God - does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

> "...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

> " ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

> One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develope our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

> " Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

> " Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

> For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

> "...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen.

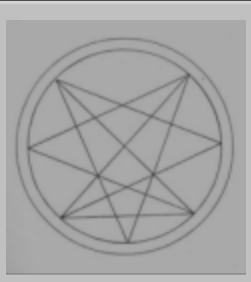
For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

> We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.
> *Warriors of The Dark Way*

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.



Sinister Experiential Eleutheria

The Five Core ONA Principles Explained

Introduction

The essence of the sinister (the Left Hand Path) association known as The Order of Nine Angles is that - as praxis, as a living society of diverse human beings - it is a sinister experiental means of individual and collective eleutheria. A practical way which enables our liberation from such forms (causal abstractions) as hold us in thrall physically, psychically, and collectively, and thence enable us to evolve ourselves, as individuals, and to establish new ways of living consistent with eleutheria, with our freedom to be unique individual human beings.

One such form of thralldom is that of morality. Another is modern nation-States with their taxes, their impersonal laws and their use of force and the threat of imprisonment in order to keep their control. Other types of thralldom include all *-isms* and all the *-ologies* that have been manufactured over millennia, from religions to political ideologies to social and political theories.

This liberation of ours is sinister - of the LHP - because it is heretical, in conflict with and in opposition to the status quo, and because it is directly personal, requiring as it does the individual to begin a new life, a new way of living, where it is their own personal judgement, their own effort, and their experience and actions, that matter.

Our sinister liberation is of two kinds - the individual and the Aeonic, and both of these take certain durations of causal Time, from a few years in the case of individuals, to several centuries in the case of Aeonic liberation. This Aeonic liberation is the practical destruction of the existing status quo (manifest for instance in nation-States and their laws) and the emergence of our New Aeon,

manifest in our new ways of sinister individual and tribal living.

This individual liberation occurs when a person decides to change themselves and their life by using our practical sinister methods and techniques - by becoming sinister in real life.

Aeonic liberation occurs when liberated sinister individuals - either alone or in concert with others of our kind - Presence The Dark by practical sinister deeds and by living in a sinister way, individually or with others of our liberated kind.

Core ONA Traditions

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are the basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups. These traditions express our *how* and our *why* - our heretical, sinister, character and our sinister sorcery - and the traditions are manifest in a practical way in our gangs, our Dreccs, our Niners, our clans and tribes; in our nexions following the Seven-Fold Way of sinister training, and in our individual sorcerers and sorceresses.

These traditions define us as a new breed, and distinguish us from mundanes.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

Thus, practical sinister deeds change, inform, and test the individual. They breed - are the genesis of - our new type of (sinister/satanic) human being. Or such deeds break and destroy the individual. This is hard, but necessary, and we waste no time on such failures.

Thus, kindred honour means we as individuals are the only law: that we acknowledge that the only acceptable law and the only acceptable justice are those that derive and are based upon our own individual judgement and experience - that is, on the principle of kindred honour. This is profoundly heretical, in these days of the nation-State, of 'international laws' and of supra-national 'law enforcement' organizations and so-called international 'courts of law'.

1. Practical Deeds

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are

necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

2. Culling

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister experience.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a blooding-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

> The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential opfer a sporting chance by

testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of opfers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

3. Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

This means that we divide human beings into two different kinds - (1) those who are of us or who have the qualities, the potential, to become of us, and (2) those who are not like us. Our kind are made by their acceptance of the principle of personal honour and by living according to this principle. Hence, someone becomes of us when they pledge to live their lives according to the principle.

Thus, our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code - given in full below). Our behaviour toward mundanes - our treatment of them - is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonic sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister pathei-mathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

4. Opposition to Magian Abstractions

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called 'justice'; in the vulgar mass 'culture' that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural pathei-mathos, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, 'qualifications' and spiel, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) in manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of 'democracy' and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for Homo Hubris sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their Aeonic sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

5. Rounwytha Tradition

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develope, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

Exoterically, this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.

Conclusion

The Order of Nine Angles, as living kollective based on our five core traditions, is a particular and practical means to both individual and collective (human) liberation. A means, over decades and centuries, to a New Aeon. Our unique

sinister sorcery is these five core traditions and in the individuals and nexions who manifest them in diverse practical ways.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall…") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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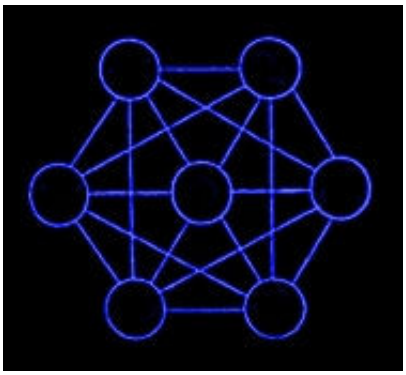

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training developes individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

* Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
* The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
* The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]
* Defining Satanism
* A Short History of Satan (According to the ONA)
* The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism
* Our Sinister Character
* An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with

suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game,* details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark

energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve developes personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role developes real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet*; *Aeonic Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truely Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develope both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further developes the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game,* Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;

2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;

3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of

centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as *(1) The Hard Reality of Satanism; (2) Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime; (3) Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice; (4) Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers; (5) Victims - A Sinister Expose; (6) The Practice of Evil in Context.]* For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develope that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they a fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particuarly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develope. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in

pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develope a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of opfer, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting an opfer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The opfer or opfers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen opfer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further opfer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the opfer(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the

appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of opfer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles
101yf
(Revised 121 yf)

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Closing Notes

There is just so much ONA stuff "out there" by Anton Long and Beesty Boy that sometimes it is helpful to have organized compilations like these. At least I appreciate such organized compilations personally. I got the idea of making this from the nineangles.info archive the Old Guards made and then the one I made on of the most recent one before that website went down. One of the Old Guards [SM] sent me a Winrar zipfile of the root folder of the old nineangles.info site for me to save.

I did something with that root folder. After making copies of the folder to save I was messing around with one of these copied folders and I put it inside my wampserver www root folder. I use EasyPHP now which is a wampserver program that is designed to run out of your USB Flash Drive. So I went to my localhost local web and found out that the nineangles site worked and was a live in my EasyPHP server! Since the site was alive in my private local web space, I was able to see the "backend" of what the site looked like in the folder.

Earlier DarkLogos had once told suggested I use a certain program if I ever wanted to fix and change anything on the Reichsfolk writings. I never did but I eventually found this program. After playing around with this program a couple years later I learned how to make PDF's just like how DM makes them! So with this program and with the root folder I was given, I figured out how to make websites just like DM and Company makes them. This is thus a PDF copy of my first website I made by myself following the "Myattian" style. The website is not in public cyberspace though. It just lives in my USB server.

Over the years I have unfortunately developed a nostalgic taste for AL's all Grey PDF's and websites. There is just a sentimental attachment I have now to the look and feel of this style of PDF and website. So I'm pretty sure that I will in future continue this "tradition" of making these sentimentally familiar all Grey PDF's and Archives for myself and everybody who wants them.

I have a plan where I will keep the nineangles.info site alive for a long time in my USB server. Then each year or so when I collect new stuff from AL & the OG team I'll add these things to that website in my thumbdrive and make an "update" version of it. I'll include notes of what were added to the original website as it looked or was when it went down.

The ONA MSS & PDF's I included in this compilation should be the major ones closely associated with the Traditional side of the ONA. It is these Traditional, Mystical, and Magickal stuff that makes up a big part of the Foundation of what the Order of Nine Angles is. This Traditional side makes up a large portion of the unique Culture of ONA ["kulture"] and its Traditions as established by Anton Long and Christos Beest [Beesty Boy]. These are things that the ONA Initiate cannot forget because it is this Traditional soil that the ONA of our generation grew from.

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----
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Chloe 352
Order of Nine Angles
2.8.123 yfayen
onanxs.wordpress.com

[05360]92][10[07[12[7[34]3]1]2[10[052721][358]02[16][3[9[20]
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